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ESTHER WILLIAMS

SHEER MAGIC

Ballerina

wear them NOW...
and all Summer long!

SEND NO MONEY!
SENT ON APPROVAL!



**PERT
PEPLUM**

Only **6⁹⁵**

Flutter and whirl in
your gayest mood—this whis-
per sheer Ninon **BALLERINA** for the
Big Moments of your life! Wear
it from January to July—it knows
no season. The **new, longer length**
Ballerina skirt billows from a
tiny Lastex-shirred waist—the
shirred shoulders and long,
full sleeves add to its be-
guing charm. Plus a
silky taffeta slip to
match **FREE!**

ONLY
\$7⁹⁵

FREE! Silky
Taffeta Slip
to Match.



140 INCH SWEEP



in colors for every occasion...
to match your every mood!
WHITE for Graduation and Confirmation...
BLACK for Parties, Dances and Socials...
PINK, AQUA, MAIZE, POWDER BLUE for
School, Business, Weddings and Every-Day
Wear...
SIZES 9 11 13 15 17 for Juniors.
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Swing into the **NEW LOOK** with a
Perky Peplum... the gay, little
peplum and the rich **soutache**
embroidery will knock him for a
love-loop... **fishtail flattery**
keeps you ahead when your
back is turned. Impudently charming,
it's on top of the fashion wave with
its two-piece look (though it's really
one piece)—and its longer skirt
may be shortened if you like
it that way...

Superbly tailored in fine rayon faille
-side zipper for smooth fit and fully
padded cap sleeves, of course.

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Fashions

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"—and stay out, you faker!"

CUPID: OUCH! Hey, Sis, why the rush act?

GIRL: Serves you right, you dime-size double-crosser! Bragging about being the world's best matchmaker—and then falling down on your job!

CUPID: On *my* job? Get this, Gingersnap—I can't land you a lad unless *you* cooperate. Swap that crabapple look for a smile! Give out with some sparkle!

GIRL: Your advice is *brilliant*, Sonny—only my *teeth* aren't. They're strictly dull 'n dingy. I brush-brush-brush, but what gives...?

CUPID: A touch of "pink" on your tooth brush mebbe?

GIRL: Ye-es, come to think of it. So what?

CUPID: So *listen*, dimwit! That "pink" you toss off so airily is a sign to *see your dentist*. Let *him* decide whether or not it's serious. He may find that soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise—and suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and gentle massage."

GIRL: Stick to the subject, Short Change. Our topic for today was my *smile*. Remember?

CUPID: You remember this: firm, healthy gums are *important* to sparkling teeth, a radiant smile. So get bright and start now with Ipana care. And don't say I didn't tell you that men really fall for a gal with a gorgeous Ipana smile!

never
ignore
"pink
tooth brush"

Ipana

for your smile of beauty

Product of Bristol-Myers

Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. Correct massage is so important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey. Same survey shows that dentists recommend and use Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste. Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty.

APRIL, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

**You can
say "yes"
to Romance**



because

**Veto says "no"
to Offending!**

Veto says "no"—to perspiration worry and odor! Soft as a caress... exciting, new, Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly, checks perspiration effectively.

Veto says "no"—to harming skin and clothes! So effective... yet so gentle—Colgate's Veto is harmless to normal skin. Harmless, too, even to filmy, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!

TRUST ALWAYS TO VETO

IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHARM!

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MISS WILLIAMS' HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS

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This is
B.F.'s
daughter

*and the men
 in her life!*

**"MAYBE I'M NOT
 THE MARRYING KIND."**

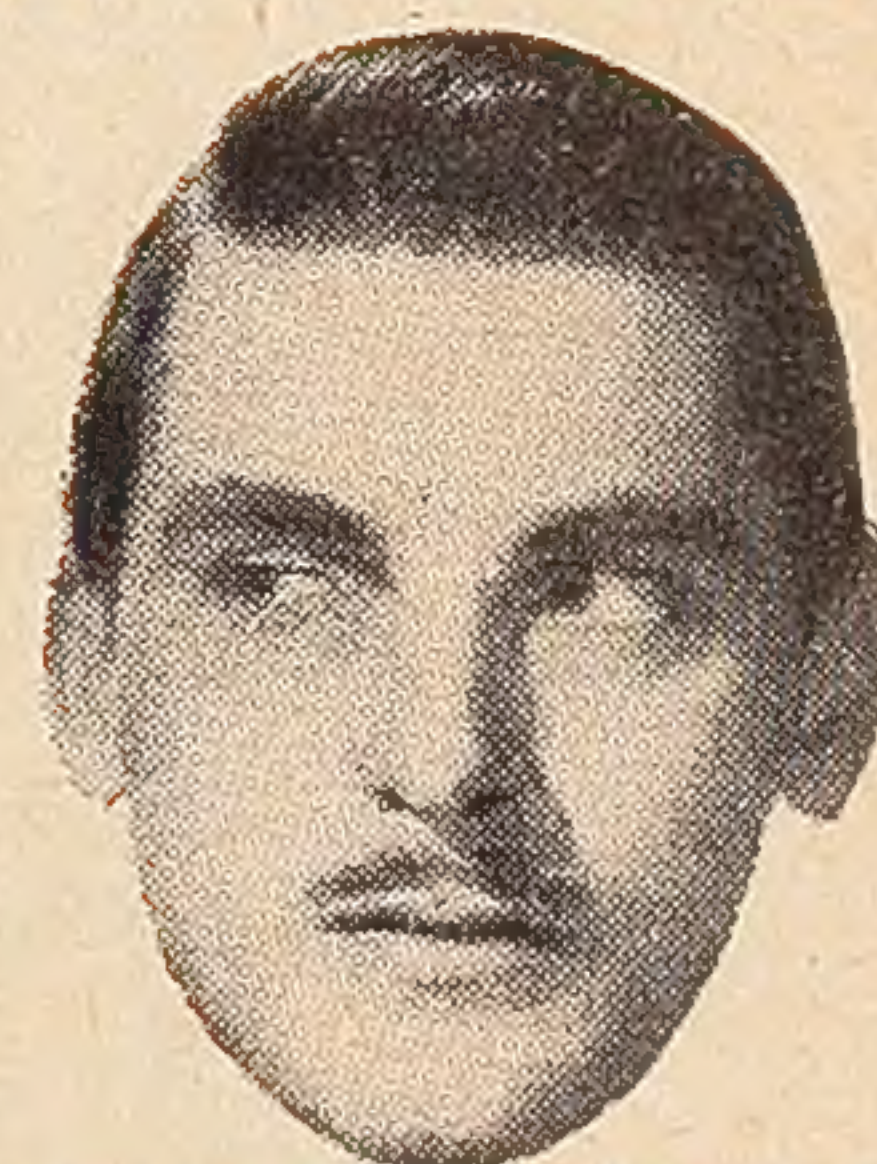
**"She's a vixen
 ...but there's
 one way to tame
 her!"**



**"She's rich ...
 but perhaps
 my millions
 spoiled her!"**



**"She's a wildcat
 but there's
 something about
 her!"**



**"She's a snob
 ...but a lovely
 little devil in
 mink!"**



M-G-M's all-star romance from
 J. P. Marquand's big best-seller!
BARBARA STANWYCK
VAN HEFLIN
CHARLES COBURN
RICHARD HART • KEENAN WYNN
 A Robert Z. Leonard Production

Screen Play by Luther Davis • Based on the Novel by John P. Marquand
 Directed by Robert Z. Leonard • Produced by Edwin H. Knopf • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The very new look on Mrs. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. was one of the feature attractions at the Westwood première. Doug at work in *This Is The Moment*—wants to make enough money for his own productions.



Kirk Douglas and his actress wife Diana spotted lots of friends at the opening. When he finishes *Walls Of Jericho*, Kirk will have his choice of seven pictures, and an income running up to \$200,000 by end of year.



Greer Garson came to *The Paradine Case* in her new platinum blue mink coat. Later, she felt peeved when she heard a girl who was announcing fashions over the mike say that it was a stone marten coat.



Competing with himself for an Oscar, Greg Peck of *Gentleman's Agreement*, and *The Paradine Case*, escorted his wife to the première. This year he won the Golden Apple from Hollywood Women's Press Club.

Fascinating twosome at gala premiere in Westwood of *The Paradine Case*—Louis Jourdan and his wife Quique. This was Louis' first American film—Joan Fontaine saw him in it, paid \$100,000 to get him for co-star.



Sought after by every studio, since *Gentleman's Agreement*, Dorothy McGuire will go to work in March for 20th Century-Fox. Here, with husband John Swope; they'll celebrate fifth wedding anniversary in July.

Good news

GOOD NEWS
GOOD NEWS

LOVELLA PARSONS'

GOOD NEWS

GOOD NEWS

Good News

good news

GOOD NEWS

■ We all feel a little older now that Shirley Temple, a few years ago the world's most famous child star, is a mother. Never has a baby created so much world-wide interest as little Linda Susan Agar who arrived at 6:30 Friday morning, January 30, to gladden the hearts of her parents.

Mrs. Gertrude Temple, Shirley's mother, says the baby looks exactly like her nineteen-year-old, curly-haired mother—Mrs. John Agar. "I can hardly wait," Mrs. Temple said, "to see Shirley with the baby in her arms."

All the way home from the hospital, George Temple, Shirley's father cried; cried because he had seen his little girlie lying white and unconscious just before the baby was born. But his tears soon turned to smiles, for Shirley and her young husband, John Agar, are so happy, and she is getting along so well.

Mrs. Temple said there must have been at least 300 booties, little jackets, and bonnets—all knitted by fans who wanted to do something for this very special baby.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

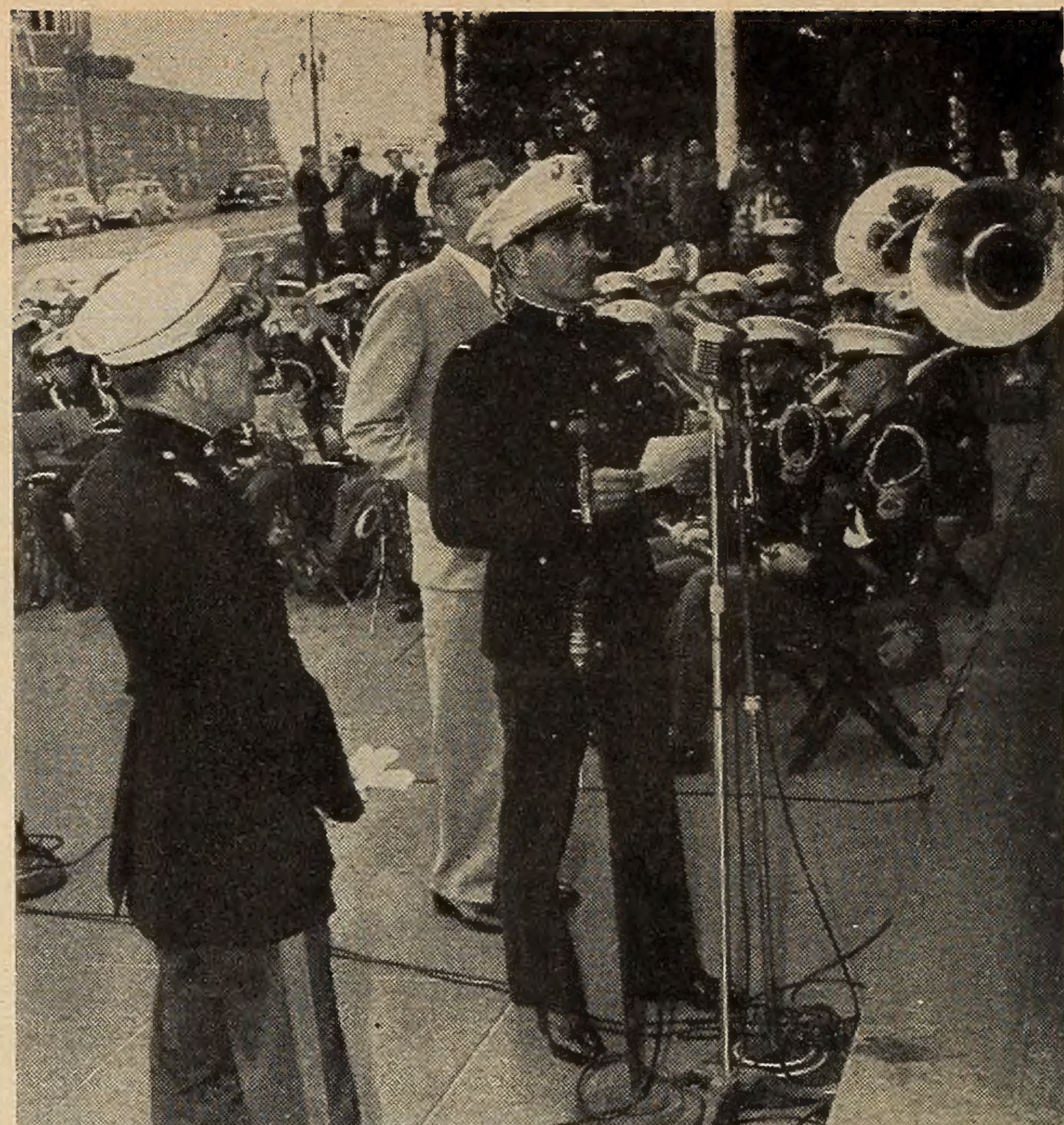
All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

LOUELLA PARSONS'



When 500 patriotic young men were sworn into the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve on the Los Angeles City Hall steps, ex-Leatherneck Tyrone Power officiated at the ceremony.

There were movie contracts galore. The first to arrive was one from David Selznick, Shirley's studio. The second came from 20th Century-Fox, in a wire which contained these words: "We could use another Shirley Temple." But up to now both Shirley and John are adamant about commercializing their baby. They've turned down a fortune from manufacturers who wanted to make cribs, high-chairs, dolls, baby clothes, all carrying the face of little Linda Susan.

"We're not going to publicize this baby," both John and Shirley said. "She's going to have a normal childhood and do all the things any little girl enjoys doing. If she has talent later when she's older, we won't stand in her way but right now, while she's little, she's just our baby and belongs only to us."

That is very sweet and as it should be. With Shirley's future as an actress brighter than ever, and John Agar showing a great promise as a potential Hollywood favorite, there is no need to make money for Linda Susan.

* * *

The torrid romance of Lana Turner and millionaire Robert Topping began in a snow storm!

Lana, her mother and her baby, had gone up to Connecticut to spend a weekend as the guests of Bob when that record-breaking Eastern snowfall started and kept on until it practically isolated them from the world.

Lana later told me, "I'll never forget that experience as long as I live. The electricity went off. There was no hot water. It was impossible to get food from the village grocery store just three miles away.

"We walked around that beautiful home with candles in our hands as early in the day as noontime. That's how black it was!

"I've never known a man as considerate as Bob. All the canned milk and vegetables

on hand, we saved for Cheryl's meals. After the third day of the blizzard, mother, Bob and I were down to eating hot dogs which we roasted on sticks over wood fires in the living room. It takes times like this to bring out a person's true disposition and not once was Bob anything but cheerful, helpful and the best scout in the world."

All right, I know I have quoted Lana when she has been in love before. But I believe that if Arline Judge doesn't complicate Topping's divorce suit, Lana will be his wife in March. Personally, I hope Lana does get married. I think she has wanted marriage and a home and security with a man who loves her for a long, long time.

* * *

More than anything in the world, Linda Darnell wants to have a baby of her own. On advice of her doctor, she had told 20th Century-Fox that she does not want to make any more costume pictures for awhile because it is believed the tightly laced corsets and heavy gowns are harmful to her health.

Meanwhile, she and Pev Marley are going ahead with plans to adopt a couple of children of their own.

* * *

Ida Lupino's wedding dress will not have "the New Look" for a sentimental reason—believe it or not.

Ida, and Collier Young, fell in love while she was making *Escape Me Never*, a little number in which she runs around through most of the picture in short boy's pants, or if you prefer, boys' short pants. And Mr. Young, who is an executive at Warners, thinks she has the cutest legs in town! He would stack Ida up against Marlene Dietrich any day.

So, that's the reason her wedding gown will be on the short side which is all right with designer Adrian who has taken a stand against skirts too long from the beginning.

FURY AT FURNACE CREEK

When Furnace Creek ran red with massacre . . .
**AND TURNED ALL THE WEST INTO
A BATTLEGROUND OF VENGEANCE!**



Starring

**VICTOR MATURE
COLEEN GRAY**

with

**GLENN LANGAN
REGINALD GARDINER**

Albert Dekker • Fred Clark • Charles Kemper
Robert Warwick • George Cleveland • Roy Roberts
Frank Orth • Willard Robertson • Griff Barnett
Written by Charles G. Booth • Additional Dialogue by
Winston Miller • Suggested by a Story by David Garth

SEE!

Ruthless
Apache attack!

CHEER!

Two brothers
vowed to vengeance!

THRILL!

Last stand at
Ft. Furnace Creek!

SPECTACLE!

The battle of
flaming Arrows!

20th
CENTURY-FOX

Directed by
BRUCE HUMBERSTONE
Produced by
FRED KOHLMAR

A Gripping Tale



DeLong Bob Pins hold your hair as firmly as a thriller holds your attention...

The Stronger Grip DeLong boasts about is no mere slogan dreamed-up by ad-writers... It's a fact as cold and hard as the high-carbon steel that goes into these quality bob pins... Try them and see how much better DeLong Bob Pins stay in your hair, how much longer they keep their strength and springy action... You'll never go back to the wishy-washy kind of bob pin that's in your hair one minute and in your lap the next. Always remember—

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out



YOUR FAVORITE VARIETY STORES ARE FEATURING DE LONG BOB PINS DURING NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, APRIL 9-19.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Loretta Young was hostess at the special "birthday" party, given by Sam Goldwyn for 175 girls who are sheltered at Los Angeles Orphan Asylum. Many of the children are without recorded birth-dates. Kids were treated to songs by Mitchell Boys' Choir and screening of *Bishop's Wife*.

Joan Bennett Wanger, who expects a baby in July, gave a cocktail party followed by a buffet dinner in her home that was quite THE social event of the month. She and Walter Wanger have the knack of making everyone comfortable and happy which is the best reason they are among the best hosts in Hollywood.

Their large, white house in Holmby Hills is one of the town's most luxurious, but it has such a wonderful "homey" quality. Joan laughingly says, "When you have three children around (and another on the way) things should take on a homey quality."

Gregory Peck and his cute little blonde wife, Greta, were there when I arrived a little late from my radio broadcast. "You were good," he said, "and I thoroughly enjoyed Ginger Rogers."

I laughed, because Ginger and I had created more excitement making up our supposed feud on a broadcast than any radio interview in a long time.

David Selznick introduced me to Patricia Neal, the new Warner actress, and I was surprised to see how tall she is—taller than any of our movie favorites.

I asked David about Jennifer Jones. I had heard she was registered at a hotel in Rome as Mrs. Phyllis Walker. David said that Jennifer is coming home soon and that all is well between them.

There is so much talk about David and Jennifer since he obtained his divorce from Irene Selznick about whether they will or won't marry. I believe they will. Certainly he always speaks of her as if he were deeply in love and I believe the fact that she walked out suddenly and went to Europe has given her added interest in his eyes. Men secretly like independent belles.

It's always nice to run into Robert Montgomery and his wife at any party. They are among Hollywood's happiest married couples

and they show it.

Joan Fontaine was there with William Dozier, of course. She spent a great deal of time talking with me and Howard Hughes who fascinated us both by saying that he was getting his big ship, the \$27,000,000 *Hercules*, in the air not later than July.

Constance Bennett, in one of the "New Look" outfits in bright green sat and talked with Joe Schenck, an old friend of hers. Connie said that she never expected to be as happy as she is in her married life with Colonel John Coulter.

I asked her about Peter Plant, her son, over whom a bitter lawsuit was waged years ago. She said he is now nineteen, a freshman at Dartmouth and a wonderful boy.

* * *

I have a few thousand words to say to Deanna Durbin, or to her attorney or to whoever it was who tacked that asinine remark—"The separation of Miss Durbin and Mr. Felix Jackson can be of no possible interest to anyone other than themselves"—on the official announcement of their parting!

What do they mean, "no interest"?

Didn't the public have "interest" in Deanna when she was just starting? Didn't the fans have enough interest in her beautiful voice and her charm to build her into a top star? Yes, indeed, my friends, this same public interest brought her fame and fortune.

How, then, can stars or their advisers, take the attitude that a divorce is strictly private business? Actors can't invite the fans to share part of their lives and then shut the door in their faces when something unpleasant comes up.

I think the thing that parted them is the same factor that caused so much surprise at the time of their marriage. Deanna is 24 and Jackson is well into his forties. Deanna was his fourth wife, he—her second husband. It was unfortunate, too, for their marriage that

SOMETHING TO **SHOUT** ABOUT!

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE



THE
SNAPPIEST

Warner Bros. bring
you everything
that made its
love-making the
snappiest, and its
5-year stage-run
the happiest that
ever came roaring
off Broadway!

PLAY

OF

OUR

DAY

ZIPS



TO THE
SCREEN!

starring **RONALD**

ELEANOR

REAGAN · PARKER

EVE ARDEN · WAYNE MORRIS

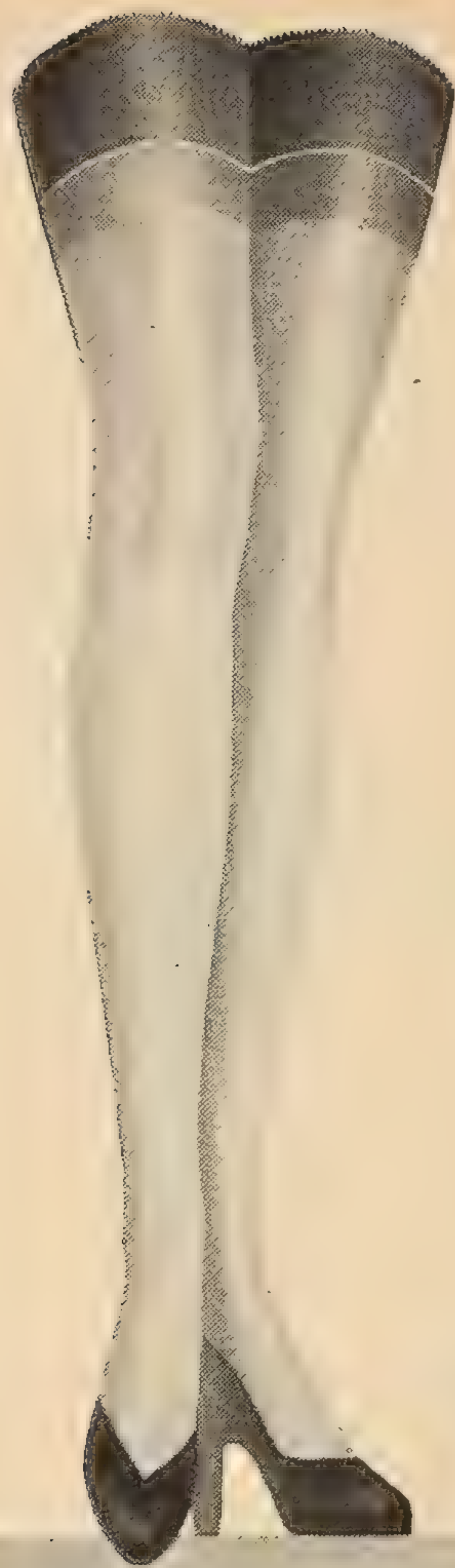


with
KENT SMITH · JOHN EMERY
DIRECTED BY

IRVING RAPPER

PRODUCED BY
CHARLES HOFFMAN

Screen Play by JOHN VAN DRUTEN • Additional
Dialogue by Charles Hoffman • From the Stage
Play by John van Druten • Produced by Alfred
de Liagre, Jr. • Music by Max Steiner



ON A PEDESTAL



GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE NYLONS

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Gotham Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd.
Dominion Square Building, Montreal

GOTHAM HOSIERY COMPANY, INC., DEPT. MO 4
200 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
I would like to buy the stockings illustrated
"On A Pedestal." Please send me, through
a local store, one pair Gotham Gold Stripe
Nylons in 30 denier, MOCHA, Style 3300,
at \$1.35 a pair. My size is..... I enclose
Check ☐ or Money Order ☐. (Don't send
stamps.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Coupon orders filled only in the U.S.A.



Janis Paige and Richard Martinelli, son of Bal Tabarin ('Frisco) owner, were married at Church of the Valley. A Town House party followed.

the pictures he produced with her, were not among her best. Several months ago, he left Universal-International, and she stayed on as a star.

I suspected things weren't going well with them when I began to spot her around the quieter night clubs with a handsome young man who looks not unlike her first husband, Vaughn Paul.

But she always said the dates were mere business conferences.

Close-up of June Haver: She doesn't wear mascara off screen anymore because she cries so easily. A sad item in the newspapers can set her off But she eats when she's blue, even banana splits with nuts on the top She holds hands with whomever she's walking with and is so afraid of crossing the street that she runs from side to side She likes purple but never wears it because it's tagged as an "old" color and not becoming to blondes Right now she's making a picture with Ty Power (temporarily titled *For Fear of Little Men*) but she's far more excited about playing Marilyn Miller in *The Life of Marilyn Miller* She likes to chew gum but "sneaks" it because she doesn't think it's attractive in public She is one of the few Hollywood divorcees who moved back in with her family when her marriage went phooey. That's how much she loves the family clan She has irritated some of her friends and many reporters by having dates with her ex, Jimmy Zito, after she announced that she was through with him. But I doubt if she sees him from here on in. Her lawyer has advised her to stay out of the night clubs where he plays She likes spinach, Margaret O'Brien, cloudy days, open cars, friendly policemen, taxicabs, Dresden China, novels about the old South, Tony Martin and Alice Faye on the radio, and all children She doesn't like Saturday nights, jive shouters, suggestive jokes, pink, mystery novels, walnuts, alarm clocks, political or religious arguments, phony accents or being told how to dress Sometimes she gets mixed up about what she really wants.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



It pays to be nice to the press gals, as Joan Fontaine has discovered. She won Women's Press Club's prize for being "most cooperative."

Ingrid Bergman doesn't often entertain and I've never known her to throw a typical Hollywood social affair. But her party celebrating the finish of *Joan of Arc* was a lulu and a honey.

Ingrid had huddled with the "prop" boy and when the cast and crew members arrived at the studio, they were ushered to a sound stage that had been completely remodeled into a medieval Inn at Rheims. Even the cooking was in keeping with the period. Whole pigs were being roasted on barbecue spits and the Swedish Glogg (a drink in any other language excluding the Scandinavian) was served in tall silver steins.

The beautiful Bergman, arrayed in a peasant costume of her native Sweden, was here, there and everywhere circulating among her guests—and having the time of her life. When Bergman laughs, she really laughs and she had plenty to amuse her because there was so much confusion.

Actors who had worked together on the Walter Wanger production for months wearing wigs and battle armor, didn't recognize one another in modern clothes and frequently Ingrid had to introduce old friends.

I wish it were possible for everyone to meet Bergman at a party. She is so gay, so completely natural and so charming.

P.S. In case you want to know the recipe for Glogg—it consists of hot wine, brandy, fruits and nuts mixed together and brewed over a flame.

Yes, Rita Hayworth was surprised over David Niven's sudden marriage in London to a beautiful Swedish model named Hjordis Tersmeden. But don't get the idea that she is carrying a torch. She ain't. Rita had heard from David several times, but if there ever had been a big flame between them, it had simmered out months ago.

I did hear some "inside" about the Niven romance. It seems the bride had been previously married to a very rich Swedish business man and she was practically on her way home to talk over a reconciliation with him when she met David. It was love at first sight.

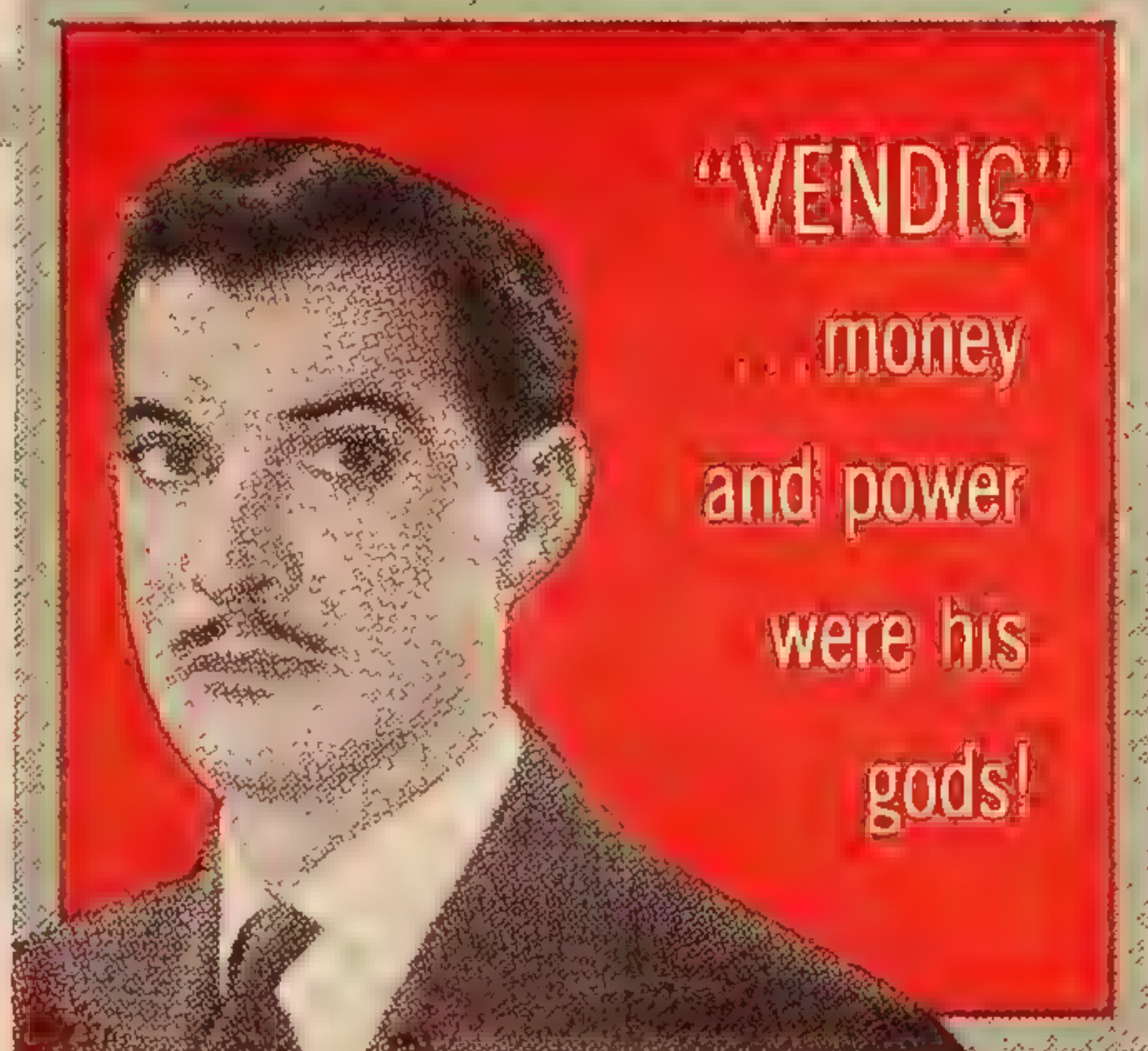
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ARE THE PEOPLE WHO BRING YOU THE
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LUCILLE BREMER ★ MARTHA VICKERS



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Directed by
EDGAR G. ULMER

"RUTHLESS"

with Dennis Hoey • Edith Barrett • Raymond Burr

Screenplay by S. K. Lauren and Gordon Kahn

Based on the Novel 'Prelude to Night' by Dayton Stoddart

An Eagle Lion Films Release



Guess We're Just
Brothers Under
the Skin!



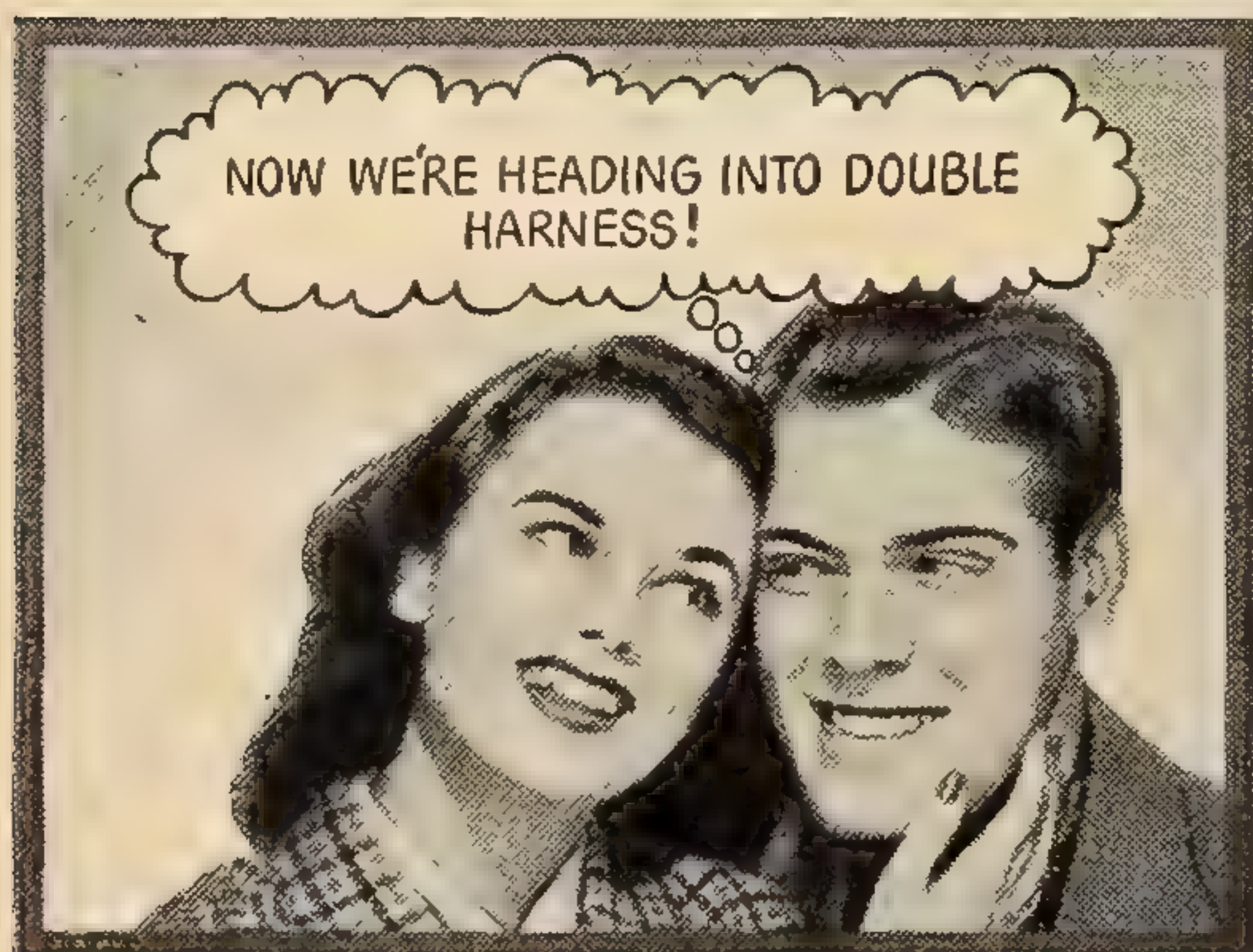
THIS KIND OF
TREATMENT GETS
UNDER A GUY'S HIDE,
JANICE! SO QUIT
STALLING! WHAT'S
IT ALL ABOUT?

JACK, YOU'RE TOO
STUBBORN TO TAKE
A HINT! OR YOU'D
HAVE GONE TO YOUR
DENTIST FOR SOME
BAD BREATH
SCHOOLING
LONG AGO!

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC
TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES,
COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH
THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating
foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth
—helps clean out decaying food particles—
stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause
of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft pol-
ishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly,
gently and safely!"

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



NOW WE'RE HEADING INTO DOUBLE
HARNESS!

COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath
While It Cleans
Your Teeth!



Always use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat and before
every date

By the time you read this the Nivens will probably be back in Hollywood where lots of parties are being planned in their honor. David's two children will be with them.

* * *

Dana Andrews has a brother named Bill who is taking up a movie career and David Selznick is the gent who is testing him. This is all right with me. I like Dana so much I could take a dozen Andrews brothers.

Not long ago, Dana hit the newspapers with some unwelcome publicity following an altercation with the gendarmes. He got holy you-know-what from his two bosses, Darryl Zanuck and Sam Goldwyn, and he is a thoroughly contrite young man.

Usually, I'm the first to shake a finger at an actor who has stepped out of line and done something, or anything, to disillusion the fans. In Dana's case it is particularly bad for him to indulge in collegiate pranks because the public has so much respect for him as an actor and as a family man.

But I must say in his defense that he is over-tired lately from making so many movies without a vacation and he was worried about the health of his wife before the birth of their fourth child.

Believe me, I am not making idle requests when I ask you each month to keep on writing to me about your likes and dislikes. It was the number and quality of your letters that led me to write a radio editorial about the sequel to the Jolson story and M-G-M's plan to put Gene Kelly in the Larry Parks role.

You don't like that, my friends, you don't like it at all. And I found your protests intelligent and logical.

First, *The Jolson Story* (original version) was one of the most popular movies of 1947 if not THE most popular.

For reasons of their own, Columbia did not feel like carrying on with a sequel and M-G-M bought the rights from Al Jolson. I suppose it is natural for them to want to put one of their own stars in the Jolson role. But it is not only unwise, it is dangerous.

You and you and YOU, through your letters, have made it plain that you want no one but Larry Parks as Jolson. Even such a good actor as Gene Kelly would suffer if he attempts to follow Larry—he would be the innocent victim of public resentment.

But, what I particularly want to prove by it is that your letters do carry a lot of weight. So, keep on writing, please.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We think it's fun to relax with a copy of MODERN SCREEN. We hope you do, too. In fact, we want to write about the stars you're interested in. Checking the questionnaire below will help us—and if you're among the first 500 to mail it back you'll get a three months' free subscription to this magazine. Do you want the May, June and July issues for free? Then be among the first 500!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our April issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

- | | | | |
|---|--------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| <i>The "Bishop's" Wife</i> (David Niven) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>I Remember Barbara</i> (Barbara Bel Geddes) by Harriet Parsons | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>If This Isn't Love</i> (Ty Power-Linda Christian) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Same Old Joan</i> (Joan Caulfield) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Ordeal</i> (Van Johnson) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Second Honeymoon</i> (Mark Stevens) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>They Wake Up Dreaming</i> (Roy Rogers-Dale Evans) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>The House On Hollywood Avenue</i> (Linda Darnell) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Easter Benediction</i> by Elizabeth Taylor | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Ain't She Sweet!</i> (Mona Freeman) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>That Old Black Eyebrow</i> (Cary Grant) by Hedda Hopper | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Mrs. Sherry</i> (Bette Davis) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>I Am A Movie Star's Mother</i> (Gail Russell) by Mrs. George Russell | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Alias Sam Spade</i> (Howard Duff) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>My Sister and I</i> (Ida Lupino) by Rita Lupino | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Truth or Consequences</i> (Liz Scott) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | | <i>Life With Esther</i> (Esther Williams) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | | <i>Louella Parsons' Good News</i> | |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues: List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues: List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference

My name is

My address is

City

Zone

State

I am

years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Susan Peters
RETURNS TO THE SCREEN

with a distinguished co-starring
cast in a powerful emotional drama



ALEXANDER KNOX



PHYLLIS THAXTER



PEGGY ANN GARNER



RON RANDELL



DAME MAY WHITTY



ALLENE ROBERTS



SOME WOMEN BORN UNDER
The Sign Of The Ram
WILL STOP AT NOTHING...

A compelling story of an extraordinary woman, THE SIGN OF THE RAM provides SUSAN PETERS with a superb role. Co-starring with her are Alexander Knox, Phyllis Thaxter, Peggy Ann Garner, Ron Randell, Dame May Whitty and Allene Roberts. Screenplay by Charles Bennett. Directed by John Sturges. Produced by Irving Cummings, Jr. An Irving Cummings production. A Columbia Picture.



Based on the best-selling novel by Margaret Ferguson.

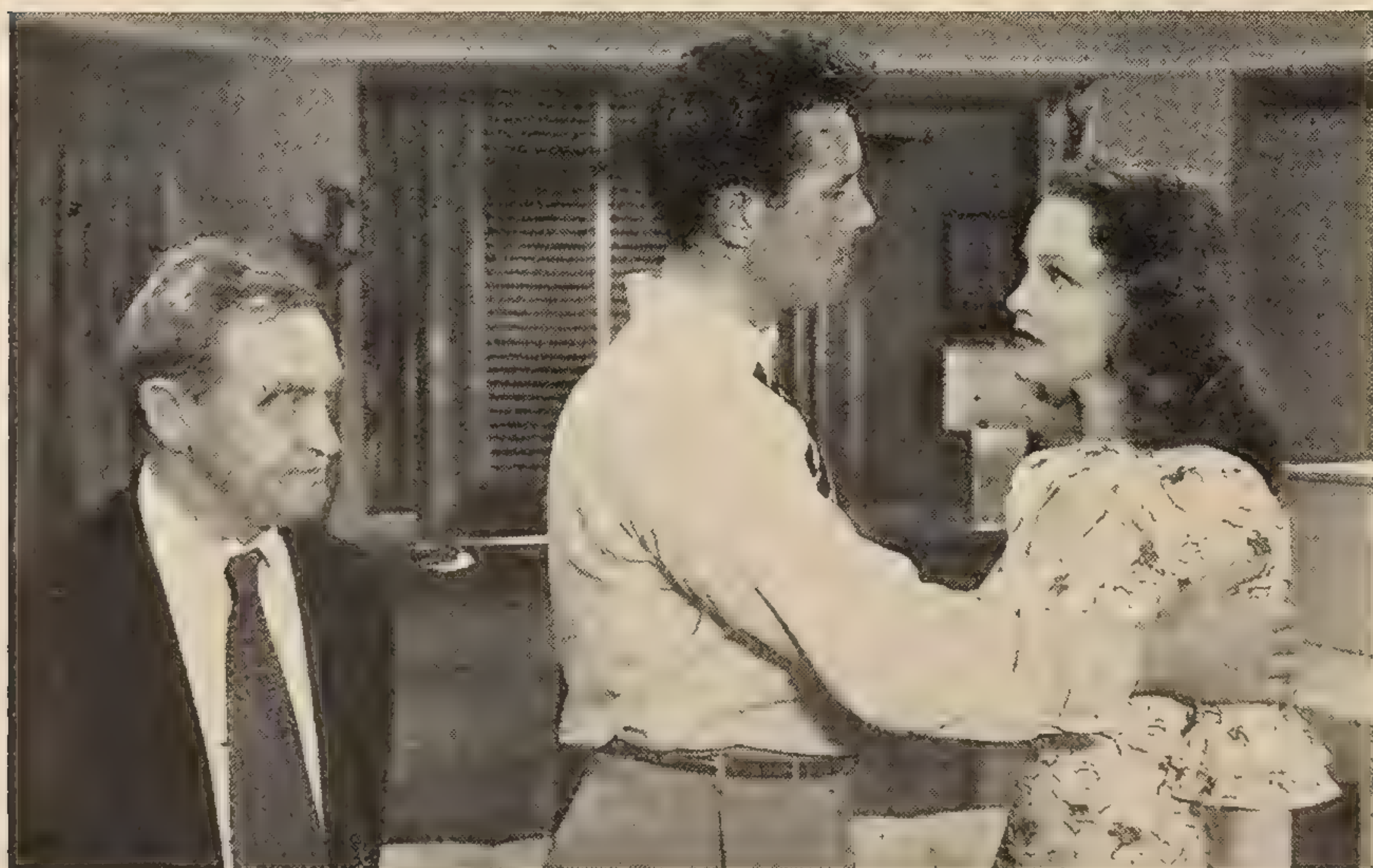


dorothy
kilgallen
selects

**"the
naked
city"**



Barry Fitzgerald, as Lt. Muldoon of Homicide, questions a patrolman about the mysterious death of a New York model. Scene was filmed on-the-spot.



Howard Duff's impressive as a neurotic. Here, he admits to his fiancée, Dorothy Hart, that her engagement ring was given him by murdered girl.

■ Mark Hellinger's love affair with the city of New York, which was tender if not private, faithful if flamboyant, is fittingly immortalized in his last and best film, *The Naked City*.

He was a natural historian for the wonderful island of Manhattan. He knew all its sides, all its streets, all its hours from dawn to dawn, all its people from the cheap and cruel to the magnificent and noble, all its excitements from the cry of a child to the heavy footfall of a murderer.

He put them all into the picture. It is rich with urban lore, it is compelling, it is full of suspense, and above all accurate. It should thrill and instruct those who never have seen New York—it should give them the feel of the town as no picture with trick sets and process shots ever has done—and it will, of course, send New Yorkers, real and adopted, into ecstasies of recognition and consequent pride.

All the bright kaleidoscopic phases of the great city are shown with swiftness and care: the steaming subway kiosks, the deceptively laconic cubicles of the police, the bridges over the East River, the hot slum streets, the avenue known as Broadway, and the great milling markets of the poor.

But *The Naked City* is no mere travelogue. In the foreground of the splendid metropolitan panorama moves a tense story of homicide—an expert whodunit, a stirring chase. It is hard to imagine a moviegoer seeing it and not feeling he has had a full evening and double his money's worth.

The cast is not all-star, but it is all-fine, all the more effective against the genuine New York background because so many of the faces are unfamiliar and completely untheatrical. Barry Fitzgerald is the only "name" in the cast; he is by no means the only excellent actor on hand but he is, as always, a complete delight. Howard Duff, as a key figure in the murder case, gives a portrayal of weakling falsifier that is absolute perfection; a newcomer named Don Taylor looks and performs like a young man on his way to the top of the cinema ladder, and Enid Markey of years-ago fame contributes a brief but striking bit. The direction of Jules Dassin is faultless.

Mark Hellinger would have been proud of *The Naked City* if he had lived.



Dines at the Waldorf-Astoria—Antonia Drexel Earle

"Before I go out—always a 1-Minute Mask!"

No wonder that prominent society leaders are devoted to Pond's 1-Minute Mask! It's so *different* from the usual heavy, 20-minute facial mask! Feather-light, cool and so marvelously *quick*. Only *one minute*—and your skin looks smoother, brighter, even lighter!

"Not for years have I felt so conscious of the absolute necessity for a pretty complexion!" says Antonia Drexel Earle, a noted beauty of Philadelphia society.

"The new fashions seem to *demand* smoother, more delicate skin," Mrs. Earle says. "That's why I always have a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream before I go out. It gives my face a softer, clearer look—wide-awake and *fresh*!"

Before your next date, "re-style" your complexion with a 1-Minute Mask. Get a big jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream today. Use it for 1-Minute Masks, for silky powder base, and for a wonderful, smoothing hand cream. For free trial tube, write to Pond's, 9-D, Clinton, Conn.



*For more glamorous evenings —
a more
glamorous You!*



A grand powder base, too!

1. Spend one minute on beauty—to make your evening more glamorous! Smooth a cool white Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face, except eyes.
2. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and dissolves off little roughnesses that make skin look coarser, duller. Tissue off after one minute.
3. Your skin looks lighter, clearer—feels smoother—holds powder better! Always have a 1-Minute Mask to look your best!

Linda, M-G-M starlet (bottom), met Ty (of *That Old Black Magic*) in Rome.



"With all my love—Ty,"
says the inscription
on Linda Christian's
diamond ring.
Just one of those lover's vows?
Or does Ty mean business?

By MAXINE SMITH

if this isn't love...

■ Love came to Tyrone Power and green-eyed Linda Christian one day last November in Rome, Italy.

Linda had flown from Paris to Rome aboard a plane of Air France, accompanied by her 17-year-old sister, Ariadna, and both girls were tired and cramped from the long, weather-delayed plane trip and prayed for nothing more than hot water and clean white sheets when they landed in Rome.

On hand to meet them was Signor Minghelli, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Rome representative. (Linda is an M-G-M contract player.)

Soon after arriving at the hotel, Signor Minghelli asked: "Did you know that Tyrone Power was in Rome? Living right here—on the same floor as you?"

Exhausted, Linda sleepily mumbled something like, "Yes? Is he?"

Signor Minghelli's exuberance wasn't to be stopped. "Call him up, say 'hello.' What you say, eh?"

"No," said Linda. "I don't know him that well—"

"Call him!" said Minghelli. "He will be verrrry happy. You're from Hollywood, too. What you say, yes?"

So Linda, needled by the devilish Ariadna (a hopeless Tyrone Power fan) and the effusive Minghelli, finally agreed (*Continued on page 98*)



"My Lux Soap
facials leave
skin softer,
smoother"

says this famous star



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use this care for lovely Lux Complexions

Here's a *proved* complexion care! In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions became lovelier in a short time! No wonder famous screen stars trust their million-dollar complexions to this gentle beauty soap.

"It's wonderful the way Lux Soap care really makes skin lovelier," Susan Peters tells you. "I work the fragrant lather well in. As I rinse and pat with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty!" Don't let neglect cheat you of romance. Take Hollywood's tip!

Sweeps clean with two fingers!

You don't have to press down *at all* with the new Bissell Sweeper! Just glide it gently for perfect pick-up, even under beds!



Thanks to
Bisco-matic*
brush action!

This amazing new Bissell feature adjusts the brush automatically to *any* rug, thick or thin! Makes your sweep-ups easier—and cleaner!

The new "Bissell"® is available in limited quantities at Bissell dealers only—complete with "Sta-up" Handle and easy "Flip-O" Empty. Priced from \$6.95.



No "bear down" with
**BISSELL
SWEEPERS**

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

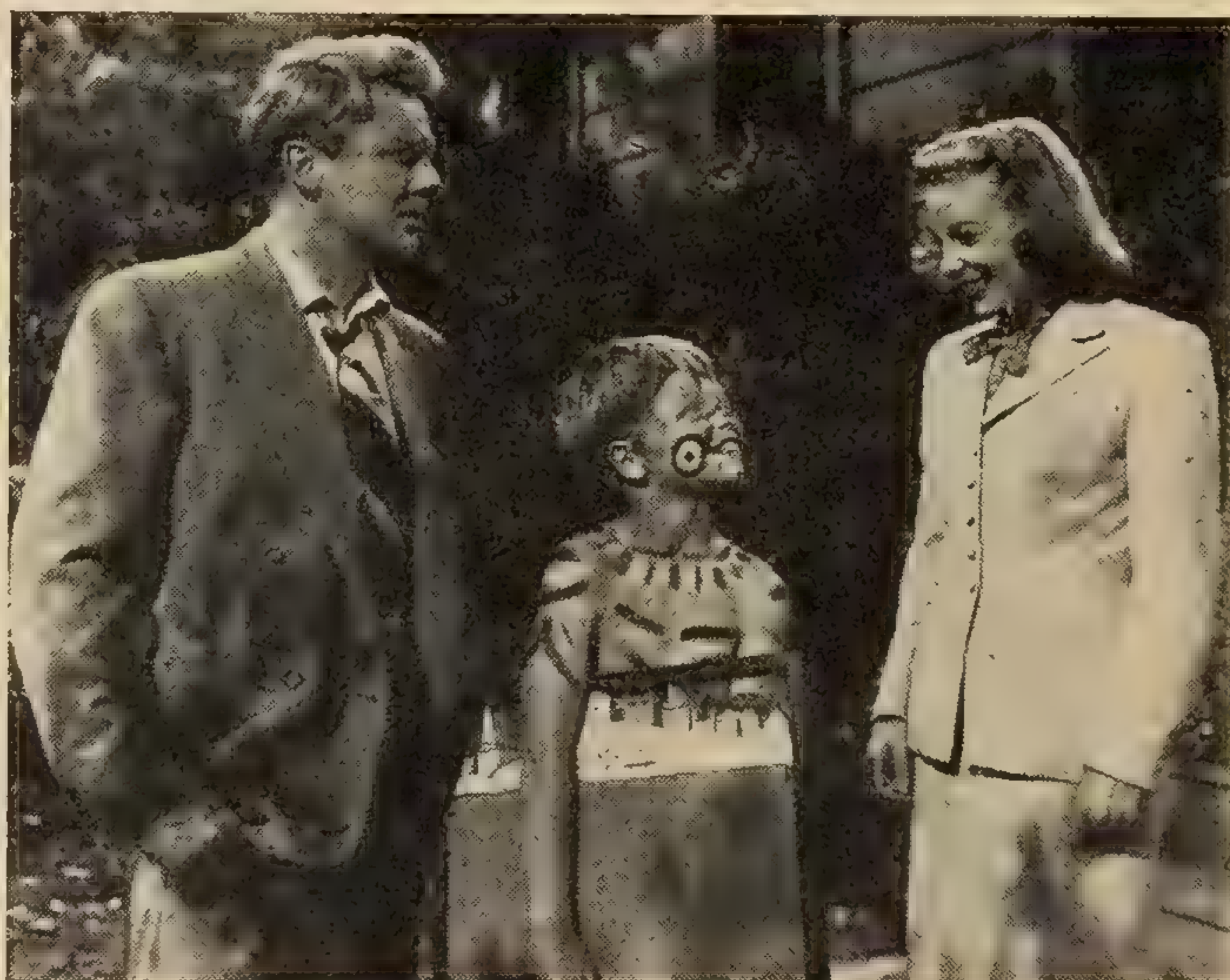
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Bissell Sweeper's exclusive brush action with full spring controlled brush

Movie Reviews

by Virginia Wilson



Illustrator June Allyson is disillusioned to find that genial "Uncle" Van Johnson, writer of kids' books, drinks too much.



To stop her from going home to Vermont he "adopts" Butch Jenkins, tells her he drinks because he's mourning dead wife.

THE BRIDE GOES WILD

June Allyson and Van Johnson are a gay pair in this comedy. Wait till you see June in a scene where she's looped to the eyebrows—and all because she thought Coffee Tasmanian was just plain coffee.

June, as Martha Terryton, artist and school-teacher, has come to New York to illustrate "Uncle Bumps'" newest juvenile book. Everyone except his publisher thinks of Uncle Bumps as an amiable old gentleman who goes around patting children on the head and feeding them candy. McGrath, the publisher

(Hume Cronyn), is all too aware that Uncle Bumps is Gregory Rawlings (Van Johnson), who drinks a great deal, in a charming sort of way. Greg pats no one on the head except blondes over eighteen, and if he fed candy to children it would have arsenic in it.

When Martha first finds out the devastating truth about Uncle Bumps, she decides to go right back to Vermont. To forestall this (and incidentally prevent her from telling her aunt, who is head of the Juvenile Book Board), Greg gets her tight on Coffee Tasmanian. This

is an innocent looking preparation but full of brandy. When its effects wear off, however, Martha still wants to go back to Vermont, where coffee is just something you have with a stack of wheatcakes in the morning for your breakfast.

McGrath decides to take desperate measures. He tells Greg to go to a local orphanage and select a small boy—one with slight juvenile delinquent tendencies. The mere suggestion makes Greg shudder. But McGrath is sure that if he can tell Martha that Greg drinks because his wife died and left him with a problem child on his hands, everything will be ducky. He finally convinces Greg that it's the only solution.

So they get Danny (Butch Jenkins). Danny doesn't want to come. He says stoutly that he likes the orphan asylum. Anyway, when they do get him to Greg's place the results are about like Fourth of July in an atom bomb factory.—M-G-M

AN IDEAL HUSBAND

Opulent sets and gorgeous Cecil Beaton costumes compete with the charms of Paulette Goddard, Diane Winyard and Glynis St. Johns in *An Ideal Husband*. The masculine side is represented by Michael Wilding, Hugh Williams and C. Aubrey Smith. It all takes place in the London of Oscar Wilde's favorite world, where the conversation is conducted entirely in epigrams. Sometimes it's a bit dated, but usually it's very amusing.

The fashionable ball being given by Lord and Lady Chiltern (Hugh Williams and Diane Winyard) is marred by the presence of one uninvited guest, Mrs. Cheverly (Paulette Goddard). She is greeted by the hostess with a definite lack of enthusiasm. It seems that they were at school together and Mrs. Cheverly was expelled for stealing. It was a great scandal at the time.

Mrs. Cheverley is still stealing, although now in a more subtle way. She has come from Vienna for the purpose of persuading Sir Robert to back what amounts to a stock market swindle by using his influence in the House of Parliament. And she has good reason, in spite of Sir Robert's reputation for almost idealistic probity, to expect she will succeed.

It seems that when he was only twenty-two he used a state secret for his own advantage. No one ever discovered it, but Mrs. Cheverly has a letter which proves it. If she uses that letter, Sir Robert is a very dead duck indeed, and Mrs. Cheverly is certainly going to use it! And what bothers him most is that his wife will then learn that early secret. She is not a woman who condones mistakes, no matter how they were made. It would be the end of their marriage, a marriage which Sir Robert finds very satisfactory.

Behind all this serious talk of blackmail and swindles, a very pretty little romance is going on between a young Lord (Michael Wilding) and Mabel Chiltern (Glynis St. John). But the two affairs are gradually interwoven until no one quite knows who is what or where. Much of it is amusing. Some just confusing. But it's all very very Oscar Wilde. And I daresay his fans will lap it up.—20th-Fox

"My husband's a sweetheart!
See why
I use Mum?"



Orchids to you for holding on to your honeymoon happiness... for guarding the charm *he* finds so adorable. No wonder you vow never to be without Mum! Your bath washes away *past* perspiration. But to keep that daintiness from fading... to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come*... always complete your bath with Mum.

Be a safety-first girl with



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safer for charm

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

Mum safer for skin

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

Mum safer for clothes

No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

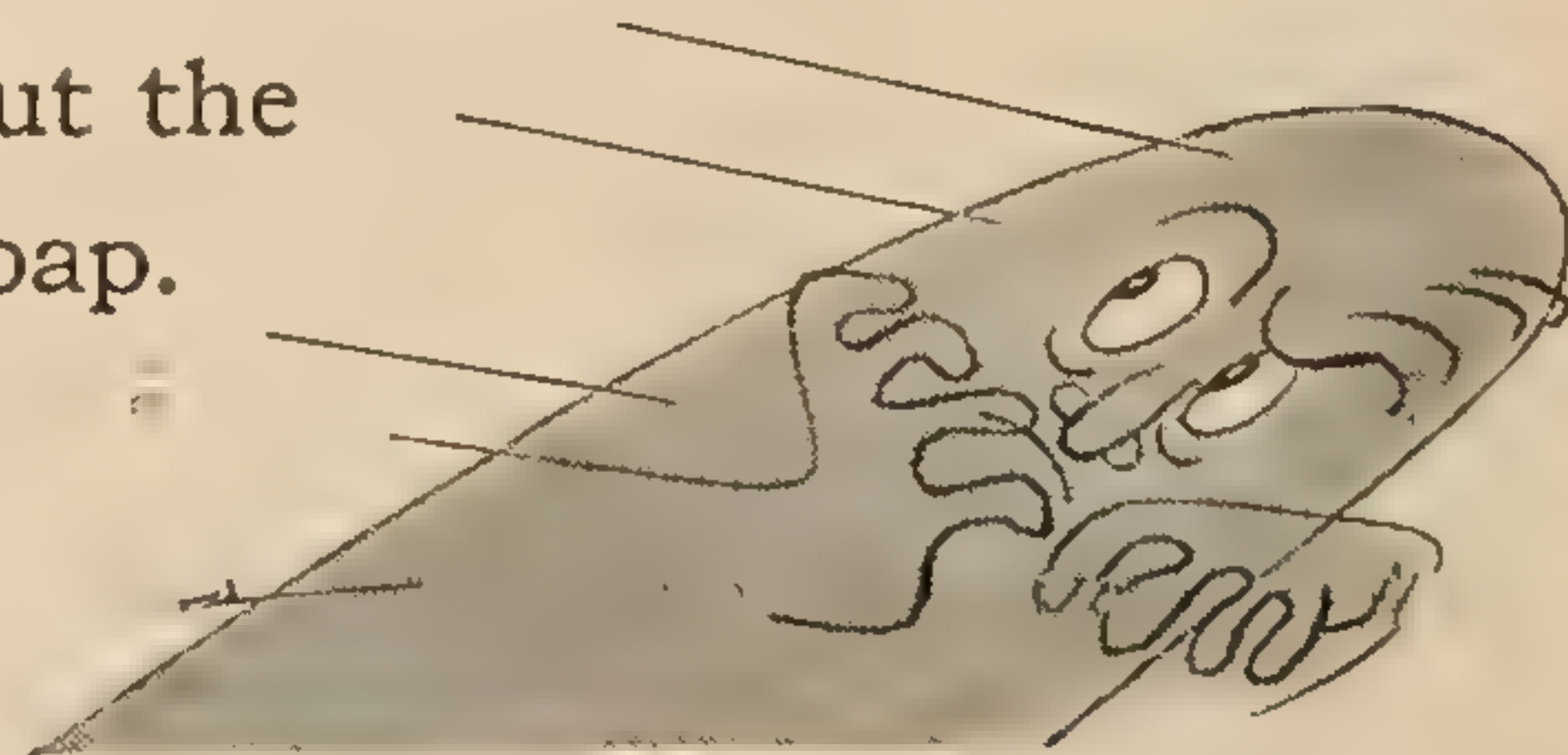


"We'll wash him with
Mama's Fels-Naptha!"

A great many "Mamas" will understand this picture without a word of explanation. They'll be reminded of clothes that are cleaner and whiter; of 'shorter' washdays; less washing 'wear and tear.' Because *they* use Fels-Naptha Soap.

You may want to try golden Fels-Naptha, too, when you know why it removes dirt and stains that other laundry soaps can't budge. This mild, golden soap brings *extra* help to every washing job. The *extra* help of naptha. Gentle, active Fels naptha that loosens stubborn dirt—deep down in the fabric—so it can be 'floated' away without harmful rubbing.

Once you see a sparkling, fragrant Fels-Naptha wash on your line, you'll never want to start another washday without the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha Soap.



Golden bar or Golden chips—**FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



Saigon: Offered \$10,000 to fly Veronica Lake to Shanghai, Alan Ladd meets trouble head-on.

SAIGON

Alan Ladd pictures aren't exactly full of surprises these days, but routine or not, they're good entertainment. In *Saigon*, Major Larry Briggs (Alan Ladd) has the customary two buddies. One is Sergeant Rocco (Wally Cassel) who is strictly from the Bronx, and the other is Captain Perry (Douglas Dick), a dreamy-eyed kid from Iowa.

The three of them are demobilized from the Air Force in Shanghai. Perry wants to go home, but the other two know that because of war wounds, he's going to die in a matter of weeks. Why not keep him with them and never let him know what's ahead?

Briggs has heard about a mysterious Shanghai importer who is looking for U.S. fliers. The three of them go to the native cafe where they have heard he can be found. By the way, the singer there (Betty Bryant) can really sing, besides having a figure which evokes considerable comment from Rocco.

When they find the importer, whose name is Maris (Morris Carnowsky), he offers them ten thousand dollars to fly him and his secretary to Saigon. Obviously there is something very fishy about a deal like that, but ten thousand bucks would come in very handy. It would stake them to everyone Perry might want or need before his death.

What none of them, including Maris, expected was that some last minute shots from the Shanghai police would keep him from the plane, so that only his secretary Susan (Veronica Lake) managed to get abroad. Said secretary is a small, nicely put-together blonde, and ordinarily three normal young men would be glad to have her as a passenger. But Briggs is worried. He doesn't like those shots as they took off, or the hard expression in Susan's eyes.

But to Perry, she's wonderful. She's the girl he's always been looking for. Unfortunately, Lieutenant Keon of the Saigon police is also looking for her. He wants to know some things about Maris's business. And Briggs wants to know what is in the dispatch case she always keeps with her. In fact, everyone wants to know something, and sometimes the results are disastrous!—Par.

THE SIGN OF THE RAM

Susan Peters gives a really fine performance in her return to the screen. The story is a fascinating one. It tells of a woman who, from a wheelchair, dominates her entire family in a way she couldn't possibly have done if she weren't an invalid.

When Sherida Binyon (Phyllis Thaxter) goes to Cornwall to be the secretary of Leah St. Aubyn (Susan Peters) she finds what is, at first glance, a very happy household. Certainly Leah's husband, Mallory (Alexander Knox), is very devoted to her. He has three children by a previous marriage. Logan (Ross Ford), the oldest, is practicing law and in love with a local girl named Catherine Maitland (Diana Douglas). Jane (Allene Roberts) is a shy nineteen, Christine (Peggy Ann Garner), only sixteen, is a queer intense child who devotes herself completely to Leah.

Sherida is charmed with her new job. Oh, there are some things she doesn't quite understand. For instance why is the sweet Leah so friendly with a spiteful village gossip, Mrs. Brastock (Dame May Whitty)? And why does she keep Jane so shy instead of encouraging her to go out more?

The first time Sherida has an inkling of the truth is when she talks to Catherine Maitland. Catherine knows that Leah has opposed her marriage to Logan for some time. Leah wants no break in the circle of affection and admiration that surrounds her.

Dr. Crowdy (Ron Randall) too, finds that his attentions to Jane are discouraged by Leah. When he finally persuades the girl to go to a dance with him, Leah subtly dissuades her.

Catherine and Logan eventually get themselves engaged. Leah is sweet about it at first—provided they will wait a year. But when they refuse, she tells them that she has evidence of insanity in Catherine's family. Logan, furiously angry, disproves her statement completely.

So, gradually, the charmed circle around Leah breaks, until only Christine is left, adoring her as ever. And because of that, death comes very close to the introverted household.—Col.



The Sign Of The Ram: Susan Peters dominates her family as well as her husband, Alex Knox.

YOU'RE LOVELY . . . YOU'RE LOVABLE . . . WITH

that Always-Fresh look



FRANCES GIFFORD

soon to be seen in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"LUXURY LINER"

Try Frances Gifford's beauty-glow cleansing



Morning glow—"Spring!" sing the perky hats. "Spring!" echoes Frances' fresh skin! "For my day's beauty start, it's a Woodbury deep-cleanse Facial!"



Dinner drama—Frances' "Always-Fresh" look! "But my first date is—a Woodbury glamour treatment! Cleanses and softens. Skin looks *romantically* smooth!"

ONE! Cleansing-massage with Woodbury Cold Cream. Rich oils cleanse deep . . . loosen make-up. Tissue, and—**TWO!** Cream on more Woodbury. Four special softening ingredients smooth dry skin. Tissue, and—**THREE!** A cold water splash for rosy color! Your skin's clear-clean, silky-soft . . . has that Always-Fresh look!



Woodbury Cold Cream

Your Whole hand

benefits from this wonder-working new lotion!



BEAUTIFIES SKIN
because New Hinds has special "skin-affinity" ingredients—makes hands feel softer instantly—gives longer-lasting protection!

"SATINIZES" PALMS
because New Hinds helps protect them from work-roughness—soothes and helps soften calluses ... yet never feels sticky!

SMOOTHES KNUCKLES
because New Hinds contains emollients that absorb... "work into" roughened knuckles—soothing and smoothing miraculously!

SOFTENS CUTICLE
because New Hinds is enriched with lanolin—helps avoid unsightly, ragged edges—keeps your manicures lovelier longer!

Hinds Honey and Almond
Fragrance Cream

IN FOUR GENEROUS SIZES — 10¢ TO \$1.00

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

Now in NEW Beauty Bottle



The Strawberry Roan: Ranch foreman, Gene Autry, captures a wild stallion, soon finds himself at odds with rancher Jack Holt and police.

THE STRAWBERRY ROAN

Even people who can take horses or leave them alone will go for the strawberry roan in this. He's really a beauty, and in Cinecolor too. The star of the picture, of course, is Gene Autry. He plays a foreman named—guess! Gene Autry!—who works for ranchman Bartley (Jack Holt).

Bartley has two children, Connie (Gloria Henry) who's old enough for Autry to fall in love with, and teen-age Joe (Dick Jones). When Bailey and Gene capture a wild stallion, Joe names him Champion and insists on riding him at once. The roan rears and Joe is crippled for life.

Bailey gives orders for Champion to be killed. But Gene doesn't follow the orders. He takes the stallion over into a nearby valley and nurses him slowly back to health. Meanwhile Joe is in a wheelchair, unhappy and depressed because he thinks Champion is dead.

Bailey's mare finds the stallion, and nature takes its course. Bailey is not pleased at the impending blessed event. In fact, he flies into a rage and accuses Autry of horse stealing. A reward is posted for him and Bailey makes it big enough to interest everybody.

Gene is still determined to get Champion back to Joe because he thinks that will help cure the boy. He has trained the horse all these weeks with this in mind, but now what can he do? He is in hiding not only from Bailey but from everyone else.

Connie and Joe find Gene in his hiding place and advise him to give himself and the horse up. Instead, Gene asks Joe to ride Champion. Slowly, painfully, but surely, the boy gets astride and rides . . . really rides.

But that's not the end. You'll have to see that yourself.—Col.

APRIL SHOWERS

You wouldn't think a little thing like a cigar could mean the difference between getting on Broadway and going back to the sticks, would you? But that's because you don't know about the "Good Tyme" family—June (Ann Sothern), Joe (Jack Carson), and young Buster (Bobby Ellis).

Let's go back to 1912. June and Joe are hoofing for a living, and not much of a living at that. Their routines are beat-up old numbers, and the audiences yawn in their faces. So they get fired. They don't tell their hotel about it, natch. Maybe something will turn up even if it isn't the rent.

What turns up is Buster, who at the age of twelve, has decided school is a waste of time. He's going to be a vaudeville actor like his pop. The queer part is that, unlike his pop, the kid really has it. An agent sees him doing a crazy tap dance in the lobby, and before June and Joe quite know what goes on, the whole family is signed up to play in an act with popular vaudevillian Billy Shay (Bob Alda).

Eventually they get a wire from a New York agent, and drop everything else to head for Broadway. The world is a wonderful place. They feel great, only they find that New York's Gerry society has a law which won't let any performer under sixteen years of age appear on the stage. The law was made especially for them.

Here's where the cigar comes in. Young Buster grabs his pop's derby, rattles a non-existent watch chain, puffs on a cigar, and there he is—a midget! There's no law against midgets appearing.

It's a good gag and it almost works. Not quite. Because in front of a representative of the Gerry society Buster has to smoke the cigar and becomes violently ill. So back they go to San Francisco, where June goes to work again for Billy Shay who is in love with her. But there's no place for Joe and he starts to drink constantly. It's a long while before Buster manages to get the "Good Tyme" family back together again. But, one bright day, he does.—War.



April Showers: Because of their son, Bobby Ellis, the "Good Tyme" family, Ann Sothern and Jack Carson are signed with popular Bob Alda.

(Continued on page 84)

Joan Hyldoft's smile wins her a spotlight on the glittering ice—

The Smile that Wins is the Pepsodent Smile!



Joan Hyldoft, Ice Ballerina—spins and swoops under a solo spotlight in "Icetime of 1948" at New York's Center Theater. In her first big show, she is a star! Kansas-born Joan was once headed for a career as an athlete. She held trophies for horsemanship, diving and figure skating when her smile captured a beauty crown that changed her course. Now Joan's smile out-sparkles even the shining sequins she wears while she skates—it's a Pepsodent Smile! "No other tooth paste makes my teeth so bright," she says.

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Lever Brothers Company

the



They were talking casually—
about kilts. They were talking, and suddenly he
noticed how beautiful she was.
And suddenly, David Niven fell in love.

By NANCY WINSLOW SQUIRE

"bishop's" wife

■ In six weeks, all of it happened. Their meeting, their falling in love, the five-minute ceremony at the Kensington registry which made Hjordis Tersmeden Mrs. David Niven.

It began on the set of *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, the picture David was making in London. Mrs. Tersmeden was visiting there with friends, and everyone was talking to everyone else, and she found herself engaged in earnest conversation about the origin of kilts. She and Mr. Niven seemed to agree that kilts had certainly originated.

Mr. Niven also decided that Mrs. Tersmeden was the most beautiful girl he had seen in a long time. His appraisal was right—she'd been a famous mannequin in Stockholm, and London—and his appreciation was heightened by the fact that he hadn't been paying much attention to beautiful girls for a couple of years.

His first wife, Primula Rollo, died in 1946, after falling down a flight of stairs at a party in Hollywood, and it wasn't a thing he got over easily, or could talk about to anyone. Time had to pass; work, and his two children had to fill the empty (Continued on page 87)



David, 37, and his bride, the former Mrs. Hjordis Tersmeden, 27, of Sweden, were cheered by Londoners, as they left the Kensington registry, where they were married January 14. David (star of *The Bishop's Wife*) has two sons, aged 2 and 5.



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*biopsy-specimen.

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Made with lanolin, and dressed in America's most beautiful lipstick case of gleaming, polished metal. \$1.00



*Slanting cap with red enameled circle identifies the famous Fashion-Point, and shows you exact color of lipstick inside. U. S. Pat. No. 2162584.



Van (of *The Bride Goes Wild*) and Evie at Ciro's.

The doctor had
warned her—no more children.
But Evie could picture
the glow of parenthood
on Van's face, and the pride.
And because of
this, she wasn't afraid...

By FLORABEL MUIR

ordeal

■ As I write these lines two weeks after the birth of Van and Evie Johnson's baby girl, I'm almost afraid to say that Evie is out of danger. You just never know.

In order to have this baby, Evie submitted to her third Caesarian section—and two of these operations are all that medical science will allow a woman ordinarily. She came through the operation well, and, the other day, the doctor pronounced her okay. They brought her home from the hospital. The next night the nurse discovered that her stitches had broken. Van, sleeping on the floor near her bed, was beside himself with anxiety and dread.

There had been some talk that the Johnson offspring would be a New Year's arrival, and the guesses weren't too far wrong. The baby arrived at 7:51 A.M. the morning of Tuesday, January 6th, at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood. Dr. Benbow Thompson was the attending physician. Van had driven Evie to the hospital in a frantic rush the afternoon before. The birth itself was accomplished with no untoward circumstances. Mrs. Elizabeth Cregar, mother of the late actor Laird Cregar, a close pal of Van's, gave the Johnsons a lovely bassinet trimmed with lace and blue silk. Van was beaming with pleasure and pride and joy. (*Continued on page 62*)





A wedding
in a quiet room,
a look between two people
—Roy and Dale
wondering if it's
too good to be true,
Roy and Dale knowing
that it's love.

by MARY MORRIS

they wake up dreaming



Roy and Dale honeymooned for two weeks on cattleman Bill Likins' 6,000-acre ranch. Here, the three serenade Oklahoma's Gov. Roy Turner.



Star of *Gay Ranchero* hunted rabbits with host.

■ On the last day of 1947, on a snow swept 6,000-acre ranch in Oklahoma, Roy Rogers took as his real-life bride Dale Evans, the leading lady he had loved but never kissed in 25 wonderful Westerns.

Their three-year friendship had turned to courtship sometime last summer. He proposed in Chicago; they were on tour together with Roy's rodeo. It was a warm harvest moon sort of evening, but there was hardly time for romance; there was a show to do. The cowboy and his lady were alone for a few moments in the chutes with the animals ("backstage" at the stadium) waiting to go on. Only Trigger and a few other neighing friends were around when Roy popped the question. It came obliquely.

"Talked with my kids on the phone this afternoon," he said. (He has three; his wife died suddenly, after the birth of the last one.)

"The kids didn't ask anything about Trigger or me," he continued. "'When is Dale coming back?' is all they wanted to know!"

"Gee, that makes me feel good," Dale said. "They're the nicest kids I know."

"Nice enough to give up a career for?"

Dale wasn't sure what he meant. He spelled it out. He loved her, but he wanted to marry a wife, a homemaker, a mother for his three children.

"I've had seven (Continued on page 100)

The year moving slowly toward
the Spring . . . new life stirring in the earth . . . Easter
to Elizabeth means light and hope.

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR



Easter Benediction

■ My earliest recollections of Easter are such beautiful and happy ones.

Right after Christmas (when I was a very little girl in England) we would start looking forward to Easter. All through the long days of darkness—which came on so early in the afternoon—and through days and days of dense thick fog, and rain, we talked of Spring.

When I was very small, Nannie, our nurse, would push me for hours in the pram, with Howard, my brother, and our dogs walking along close by. Nannie would tell us all about the different trees, how they slept and rested in the winter. And how eagerly we watched for the first sign of their awakening! And then, suddenly, one morning it would come—the beginning of the transformation.

Right before our very eyes we would see new life appearing, all around us. Primroses and violets in the woods, tiny brown buds tinged with green on all the trees. We'd come home with our arms full of branches, and oh! the fun and excitement of arranging them and, in the warm room, of watching the tiny buds burst forth and unfurl. Our nursery would be a bower of Spring.

We had two homes, one in town and one in the country, down in Kent. The town house faced Hampstead Heath. It was thrilling at Easter (*Continued on page 106*)







■ I dropped in on Cary Grant one afternoon recently to catch up on that hard-to-get guy for MODERN SCREEN. Cary met me at the door of his big, white Bel-Air house (incidentally, he just called to say he's sold the place to C. H. Howard, millionaire sportsman) and ushered me into the living-room. It's a huge, masculine affair with a long, low table stretching half its length, loaded with magazines, books, pipes. The chairs and sofas are man-sized

and deep. Pictures and bronze figures of horses, Cary's favorite beasts, are all around. In one end, there's a small movie screen where he runs off his stack of 16-mm. home movies.

We strolled on through to the den, where the walls are lined with beautiful Boudin canvases, the shelves solid with books. Cary seemed a little embarrassed about them both. "I just buy pictures I like to look at," he said, and the books he tossed off

with, "Agents and producers send me those to read for possible screen parts." He was so worried I'd think he'd gone highbrow, my old friend Grant! He pointed out stacks of puzzles hastily. "That's what I really like," he confessed. "I work them at night to put myself to sleep."

A mammoth couch was all made up with blankets, because, Cary explained, "Sometimes it seems a long way up to the bedroom." Upstairs, Cary has the biggest bed



by
hedda
hopper

that old black eyebrow

This Cary Grant
character dawdling along,
his hands in the
pockets of his Salvation
suit—he lifted a
wicked eyebrow, and he
winked at Hedda.
It was 15 years ago,
and a gal forgets
a lot. But that guy—she
hasn't forgotten him.

in all Christendom. I'm sure. He had it made when he and Randy Scott shared a Santa Monica beach house. It has a built-in radio, bookshelves, pipe racks and Heavens knows what-all, and takes up one whole room, almost. But if it seems an effort to get upstairs, Cary parks right downstairs. Old line-of-least-resistance—that's his private life trademark.

"I like comfort," he told me. "I like to relax. Luckily I can. You know why?

Because I've made some money and kept some. I'm not saying it's a ticket to happiness. But I'm not pretending I hate the stuff."

Cary loves to debunk the tired old tale that he arrived in Hollywood on his uppers. "Matter of fact," he told me, "I came with a fair bankroll and a Packard car, all set for a vacation, after a good run in Broadway musicals. Only reason I didn't go to Florida is because it was too darned hot

there. I ran into a friend here and he asked me to make a test. I was lucky all the way."

Cary likes the things money brings, all right. Clothes, servants, travel, pleasant living. But he works for them, and he digs in deep when charity calls. During the war he gave his entire salary from one picture—\$250,000—to the Red Cross.

He led me into his library next, where he keeps his very (*Continued on page 71*)

second honeymoon

A year ago, every-
thing seemed wrong, and
the Stevens' thought
their marriage was over.
Now they're together again—
Mark and Annelle—happy
as newlyweds, but with
a wiser, stronger love . . .



Reconciled, Mark and Annelle spent their Christmas in Wash., D. C., where he worked in *Street Without A Name*. Annelle may have career at M-G-M.

■ It was a beautiful suite in a large Washington hotel. It contained some chic interior decoration, and a pretty girl. There was a terrace outside, and an unusually handsome young man in white shirt and white trousers was doing a complicated trapeze act on the support which, in summer, would hold an awning.

The pretty girl went to the window. "Mark, you're crazy! You'll ruin those trousers!"

Mark Stevens did a quick somersault, landed gracefully on his feet, and came in and kissed his wife. "Oh, so you don't worry about my breaking my neck. You just worry about my pants."

He put his arms around her and kissed her again. His brown eyes grew darker. Looking at them, knowing nothing at all about them, you would have guessed that they had just been married. That this was their honeymoon.

You wouldn't have been far wrong, except that this was sort of a second honeymoon. Mark and Annelle have been married almost three years. They have a son, Mark Richard, who is a year and a half old and who toddles around the house in an endlessly (Continued on page 79)



Same old Joan

■ The train was quiet at last. After breathing fire at them for an eternity, it had finally shut up, and Joan Caulfield's father and her sister Betty could hear themselves think again.

"I'm cold," Betty said, her teeth chattering.

"I'm frozen stiff," said her father. They looked at each other sideways, and knew that they weren't fooling anybody. They weren't cold. They were shivering with excitement like two kids on Christmas Eve, because Joan and Mrs. Caulfield were on that train. People poured out of the cars and pushed past them. Two women in mink, two in Persian lamb, two soldiers.

"Twosomes," Betty giggled. "Like Noah's Ark." Then, abruptly, the giggle was gone. "I see them," she said, and the old nagging fear was starting again. The fear that this time maybe Joan would be changed. Maybe this time—They were coming down the platform walking fast, Joan's bright hair flying, mom with her quick small steps.

"No kidding, Pop," Betty murmured, "isn't she beautiful?"

"Always was," her father answered, and Betty thought suddenly, "Why he means mother!" And just before they all fell on each other's necks, she thought, "Golly, what a corny family."

Corny, maybe, but heavenly. The business of harboring a star right under their very own roof hasn't thrown them at all. "It's wonderful," is Mrs. Caulfield's attitude, "but life goes on."

Mr. Caulfield is equally blasé. Furthermore, he doesn't exactly get it. For years he's been taking evening walks unmolested. Now, following Joan's recent eight-weeks' visit East, he's (Continued on page 92)



Sarah Turner, headmistress of Beard School (Joan's alma mater) in Orange, New Jersey, found Joan unchanged—except for nail-polish (a school tabu). Youngsters shaking hands are current Beard under-grads.

"The girls will hoot at me," Joan wailed, all the way to the school (in studio limousine). But the kids made her sign books until her arm ached.



The star of *The Sainted Sisters* topped off a memorable day by horning in on the Glee Club. Later, Joan kept date in N. Y. with J. MacLain.



Fellow-alumnae Laura Broidrick and Madeleine Mead dug up the old Year Book to show Joan and sister Betty. "Is that *me*?" Joan shrieked.



Older gals were on their way home for well-earned holiday, when Joan showed up for surprise visit. "Wish I hadn't cut so much," she told them.

When your sister's a movie star you're scared she'll change. But Betty Caulfield stopped worrying the day Joan eyed her new guy's picture and hollered, "Who's the weasel?"

by Jean Kinkead



by mrs. george Russell

Gail's mother calls it
Hotel Russell, because there's
always a full meal on the
stove, a fresh blouse on the
hanger—and plenty of
hot and cold running temperament!

I am a movie star's mother



Mrs. Russell makes it a rule never to ask questions about the men in Gail's life. Currently, the list includes Jack Sasoon, John Dall, Johnny Meyers. Gail's now making *Night Has 1,000 Eyes*.

■ Picture Gail Russell, aged 10:
The setting is a Chicago restaurant where we have taken her for a meal with a group of our friends. We are no more than seated when Gail is begging for our butter pads. Her father and I give her a flat no. But she is so cute and appealing. She soon has seven pads of butter lined up in front of her waiting for the bread and potatoes.

"Gail, seven butters! One is too much," I say.

"Oh Mother," she complains, "you never understand. A girl's got to have weight to play on the boys' football team."

Anyone who caught that scene would never have made a bet that the chubby little 10-year-old at our table—who wore a size 14 skirt, mind you—would one day become a tall, slim, 110-pound movie star. I know I had no (Continued on page 104)



the house on hollywood avenue

A Modern Screen

reporter moves in on

another Hollywood

miracle—the miracle of

Linda Darnell. Her

story isn't new but the

wonder hasn't changed.

A skinny kid living on

Hollywood Avenue

in Texas; a once-beautiful

mother pushing a dream . . .

BY HENRY GRIS

■ I pulled out the envelope that said: "Oak Cliff—Darnell—see Mrs. Cornwall, 711 Hollywood Avenue," and felt the old excitement rising in me. I'm a wandering reporter, and there's no thrill like the thrill of moving in on a story, after a couple of false starts.

I'd begun my hunt for the Linda Darnell story in the heart of Dallas, across the river, because, technically, Dallas is Linda's home-town. But Dallas is too big. You have the feeling that sounds and feet and commerce and bulldozers have obliterated any imprint a girl might once have made. Sure, the people thought Linda was pretty, sure they went to see her pictures, but



Margaret and Roy Darnell of Dallas, Texas, pose with three of their four children. Linda (born Monetta), Monte and Roy, Jr. Oldest girl, Undeen, is absent.



Only two, Linda showed promise of beauty that led to roles like *Forever, Amber*.



At seven, Linda'd started drama lessons.



The Darnell backyard wasn't Hollywood, but 11-yr.-old Linda could strike a pose!



The Walls Of Jericho star at 12, in costume.

Dallas is a boom-town, and in a boom-town, you contemplate dollars; you have no time to ponder Hollywood miracles.

"I remember her as a skinny kid of twelve," one man told me. "She was competing for a five dollar prize at the Sunset Theater, and she did a Spanish dance. She didn't even get honorable mention. We're pleased Monetta's gone to Hollywood, but we refuse to fuss over it. There's more good stuff where she came from!"

But the legend which Dallas considers so matter-of-factly is a source of bliss to little Oak Cliff, the Dallas suburb right across the Trinity River. Why, Monetta Darnell put Oak Cliff on the map! Roy Darnell's

five-room cottage still stands there, on Hollywood Avenue, though it's been sold to other people. The street number's 715. And next door, at 711, lives the lady named Mrs. Mary Cornwall.

I looked at my envelope again. And then I knocked on Mrs. Cornwall's door. There's the moment of tension. What will the woman say? What will I read in her eyes?

But she's a pleasant old lady, she remembers, she's willing to talk—and I'm really on the track, this time.

Mrs. Cornwall's the official chronicler of Hollywood Avenue. She came there 28 years ago, when the area was farmland, and

only twelve houses stood in a street recently cut through the fields.

She'd been there when the Darnells moved in, and when the Darnells moved out. She'd kept abreast of Hollywood news concerning a certain Linda Darnell; she let the people of Oak Cliff know what was going on. "I have news for you," she'd say from time to time. "Here's the latest about Monetta. You know Mrs. Darnell sold the house recently? Well, Monetta's made up her mind to get it back—"

Old Mrs. Cornwall knows. She keeps her ear to the ground. But as I sat in her tiny living-room, with the plush armchairs, and the bric-a-brac (*Continued on page 102*)



"After tax deductions, I'm putting my money on Barbara Bel Geddes!" says Harriet Parsons, remembering how right from the start that girl's been way out ahead.



George Stevens, director of *I Remember Mama*, teases Barbara about her 1910 teen-ager costume. Visitors to the set didn't believe Barbara was Susan's (opp. pg.) mother.

I REMEMBER BARBARA

by Harriet Parsons



Barbara's turned down three N.Y. plays because she and husband Carl Shreuer love Hollywood. They live next door to Mike Romanoff, use his pool. Here, Bel Geddes visits with producer Parsons.

■ Before I became a feature producer, I made a series of short subjects called Screen Snapshots and, during six years, photographed almost every young player who came to Hollywood. Some didn't make the grade, others scored. I always made bets with myself on which would succeed and which would fail.

Quite the most interesting young actress I've seen in years, from the standpoint of personality, ability and background is Barbara Bel Geddes. It is only slightly coincidental that she's in *I Remember Mama* which I'm producing, with George Stevens as executive producer-director.

Barbara made a brilliant screen debut in *The Long Night* after an equally imposing success in the New York play *Deep Are the Roots*. I didn't get to see the play but I read all her glowing press notices with great excitement because RKO had signed her for the very important part of Katrin in *I Remember Mama*. My excitement increased when I saw the first feet of film (Continued on page 108)

■ When MODERN SCREEN asked me to tell about my sister Ida, and me, I was a little frightened. This was a magazine, I thought, which would want a story about two girls growing up, going to church together on Sundays, swapping clothes and dates and makeup, and this was the kind of story I couldn't give them, because it never happened to me.

Lupinos are strange, I guess. Ida and I have both worked since we were tiny. We've been together and apart a hundred times, for days, occasionally for months, and now I sit in a Greenwich Village club where it's almost morning, and I try to explain about Ida, 3,000 miles away, and fast asleep, and how it is with the two of us.

We love each other very much, and yet we correspond infrequently. The papers say Ida is going to marry Collier Young, and I haven't even heard from her about it. When she gets ready to let me know, she won't write; she'll phone, and talk for an hour, and run up a bill that only a movie actress could pay.

Ida should have been the one to do this story, actually. She has a staggering memory. She can talk about incidents that happened in shows when she was three or four. I don't do so well, but even for me, a few things

stand out. Sitting with Ida in a box, all by ourselves, at the theater in London, for instance, watching our father and mother in a musical called *Hold My Hand*.

They were both fine artists, and we saw them many times.

Ida started dancing when she was five; I did too, but I never got over it. Dancing was always the big thing with me, and nowadays my family gets a little impatient with it, because it's not an easy way to live, and they think I'm overworked and too thin. And when they're done arguing, they shake their heads and say, "In the blood," and give the whole argument up.

Anyhow, Ida and I both danced as children, but there the similarity ended. She was good in school; I was always being expelled for bringing mice to class. When I was eight, I ended up in a convent behind a high wall. It must have been the only place they thought could hold me.

Out in back of the house, at the bottom of our garden, Daddy had a real miniature theater built for us. It wasn't a toy; he'd spent thousands of dollars on it, and it was completely and professionally equipped. Ida and I trained there. She wrote music for our plays (she still composes magnificent (Continued on page 82)



my



Ida (of *Escape Me Never*), publicist Harry Mines, actress Frances Robinson and Collier Young, Warner exec—stars of the Lupino-Young wedding scheduled for May. Harry and Frances will be their two attendants.



Charles Feldman, Ida's agent, sent the lady a modern painting. Here, it meets critics, Mrs. Lupino and Collier. Young gave his bride-to-be a diamond and ruby antique ring. Ida gave her groom a gold money clip.

"Lupinos are strange," says Rita, thinking back to when
they were kids . . . Ida, dazzled by the stage, Rita, dreaming
of castanets in Spain. Apart a hundred times since
then, but somehow, always together . . .

sister and I

by rita lupino



They told her she was
too young for romantic leads,
but even-tempered
Mona Freeman refused to get
miffed. She simply
retired to become a mother!

BY CARL SCHROEDER

ain't She sweet!



Mona, Jr., born last October, has one of Hollywood's youngest mothers. Mona, Sr.'s only 21, was a model in New York when she was voted Miss Subways, given a Para. contract.

■ Mona Freeman, blonde, tiny, and lovely as a Spring song, looked at the man she was going to marry.

She was not impressed.

Pat Nerney was not impressed, either.

"Hullo," he mumbled, opening his Irish map wide enough to admit an oversized bite of ham sandwich.

Pat was uncomfortable in his sailor uniform, and he was not getting up off the comfortable perch on the back steps of his Beverly Hills home for anybody. He was too tired in the first place. Just out of the Naval hospital in San Diego, and shot full of bug-eating drugs, he wanted to be left alone. In the second place, he vaguely remembered that his brother John had been dating this Mona Whatsername.

And if a third place were needed, he had a date that night with Diana Lynn.

All this happened about three years ago, just before John Nerney went into the service. His number suddenly came up for Pacific service, and more or less to make conversation, brother Pat said, "I suppose it's all right with you if I have a date with Mona now and then while you're gone."

It was all right. John had no exclusive interests. Like Pat, he played the field.

Brother Pat didn't know what this casual interest would lead to, but several months later he began to find out.

"I guess," Mona says, remembering the day, "that in our subconscious minds the romance had been going on for quite a while."

In any event, Mona trapped Pat into taking her shopping in Beverly Hills on a Saturday afternoon. Reluctantly, he agreed. He felt a little uncomfortable as Mona stopped in front of the eighteenth store window, pressed her nose against the glass, and gazed fondly at an expensive dress she wasn't going to buy.

A friend spotted them and said, "What do you two think you're doing?"

"Oh nothing much," Pat replied, sharp with humor. "Mona is working out her trousseau. We're going to get married."

Some joke. The three of them laughed merrily.

That evening, Pat dropped by to take Mona to producer Arthur Freed's birthday party. Mona, in a long white fluffy dress, looked (*Continued on page 89*)



Auto agent Pat Nerney and Mona were married three years ago. Five-foot-three, blonde and blue-eyed, Mona was on loan-out four times before her home studio gave her a break in *Dear Ruth*.



The piggy-bank is Mona, Jr.'s, and Daddy sometimes forgets to part with his loose change. Mrs. Nerney claims her favorite pastime is being lazy, but really works hard in *Isn't It Romantic!*



Bette in blue
denims . . . Bette playing
with the baby . . .
Bette yapping away,
arms waving in the
breeze. That's how artist
Sherry sees his
wife, Miss Bette Davis, the
dignified movie star!

mrs. sherry

as told to george benjamin
by william grant sherry



■ I like the title of this story. Confession being good for the soul, let me confess right off to a masculine prejudice. My wife is known and addressed by everyone, naturally, as Miss Davis, but, at home it irks me to hear her addressed otherwise than Mrs. Sherry. This is an irk normal to men married to famous women so I'm not apologizing for it, merely pointing out why the title makes me beam.

When I am asked to talk about her (my wife) the subject becomes long, wide and inexhaustible. I have many mental pictures of Bette, all different. She is kind, loyal, honest, warm-hearted, generous, courageous. It may be against the rules to come out with extravagant praise of your wife, but these things being true, I say them.

To avoid more adjectives, perhaps the



best way to tell the story is through these pictures of Bette that run through my mind. I remember our first evening at Butternut, Bette's New Hampshire home, where we went on our honeymoon. We'd been motoring for days over snowpacked roads to get there in time for Christmas. Our luck, our stubbornness and the chains had held, so we made it.

Like Bette, I'm a New Englander, and legend hath it that we are the taciturn folk. If this is true, neither of us runs true to type. We are both what's politely called articulate. We call it gabby. Often we find ourselves talking about two different things at the same time, till one of us stops and indignantly announces, "You're not listening to me." This strikes us as the joke of the ages.

But that night we were both unnaturally

quiet. I thought Bette was just tired, as she had every right to be. But presently I realized that this wasn't enough to account for a kind of childlike woe on her face.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked.

"I wanted so much for you to like my home, and I can tell by your face you don't like it at all."

Actually, I had found Butternut so everything that I loved in a home that I, for once, was speechless. It was all I had hoped to build myself some day. I tried to explain to Bette how it felt to have everything you've always wanted suddenly yours.

"It also makes me a little angry," I added, "because I had nothing to do with building it."

That sent her into gales of laughter, and the Sherrys were themselves again.

Bette's love for Butternut has for many

years been one of the primary things in her life. Here she has kept her collection of antique furniture, her books, her wonderful array of awards. She has only recently realized that it is foolish to see her treasures so seldom. Her work confines her here 3,500 miles away. She has at last decided to sell Butternut. It was a difficult decision to make. She had always felt her roots were in New England. I think she feared if she gave up her home there, her roots would in some way disintegrate. We spent last winter there waiting for Barbara to be born. We have many pictures of that winter—the snow on Christmas Eve, the breathtakingly beautiful white world next morning, the huge open fires, the old beams catching the firelight, the quiet evening with friends around the fire, it is a way of life important to (Continued on page 61)



alias sam spade



■ One particularly filthy day during the war, a couple of hundred cubic miles of wind, rain and fog got together and lined up against one lone Navy transport plane trying to find its way from Iwo Jima to Saipan. Aboard the plane was an overload of military passengers, including a fellow called Howard Duff, master sergeant in the U. S. Army. Duff was playing bridge, when one of the pilots suddenly burst out of the cockpit cabin yelping for everyone to strap on life preservers.

Then a dozen guys were on his tail wanting to know what was up. He told them. On account of playing tag with the storm, the plane was some six or seven hundred miles off course, and, as one half-hysterical soldier put it, "probably damn near as many gallons of gas short of making Saipan!"

Things got very quiet, and you could feel the strain. At this moment, Master Sergeant Duff chose to play a card and flipped it right into the center of the improvised table. The other players and the rest of the men were dumbfounded.

"Hey, Sarge! Ain't you heard? The pilot said the plane's maybe going down, and nothing under us but the deep Pacific!"

Duff looked up. "I've got my life preserver on and I'm waiting until we hit. What do you want me to do, dive from up here?"

The laugh broke the tension and the men settled down to what was coming in a spirit more philosophic. (Continued on page 109)

HE'S HARD-BOILED;

HE SLAYS THE WOMEN WITH HIS

VOICE; HIS NAME'S SAM

SPADE, DETECTIVE. BUT WHEN

HE STEPS AWAY FROM THE

MIKE, YOU'VE GOT ACTOR

HOWARD DUFF—AND WOMEN

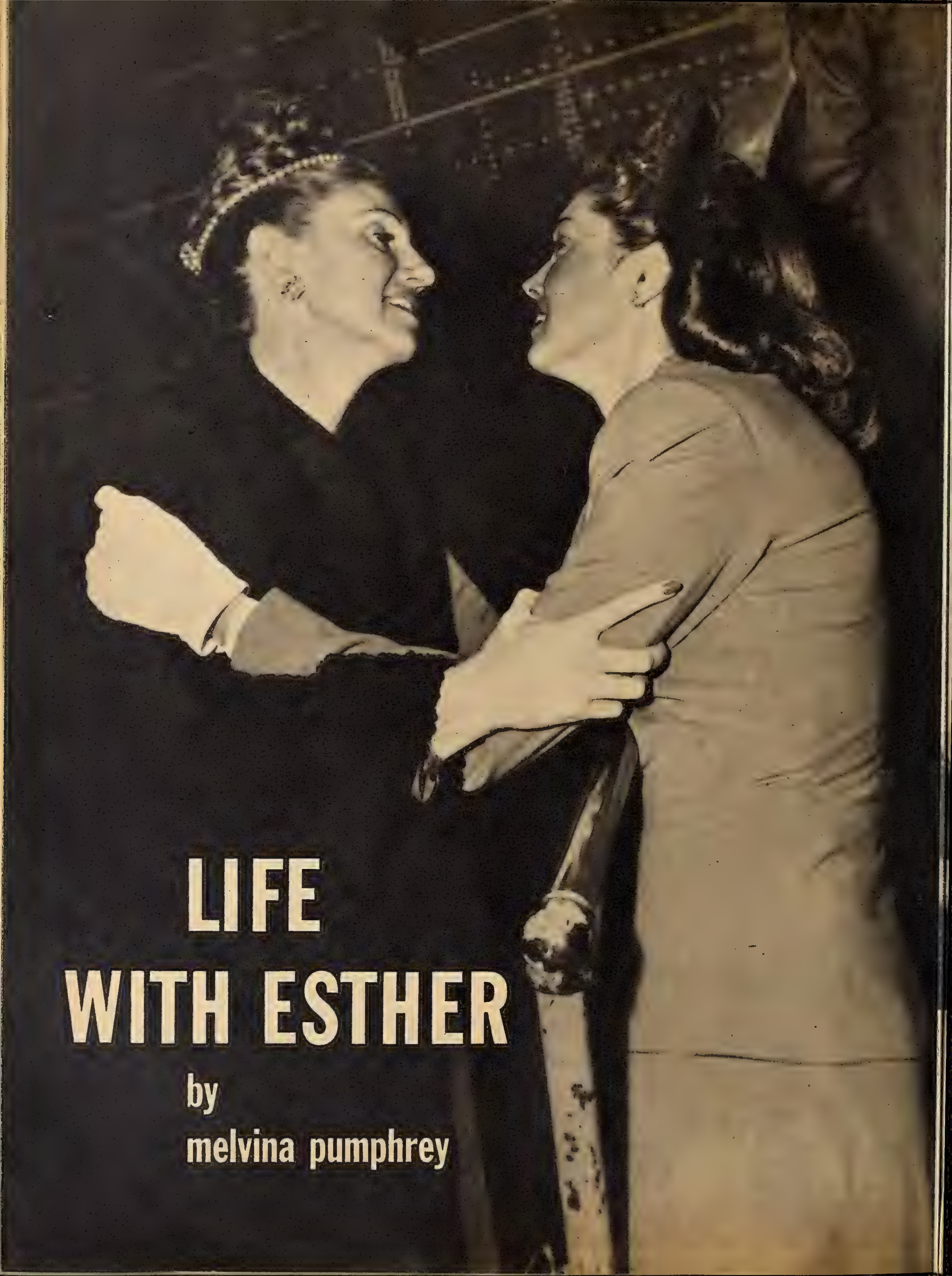
DON'T HATE HIM, EITHER!

By Louis Pollock

Howard Duff, hottest thing on the Universal lot since his role as pathological liar in *Naked City*, chats with Burt Lancaster between takes on their latest film, *All My Sons*.



Sunday nights, Duff's the hard-boiled detective Sam Spade, a Dashiell Hammett invention. Man behind the controls is director Bill Spier. Universal may make a movie of the series.



LIFE WITH ESTHER

by
melvina pumphrey

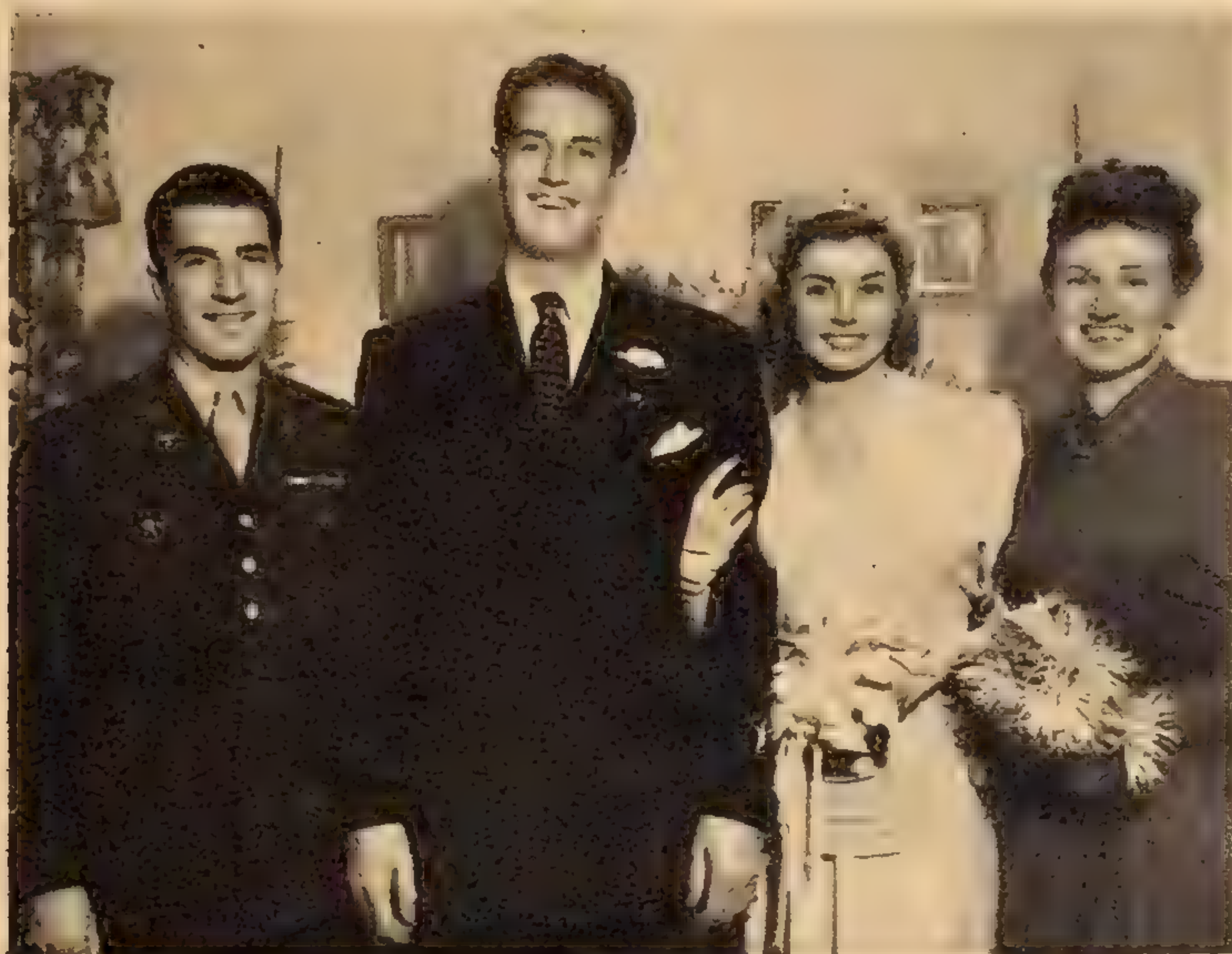
FOR PRESS AGENT MEL, IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE

LIFE WITHOUT ESTHER, THE GAL WITH THE SUNNY

SMILE, GAG-A-MINUTE MIND—AND LOVELY, SLOPPY WAY

ABOUT THE KITCHEN!

"Esther married Ben Gage on November 25, 1945, in Westwood. I was her only attendant. Ben's brother, Charles, was best man."



←"For a gag, Esther and I staged this sorrowful scene when she left on her honeymoon with Ben, and I had to stay home."



"She tackles all her work with equal vigor. Esther was dogged about studying bullfighting with Antonio Marquez in Mexico."



"At the world-famous Charro Festival (a Mexico charity rodeo) Esther was introduced to the crowd by a Mexico City dentist."

■ Esther Williams flashed her sunny smile at the photographers. "If you boys are through," she said, "I think I'll slip into a suit and have myself a swim."

I had a moment of panic. Me, I can't swim a stroke. Here I was trusted by my boss with a new M-G-M starlet named Esther Williams. It was my first publicity assignment with her—a fashion sitting at the Town House. I'd worked at the studio just two weeks. What I knew about Esther Williams, you could have slipped under your left eyelash.

But I was playing this safe. If she drowned in that pool, I wasn't going to have her blood on my hands.

"Wait a minute," I interrupted anxiously. "Are you *sure* you can swim?"

Esther still kids me about it, because when I pulled *that* one, she was a past national freestyle swimming champ!

It happened five and one half years ago and strangely enough, it was the start of a perfect personal friendship and career connection that's lasted happily every day since. Maybe I'd better explain: My name's Melvina Pumphrey and strangely enough, I've been associated with Esther Williams' publicity from that day on. I know somewhat more about her by now.

She was bridesmaid at my wedding and I was bridesmaid at hers. Esther came along on my honeymoon ("Look, I've got to see this thing through," she said) and I flew after Ben Gage and his bride the day after they hopped off for Mexico. We've traveled all over the country together, shared a hundred hotel rooms, swapped outfits too (we wear the same sizes, with a few minor adjustments). I've fretted like a dotting maw over every problem Esther's had, and vice versa.

People have tossed bouquets at times which make me purr, naturally. "You've done a wonderful job with Esther," they say. I have a stock comeback. "Look what I've got to work with."

There's a tree-top tall character in MODERN SCREEN's Hollywood office named Tom Carlile, and the other



"Wherever she goes, Esther infects people with her gaiety. Here, while being fitted, she's giving Irene, M-G-M's head designer, the news about a p.a. tour."



"Ben came down to see Esther several times during the filming of Fiesta. That's my husband, Ken McEldowney, on the right; we're at the Mexico City Race Track."

LIFE WITH ESTHER



"In Mexico City we looked around like tourists before Esther went to work. With Antonio Marquez, we went to all the bull-fights, ate too many tacos."

day he phoned me. "Mel, you've been all over the country with Esther, you know more about her than anyone outside of her family and Ben," he said. "We want you to write the real lowdown, the inside, the works."

"That is not an utterly impossible request," I replied, modestly.

"There's a catch," he said. "We want to illustrate the story with pictures of you and Esther taken during your vast travels together."

"Hey, remember me?" I said. "It's my job to stay out of pictures. Besides, I don't think I have any."

"G'wan," he said. "You must have a personal scrapbook chuckfull."

So he convinced me, and if you don't like my looks in the pictures on these pages, blame it on Tom.

I think it is pertinent that after five and a half years with Esther, I still can't swim a stroke. She has labored patiently to teach me, and every time I've spluttered, gagged and half-drowned. "Just lie down in the water like you're going to sleep," says Esther. "That's the first step." So I do, trustingly, and I wake up on the bot-



"Eating with Esther is my biggest occupational hazard. She has a healthy appetite, but she works off all the excess calories. Wish I could say the same!"



"We've been train-riding together over four years, and always, before the train's out of town, Esther has a change of clothing ready. She's fresher than a daisy by dinnertime."

tom, asleep in the deep. The last step, maybe she means. When Esther isn't submerged, she's flying high with a natural bouyancy that makes her a dream to be around.

I remember the day (not long after that swimming-pool boner of mine) Esther asked me to go with her to Cal Shipyards. It was during the war and she'd been asked to christen a boat.

The first surprise came when she led me to her rickety flivver and wheeled me across town bouncing and rattling and talking a blue streak—mostly about her family. "Hey," she said, "We've got time. Let's drop by the house and see Mom." So we did. I've never forgotten it.

It wasn't much of a Hollywood glamor house as I'd pictured them. It was tiny, plain and in the unfashionable south end of town. But Esther ushered me inside as if it was a palace to meet her sweet, smart, motherly mom.

Before we left, I'd inspected the bed Esther was born in, her baby crib and clothes. We'd dug down in the trunk to see her homemade party gowns, old beaux' pictures,

(Continued on page 95)



"Sharing a train bedroom can be agony, but not when your partner has a sense of humor. Here, the star of On An Island With You talks about her favorite guy, Ben."



Bob Hastings, Fairfax High student, was a surprised young man when Ralph Edwards, on Truth or Consequences show, told him Lizbeth Scott had volunteered to be his date at ROTC dance. His regular gal, Bob said, had turned him down.

He stood there,
expecting a pie in the face,
because anything could happen
on this loony radio show.
Then they brought out
Liz Scott, and Bob thought,
Oh, brother, what
a consequence!

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES

■ Bob Hastings felt terrible.

Five o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, and here was his girl on the other end of the wire breaking their date for the ROTC ball that night. "I'm busy," she said. He said "Okay. I'll go alone, but it won't be much fun." And he hung up sadly.

Delda was a wonderful girl, and he just didn't understand it.

"Look," his mother said, "come along with Dad and Don and me to the Truth or Consequences radio show this afternoon. Dad got tickets from a man in the office—"

It was an obvious attempt to cheer him up, but that was all right, too. He grinned, put his arm around his mother, and said, "Swell."

He was sitting in the radio station, brooding, when Don (his nineteen-year-old brother) poked him in the ribs. "Hey, they're asking for two high school students—raise your hand, you could use some of that fast radio money."

Bob raised his hand obediently, and was hooked by Ralph Edwards, the show's

(Continued on following page)





After the program, Bob and Liz stopped at Brown Derby for quick dinner. Host Ralph suggested the steak, but Bob, who'd lost his appetite in the excitement of the broadcast, settled on a sandwich and an ice-cream sundae.



Bob, slicked up in his ROTC uniform, gets a fond send-off from his family. Aside from their well-wishes, he was equipped with orchid, \$50 cash and chauffeured limousine, thanks to Edwards.



Orchid tucked under his arm, Bob greeted Liz at her door. He was surprised to find she only appears tall in films (*I Walk Alone* and *Pitfall* are her latest). Actually, she's two inches shorter than he, not "too sophisticated."



Liz paused on the porch for Bob to pin the orchid on her mink. Under the coat, she wore a simple white crepe gown with a large metal-studded belt. Her hair was arranged in large, soft curls.



Settled in the car, Liz, who's 24, and Bob, 16 and a half, got acquainted. He told her his girl had called that very day, said she'd made a date with another guy weeks before, had forgotten about it. Liz was sympathetic.



At the Ball, Liz met Bob's commanding officer, Lt. Col. Hal Randall. He and Liz exchanged knowing glances, for in a little while, the "gag" would be revealed to all!

master of ceremonies. Edwards asked Bob to go up on the stage, and Bob went up and watched as two warm-up contestants—big, burly men—raced to put on women's clothing, and he wondered what kind of nutty stunt *he'd* end up doing. Eventually, Mr. Edwards called him to the microphone, and asked for his full name.

"Robert George Hastings." The words came out shakily. "Where do you go to school?"

"Fairfax High," he said. And then Mr. Edwards was saying, "And now your question. A. A. O'Keefe wants you to name three popular sports in which feathers are used."

Bob opened his mouth. "Pillow fighting—" His mind fled, and he stood frozen, as the horn sounded. "You haven't told the truth," Edwards said, "so you'll have to pay the consequences. Are you free tonight?"

Bob said no, he wasn't, he was going to a military ball out at school. Ralph asked if he had a date.

He stood there, considering Delda's perfidy. "No," he said. "I did have, but I don't now."

Mr. Edwards got the whole painful story out of him, after which he boomed, "How would you like to go to that dance escorting a beautiful movie star like Elizabeth Scott?"

"I'd rather have a short one," Bob said candidly. Once the laughter had faded a little, Ralph said, "Oh, the movies make them look a lot taller," and then before anybody could say anything else, Elizabeth Scott strode on-stage.

Bob's face turned brick-red.

"Miss Scott's volunteered to fill the gap in your eve-

ning," Ralph said. "And you'll have \$50 spending money, and a chauffeured limousine—"

Timidly, Bob gazed at Elizabeth. She sure was pretty, and not so tall, either. Not as tall as *he* was, even.

When the broadcast was over, Mr. Edwards took Bob and Liz to the Brown Derby to eat, and then they separated, each going home to get dressed for the ball. Bob's family helped him slick up, excitedly, and he explained that Miss Scott was really awfully nice, and as long as he couldn't be taking Delda—

At 8 o'clock, he drove away in the limousine, clutching under his arm the box of orchids the program had provided.

He got a kick out of walking in to the dance with Liz by his side. She looked gorgeous, all right. He introduced her to his commanding officer, Lt. Col. Randall, and Colonel Randall took them up on the platform, and introduced Miss Scott to all the people.

After which Miss Scott went down into the audience and came back with Delda Jacks, Bob's girl. "She was in on the stunt with Mr. Edwards," Liz explained to the astonished Bob. "She hated having to phone like that. Now you two go have the first dance together."

But Bob politely invited Liz to be his first partner.

Next number, he excused himself, and approached Delda. Delda slipped into his arms, and they drifted away, both smiling because it was good to be sixteen, and dancing. And once Bob whispered, "She's swell, all right—but Delda, you're my girl."



Liz danced the first one with Bob, and he began to lose his self-consciousness. Previously, Liz had been introduced to the audience by Col. Randall.

Later, she'd introduced Delda Jacks, Bob's girl. Delda'd been in on "frame-up," was glad, at last, that truth was out. Admitted breaking date on day of dance was hardest thing she'd ever done!



Young beauty:

Graceful Vikkie Dougan, New York model
and prize-winning skater.

Beauty shade:

"Look Pink," blithe new spring shade
of Cutex polish.
(Luscious in Cutex Lipstick too.)

Beauty miracle:

"Never, ever before, have I found
a polish so long-wearing
as the new Cutex," says Vikkie.



"Look Pink" by Cutex-

—newest, fashion-favored look for nails and lips

THIS SPRING, fashion loves pink! *You'll* love
"Look Pink"—glowing on your nails and lips
—flattering your new clothes, and you!

It's a heavenly shade in a stay-perfect pol-
ish! Cutex now outwears even costly polishes!
Sparkles with rich, fadeless color! And new
Cutex is angel-pure—safe for even sensitive
skins. A wonderful exclusive found in no



other leading polish! Only 10¢, plus tax.

You'll love the "Look Pink" shade in
creamy, silk-smooth Cutex Lipstick too. So
luxurious! Yet . . . only 49¢, plus tax.

Try *all* Cutex's fine manicure aids, from
nippers to nail white, for the exquisite groom-
ing new fashions demand. Northam Warren,
New York.

MRS. SHERRY—BY WILLIAM GRANT SHERRY

(Continued from page 49)

both of us. But in the end, Bette said, "My work will always be in California; Butternut has always been too far away. Let's sell it."

Another picture in my mind is Bette as a mother. She adores her daughter without smothering her. Many times when Bette and I are playing with Barbara, she will turn to me and say, "Sherry, is she really ours?" Being such an individual herself, she treats Bette like one. No baby talk from Bette. That's my prerogative. One of Bette's favorite pastimes at the moment is watching me toss Bette up and catch her. The baby chuckles away as she flies through the air. (Bede, the nickname we use, is the vocalization of the baby's initials. B. D. Sherry.)

When Bette isn't working, we live entirely in Laguna. Some of the nicest pictures in my mental album are of her there. Bette in blue denims looking like a little girl. Bette playing in the sand with her niece Fay. Bette sitting in the end of our rowboat while I take her on trips up and down the coast, Bette barbecuing chickens by the light of the fire and the moon, Bette swimming—but that's a story, and I'd better go back a little.

Our mornings in Laguna are given to work. While I paint, Bette putters around the house. She fixes flowers, gives a dust here and there, plans the meals, answers her mail. We have our lunch on the terrace overlooking the ocean. There's an extra kitchen off the terrace, and Bette always arranges for salads and coldcuts and a jug of iced coffee to be in the refrigerator so we can serve ourselves whenever we feel hungry, instead of eating at a regular luncheon hour. In this way I can work as long as I am in the mood without inconveniencing the workings of Bette's well scheduled household.

Afternoons, we devote to the beach. When I first met Bette, she swam a very sloppy crawl. She spent most of her time on the beach concentrating on a suntan—alternating with sitting under an umbrella with her typewriter, surrounded by scripts. But from the very first, she admired the ease with which I swam, and envied the fun I had in the water. One day, bored

with her beach routine, she asked me if I would teach her to swim as I did. "I'll certainly try," I said. "I'm tired of watching all that lost motion of yours."

My wife's a perfectionist. By the middle of the summer she had really smoothed out that crawl. Then came the day when she decided she was quite able to cope with the sea on its own terms. I stood on the shore and realized she was going farther out than she ever had before. She turned to give me a triumphant wave—"Look what I've done"—when a breaker hit her. That is one thing I had always warned her about. "Don't turn your back on the ocean, watch it, then it can't hurt you." I could just hear her saying to herself, "You got yourself into this my girl, now get yourself out." And she did. A few minutes later she was standing beside me, breathing a little hard but still triumphant.

"Almost went in after you," I said.

She pulled her cap off and opened her eyes at me. "Whatever for?"

Bette's zest for anything new is exhilarating. She bubbles with enthusiasm, not only for what she does herself but for what others do. In this connection she bowled me over once.

I've always wanted to fly, and had a chance to learn on the GI Bill. But I knew how Bette felt about flying. Except in cases of dire emergency, she'd have nothing to do with it. So I kept wondering how to broach my plan, certain that she'd say "Please don't—" In the end, I just broke it. "Bette, I think I'll enter flying school—"

She was sitting there, knitting. "Why don't you?" said my astounding wife, without dropping a stitch.

"You mean that?"

"Of course I mean it."

"But you hate flying—"

"But you love it. Therefore I think you should fly—"

More than that, she came to watch when I took my flight test. More than that, she's gone up with me a couple of times—which I consider the nicest kind of compliment. Because, make no mistake, she's still frightened. What she minds is the sense of suspension in space, the feeling that she can't do anything about it.

"I'd like not to be able to see out," she says.

"Then close your eyes."

"Don't be silly, I might as well stay on the ground."

To me that's spunk—not the absence of fear, but the will to overcome it. When the picture's finished, we plan to fly around looking for a ranch. We've concluded that a near-by ranch is the best substitute for Butternut.

Right now, we divide our time between the studio and Laguna. So that Bette wouldn't have to go back and forth daily, Warners converted the dressing room above her own into a bedroom and, by adding an inside staircase, turned the place into a very livable little house. My intention was to stay put at Laguna. "You'll be working up there, I'll be working down here," I said. "Perfect set-up—"

end of day blues . . .

Only it wasn't. When Bette's working day was over, she was lonely; so was I. I'd phone, she'd assure me everything was fine, and ten minutes later I'd find myself back on the phone. Moreover, I couldn't work during the day—missed her too much.

"You know, Sherry," she said, "there's that little upstairs kitchen—"

Which was all I needed. That little upstairs kitchen became my temporary studio. Bette goes off to the set, I go up to the kitchen, and my mind's at peace, and we meet for lunch. Weekends we're at Laguna. And always once in the middle of the week, Windy, her director, arranges for Bette to finish early, and gives her a late morning call. She's very cute about that. It's been going on ever since the picture started, but each time she takes it like a Christmas gift.

"How marvelous! You mean I can go home to my daughter?"

In many ways Bette and I are alike temperamentally. I daresay an eavesdropper in our car would tag us mildly wacky. I daresay we are. We'll be driving along when:

"Hungry?" I'll ask.

"Starved," says my wife.

"Well, reach down and get a sandwich."

Of course there's no sandwich. There's no reason for a sandwich. But Bette reaches down and goes through all the pantomime of unwrapping one, biting into it, exclaiming, "Oh! Peanut butter again?" Then, "Think I'll have some coffee," she says. Up comes an imaginary thermos, and she struggles with the cork. "Can't get it out." She hands it to me. I wrestle the cork out with my teeth, and hand it back. She tilts it, nothing happens, she peers inside. "That's not coffee, that's baked beans—"

In the midst of our hilarity, she'll fix me with a reproachful eye. "Sherry, sometimes I think we're simple-minded."

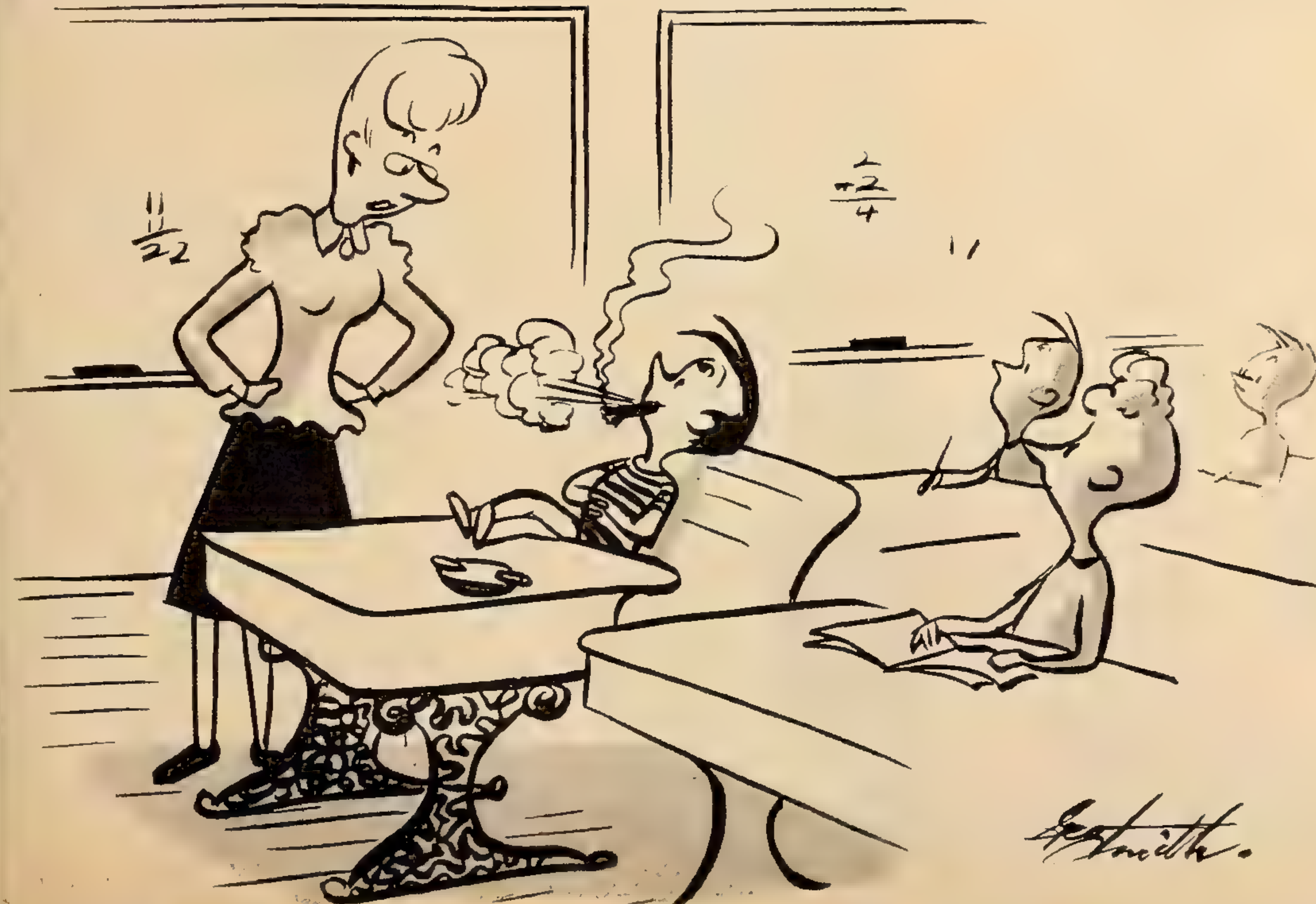
Then there was the day I fell in with Windust's gag, and became an extra on a huge subway set. (You can't do this without being paid, so the money was turned over to the Motion Picture Relief Fund.) I wore my navy uniform, carried a big seabag to cover my face, and kept getting between the camera and Bette. Finally she'd had enough of me.

"What's wrong with that man?" she asked Windust. "Do something about him."

That was my signal to drop the seabag. I knew just how my wife's head would go back, how she'd explode into mirth, just what she'd say. She said it. "Sherry, you fool!"

She got back at me nicely too. Had one of the men on the set fill my seabag with

MODERN SCREEN



Really, Harold—just because you were voted most likely to succeed . . .

Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



One Permanent Cost \$15...the TONI only \$2

Like the winsome Miller twins, you'll say your Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive beauty-shop wave. But before trying Toni you'll want to know —

Will TONI work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Will my TONI wave be loose or tight?

With Toni you can have just the amount of curl that suits you best—from a loose, natural-looking wave to a halo of tight ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

Is it easy to do?

Amazingly easy . . . just as easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. That's why more than a million women a month use Toni.

Will TONI save me time?

Definitely. Waving time is only 2 to 3 hours. And while the wave is taking you're free to do as you please.

How long will my TONI wave last?

Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 beauty shop permanent—or your money back.

Which twin has the TONI?

Pictured above are the Miller twins of Long Island, N.Y. Jean, the one at the right, has the Toni. She says, "When Ann saw how easily I gave myself the Toni Home Permanent, she vowed her next wave would be a Toni, too."



weights. All but broke my back when I tried to lift it.

While we're on the subject of pictures, many people have asked me whether or not Bette accepts suggestions regarding her work. She is most interested in suggestions offered by people whose opinions she values. Extremely short with those who she feels have no right to offer a suggestion. Bette has always been a firm believer in minding one's own business. She does, and she expects the same from others.

One suggestion I did make to her concerned her appearance on the screen. "Do you realize how much more attractive you are off the screen than on?" I said. "Why don't you try a new way of making up for your next picture?" Bette consulted the powers that be. They tried something new and liked it. Bette likes it. I like it. All that's left to hope is that her audiences will like it—if not, here will be a guy out on a very long limb.

Bette also likes my suggestions about clothes. I'm a bug on the subject—I think few women dress to their best advantage. I believe clothes are a form of expression not merely a covering. I don't like anything on Bette that is tight or slick. She is such an active and vital person her clothes should be cut so that she can move freely, she strides out, waves her arms around—

"That makes two of us," says my wife. "To see us talking together, you'd think we were having a fist fight."

A while back, I said that Bette and I were alike. In one basic way we differ. My theory is that most things work themselves out. You work, you eat, you sleep, you take the good or bad as it comes, and do the best you can with it. Bette does not feel this way; she worries about the universe. In fact, spends so much time planning and worrying about others she hasn't time to solve her own problems. She has more conscience than anyone I have ever met. Single-handed, she'd like to mould the scheme of things nearer to her heart's desire. But I am curing her of brooding—she laughs more than she used to. With Bette around it's a new life for her. The baby makes so much that used to be important seem unimportant. Bette can be really down in the dumps, and start playing with Bette and everything changes. Barbara smiles one of her enchanting toothless smiles and it's magic. Bette's face lights up, her troubles drop away. That's my favorite picture of Mrs. Sherry.

ORDEAL

(Continued from page 27)

He was staying away from the studio having been granted a leave following completion of *The Bride Goes Wild*, and every possible minute he was with Evie and the infant. They had selected the baby's name in advance—Schuyler Van Johnson. (Both fell in love with the name Schuyler when they saw *Gentleman's Agreement*. Gregory Peck's name in that picture was Schuyler. "Boy or girl, that's it," Van said excitedly, and Evie agreed with him.)

On Thursday, the baby and Evie were doing well enough so Van felt safe in leaving the hospital long enough to go to Metro, and pass out cigars. He enjoyed a field day on the lot, greeting old friends and accepting congratulations on his fatherhood. He told with bursting pride of how the fans had deluged Evie and the child with gifts—blankets, pretty baby bonnets, little infant garments.

It was on Friday night that Evie had her first relapse. Van was not in the hospital,

since all hospitals are still too crowded for fathers to be accommodated when their babies are born. I remember after the first John Barrymore-Dolores Costello baby was ushered into the world, John refused to budge an inch from Good Samaritan Hospital and was promptly ensconced in a room of his own where he held court. (I'll tell you a secret that not everyone knows—that baby, now seventeen years old, is just about to be launched on a screen career of his own. It's been kept very *sub rosa*, and they do say he has all the makings of another John Barrymore. Which by the way he is—John II.)

Van must have had a presentiment, that Friday evening. He knew that Evie had gone through a difficult time. (Little Schuyler Van was by way of being a whopping infant, eight pounds six and a half ounces at birth.) The hospital got Van on the phone, and he rushed to Evie's side. He found her weak and scarcely conscious. All that night he sat beside her. The crisis passed.

The next day, he was heavy-eyed from lack of sleep, and restless. He decided he needed a haircut, and drove to his favorite barbershop in Beverly Hills. He was in the chair getting a trim when the telephone rang.

"It's for you, Van," the proprietor said.

Van uttered one exclamation—"My God!"—and leaped out of the chair. It was the hospital, and the news was far from reassuring. "You'd better come at once," said the calmly judicial voice at the hospital.

With his haircut half-finished, Van dashed to his car and sped away.

He found Evie barely alive. Doctors and nurses were struggling over her but for the rest of that day and most of the night her chances remained doubtful. She was too weak to know that Van was there beside her. He didn't sleep at all. Toward morning a nurse tapped him on the shoulder. "She's going to be all right now. She's sleeping." "Oh, thank God!" Van cried, and finally he closed his eyes and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion.

As is customary in such cases, Evie promptly made a quick comeback. Though still extremely weak, she was cheerful and able to take nourishment. For hours on end each day and each evening she would lie, Van's hand clasping hers, and together they planned and dreamed. At regular intervals, the baby would be brought in.

"See, darling, she has your red hair," Evie said one day, and there was no denying it.

"You just can't beat a redhead," Van said proudly. "There's something about a redhead."

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ingrid bergman
on the
may cover of
modern screen
on sale
april 9

Here again... that Carnation Velvet Blend



A family feast...



and it started with one little can of tuna! You'll be amazed . . . and wait till you taste the nourishing goodness, the rich supersmoothness, of these Creamed Tuna Crumbles. It's that Carnation *velvet blend* again! For perfection in *all* milk-rich dishes, clever cooks use Carnation.

CREAMED TUNA CRUMBLES

Incidentally . . . a budget-extender!

- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 3/4 cups (1 tall can) Carnation Milk
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

- 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
- 1 7-oz. can tuna fish, drained and flaked
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
- 6 noodle nests or 6 slices toast

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour and stir until smooth. Add Carnation Milk and water gradually. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Stir in salt, green pepper, lemon rind, tuna fish, and hard-cooked eggs, and heat through. Serve in noodle nests or on toast. Garnish with a dash of paprika and sprig of parsley. Serves 6.

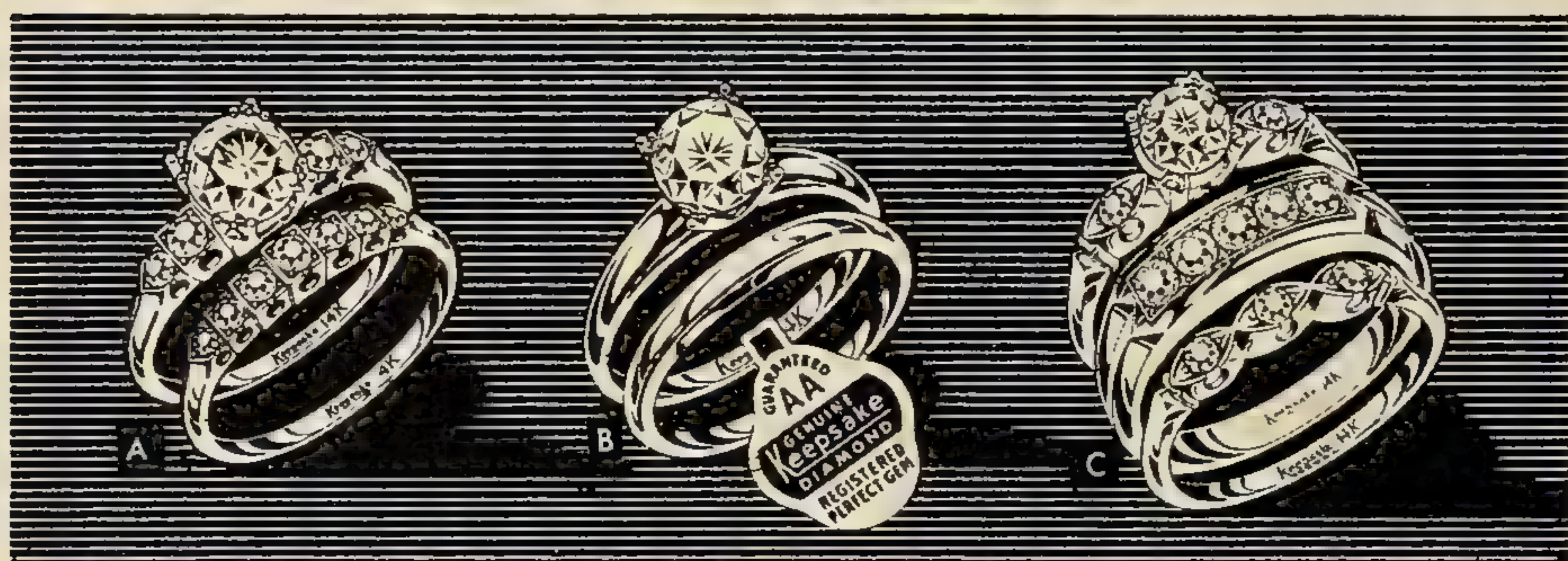
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Evie smiled as she regarded her husband's own flaming locks. "You're so right," she told him fondly.

One afternoon the nurse brought a new gift, a baby photograph album that came from Deborah Kerr, the British star who had given birth to her baby just before New Year's. That brought on a whole new sequence of parental dreams. The hospital attendants got a great thrill out of being in on the ground floor of this Hollywood drama. Of course everybody wanted autographed pictures—Van had to make two special trips over to the studio to load himself down with scores of photographs. Besides that, he bought dozens and scores of pounds of candy for the nurses.

Evie's condition kept improving. She was eager to return to the familiar surroundings of her own home. On Friday night, just a week after her first serious setback, Van was in her room talking and suddenly remarked: "How about some ice-cream?"

"Oh, I'd like a little," Evie said. Van made an inquiry of the nurse who told him that it was too late to have ice-cream in the room. "Never mind, though, I'll see what I can do," she said, and sure enough within a half hour she returned with a container. Van felt embarrassed. "You shouldn't have gone to all that trouble."

"Oh, it's nothing," the nurse replied. "I have a little girl who just idolizes you and I'd do anything in the world for you and Mrs. Johnson."

Afterward, it developed that she had gone to the drugstore across the street for the ice-cream, and then had walked up six flights of stairs to Evie's room just in case anyone should detect her going up in the elevator and ask questions.

The very next day, Saturday, the doctor decided that Evie could go home. The trip was made in an ambulance without mishap and Evie was installed in her huge bed, the one Van had ordered specially made for them.

Van fixed himself a mattress with sheets and blankets on the floor beside her—and that turned out to be lucky. For it was the very next night that Evie had the very bad time with those broken stitches.

As this story leaves my typewriter, I have the last available word from the doctors—Evie will make it okay, they say. She is a strong, healthy girl normally, and her constitution is good.

Little Schuyler Van remains unaware of the excitement she has caused, as Van and Evie blissfully dream up a bright future for her, and for themselves.

Laraine Day . . .

currently starring in RKO's *Tycoon*, poses for Modern Screen in a bolero dress sure to turn heads your way in the Easter parade.

It's two-piece, and the nice swingy skirt has a wide polka dot cummerbund to hug your waist. The brief little jacket repeats the polka dots in the collar and cuffs.

It's made of rayon gabardine, and comes also in rose with dotted navy rayon cummerbund; grey with brown; white with navy; beige with green. Sizes 9 to 15.

By Perky Frox About \$10.95

For where to buy, see page 83.

modern screen

fashions





by connie bartel
fashion editor

for easter—

■ Navy's in town again—
navy spiked with fresh, here-I-come
stripes. To steal the show
in the Easter parade—try this rayon
sheer jacket job with the very
Fifth Avenue look. The short-sleeved
dress is a wow by itself; with
the bold cuffed jacket it's a
Costume! Comes also in black.
Junior sizes 9 to 15.

By Carousel about \$12.95

for where to buy turn to page 83



navy and stripes

■ How's this for a cagey way to snag your public? The long, slim torso makes your waist practically vanish—the all-round pleated skirt swirls pert as can be—and the tricky capelet lights up your cute little face. The bodice is butcher rayon; the stripes are rayon jersey. Navy, red, green, luggage. 9-15. By Meadowbrook Jrs. about \$7.95

for where to buy turn to page 83



for easter—bright



■ Spring giving you all sorts of urges? This come-hither sheer rayon print will express what you're feeling. See the provocative marquissette neckline—with the look-again appliqué?

See the harem pockets to make your waist unbelievably small?

A dress with s. a., wouldn't you say?

Pink or gold. 10-18.

A Plutzer Prize-Winner. About \$12.95

for where to buy turn to page 83

prints

■ If you're a cute 5'5" or less—this dress is sized just for you. It's the Merry-Go-Round print—designed to make the boys' heads spin. It's black rayon jersey—sprinkled with darling pink, blue and white horses. Deep flounce, and moonstone buttons. Also, lime and blue print; or orange and turquoise. 10-16. by Leslie Fay About \$10.95

for where to buy turn to page 83





the dress with the *talked-about* belt

■ And the raved-about everything else—period! Look at it. Three way color contrast. Shirt-top for your jewelry. Black skirt—with unpressed pleats. And of course—that belt, with the great big shining medallion. Powder blue, aqua, pink or maize top, all with black skirt and belt in third color. Sizes 9-15. By Rox Frox. About \$5.95. Star pin by Coro, \$1 plus tax.

for where to buy turn to page 83

THAT OLD BLACK EYEBROW

(Continued from page 33)

favorite paintings, books and his grand piano. First thing that caught my eye was a picture of his ex-wife, Barbara Hutton, on his desk, and near that one of her son, Lance. Cary saw the surprise on my face. I shouldn't have shown it; I shouldn't have felt it. I should've known Cary better by now. He's good friends with everyone—even his ex-mates.

He still takes out his first wife, blonde Virginia Cherrill, who divorced the Count of Jersey not so long ago. He visited her abroad when she was the Countess. Last spring, when he went to Europe, Cary met Barbara Hutton in Paris and they sailed gaily around to all the best places. "If we hadn't just been divorced," grinned Grant, "you'd have thought I was courting the girl. Barbara's a marvelous woman," he went on. "And very misunderstood." Their broken marriage, Cary explains with, "We just had two different ways of life. She loves the international life and travel. My work keeps me close to Hollywood." That was a short, pointed and true explanation, but incomplete.

Barbara was never happy in Hollywood, and why those two people ever talked themselves into a marriage, is sometimes to wonder. I can't believe that Cary, who can make a million dollars every year, himself, was ever dazzled by Barbara Hutton's five-and-dime-store millions, or by her international glamor. I think he honestly fell for her, and Cary has always been consistent in falling for the same type of woman—short, fragile, beautiful blondes.

They made a heavenly beautiful couple, surely. They set up a Hollywood home in the style Barbara was accustomed to, with butlers and second butlers and all the trimmings. Cary didn't mind that. Maybe he liked it. He was sweet to Barbara and her son, as he's sweet to everyone. I don't know how deeply Cary's emotions were touched, or can be touched. There's an impersonal side to him and it could be that his relaxed philosophy protects his inner heart strings.

It was a basic tug with Cary all the time they were married between the profession he loves, and Barbara's sophisticated tastes and values. Many a time when she was partying with her friends, Cary was upstairs cramming twelve solid pages of script into his head. Up at six for a studio call, home late, dead tired, he didn't have much time for the upper crust goings on around his place.

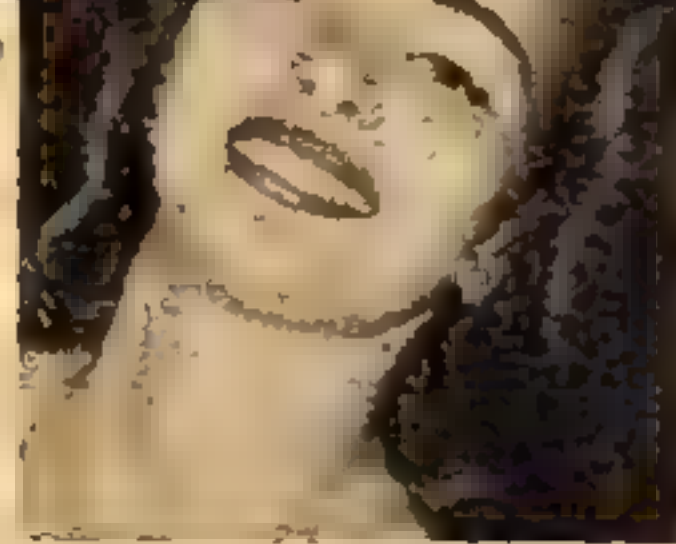
Once, while the Grants were wed, I wrote an article presenting them as a happily married couple. I did it because I liked Cary, but at heart I knew I was writing nonsense. Cary knew I knew it, too. He hung my house with flowers the day it came out. (Continued on page 73)

SAY IT IN WRITING

Writing can be fun, and if you write for MODERN SCREEN it pays. So sharpen up your penpoint and your brain, we've got an assignment for you. We want some on-the-spot coverage of the stars, some true, amusing anecdotes for our "I Saw It Happen" feature. You've read it. Now write it yourself. Send your scoop to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Do you like to play with words? Then be-a star reporter!



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says two peplums are better
than one. It's two-
piece, in printed rayon.
Grey, lime or tangerine.
by Barbette. About \$12.95.

for
where
to buy
turn to
page 83



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MAIL ORDERS

(Continued from page 71) His way of saying "Thank You!" Six months later they were separated.

Cary Grant lives his real life on a sound stage. All else, I know, is secondary with him and has been since he set his course straight for the stars.

I remember the first time I ever met him. He was wearing a Salvation Army suit, and he winked his eye at me.

I was younger then, and a little more foolish, and I winked right back.

I was strolling down Glamor Row at Paramount the day it happened. We called it Glamor Row then because Paramount's star queens of that hey-hey day patted on their powder in the dressing rooms of plushy suites strung along one sparkling row. Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard—and the sexiest invader, Mae West—ah, the competition among that batch of sirens for Paramount's eligible males was something fierce. Whoever could corral the most courtiers in her dressing-room made the others burn.

This day, Mae had a prize catch on her string and as I passed, she swept out the door, curvaceous, corseted, bosomy, bulging and dripping diamonds, trailed by six or eight charmed captives—Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, Mitch Leisen, Dick Arlen—I've forgotten who-all, except this dark, debonair character dawdling along in the rear, his hands in the pockets of his Salvation suit. I haven't forgotten him.

wicked wink...

My jaw must have dropped at the sight, because I stood stock still, and Cary almost had to knock me over to get past. As he did, a black eyebrow angled mischievously up and one big, brown eye rolled me a deliberate, merry wink. As if to say, "Sister—get a load of this!"

I did, and of him, too. I followed the procession to the set of *She Done Him Wrong* where Cary was Mae West's leading man, and I talked and laughed with my new boy friend until they practically had to throw me out. I wish I had a nickel for every time I've done that since.

A few months ago I got a call from a fellow I like and admire, the famous flyer, Howard Hughes. "I'm going to try her out," he announced, "and I'd like to have you there to watch and wish me luck." He was talking about his jumbo flying boat, the one that took years and years and millions and millions to build, the one all the world doubted would fly. That I couldn't miss.

It's pretty clammy around a harbor at 8 A.M. in the morning. I stumped aboard the yacht without my coffee, my mood matching the gray waves that slapped the gangplank. Jimmy Stewart, Hank Fonda, and Randy Scott were already aboard with some other pals of Howard's. I was late, and that didn't improve my disposition. I was wearing an anxious frown, until all of a sudden something swept out of a cabin door like a wave and tossed me mast high it seemed.

"The late Miss Hoppuh!" boomed a voice in my ear, and I stared down at that Old Black Eyebrow.

"Let me down!" I screamed, grabbing my hat which wavered in the breeze, almost heading out to sea. "The late Miss Hopper, indeed! I'm not dead yet, Grant!"

"Well, then," he grinned, tossing me about like a bean bag, "get that undertaker look off your face and join the party."

It was Cary's idea to save the champagne until Hughes' motors revved over, way down the bay. He filled the glasses as his binoculars caught the giant ship's foaming run. As the eight motors thundered past us, skimming the ship over the water, we all drank a toast to Howard Hughes and his plane. "May she fly like a feather

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in the breeze!" cried Cary—and do you know what? She rose like a graceful gull and took off in the air—the greatest craft by far ever to lift itself from this globe! Howard told us afterwards, "I had no idea of actually flying the plane. Just wanted to test her out on water. But she felt so good all of a sudden that I just took off!"

Well, I'm silly enough to think that Cary's ever-lovin' buoyancy had something to do with that!

Cary and Howard Hughes are the closest of friends. Like Cary, Howard's a bachelor; like Grant, he's quiet in public, somewhat of a mystery man. Together they take their fun where they find it.

Last year Cary and Howard made headlines. *Cary Grant and Howard Hughes Overdue on Flight—Feared Lost*. A couple of days later they turned up in Mexico, without a care in their handsome heads.

Cary explained it all later. "We put down at El Paso, Texas, for coffee, and when take-off time came, the weather looked bad. Howard said, 'Let's go to Mexico,' so we did. Two days later, a reporter came up and told us we were hopelessly lost."

bachelors' ball . . .

The best Hollywood party I've ever attended was tossed by Cary Grant and three other bachelors (of that moment), Eddy Duchin, Jimmy Stewart and Johnny McClain.

First, they re-opened Hollywood's famous Clover Club, after the place had been gathering cobwebs for months. If there's anything chillier than an abandoned nightery, you can have it. But Cary and his crew warmed it up. They reopened it, redecorated it and invited half of Hollywood. Mike Romanoff catered the food, a big name orchestra played, everybody had the most of the finest service and favors. We had a party post-mortem not long after, and Cary told me the inside story.

He'd summoned a florist to make it look and smell pretty. Flowers to Grant reach their peak in gardenias. "How about gardenias?" he asked the flower man. "Excellent," the man confirmed. "An excellent choice."

"Then," waxed Cary enthusiastically, string them all over the room."

The florist did. He was happy to. He strung two thousand of them. "Then next day we got the bill," grinned Cary, a little sheepishly. "A dollar a gardenia—two thousand bucks."

That's the way it went, but to Cary and his pals it was worth it.

Cary's a hard-headed Englishman, but when it comes to brewing fun for the people he likes, the sky's the limit with him.

The first picture that bagged an Academy nomination for Cary was *Sylvia Scarlett*, one he made several years ago with Katie Hepburn and Brian Aherne. It was a vague, rambling, sometimes silly picture, and it flopped at the boxoffice, but Cary played a comedy cockney that was devastating. That's typical Cary. Whether it's with Shirley Temple or Greta Garbo he gives his good-humored everything to a picture.

I watched him playing intimate husband-wife scenes with Myrna Loy in *Mister Blandings Builds His Dream House* the other day at R-K-O, and the scenes were so realistic, I was actually embarrassed. I thought, "Why, that Cary could be the most domesticated ever lovin' husband in the world, if he had the right girl." It was hard to believe he was acting.

Ethel Barrymore was charmed by Cary into coming back to Hollywood when she'd sworn, "Never again!" Cary was the big reason Ethel agreed to make *None But The Lonely Heart* though she said she'd

shaken Hollywood's dust for keeps after *Rasputin* (made years ago with her brothers Lionel and John). Cary set high hopes on *None But The Lonely Heart*. It was another cockney part, but a tragic one this time, and it was Cary's bid for real acting honors, to prove to a lot of us that he was an actor, and not just a screen personality.

But during the shooting, Cary was so busy being nice to Ethel he forgot about himself. I know because Ethel told me all about it. How movie-rusty she was, and how Cary had watched over her like a mother hen. I was on the set, and I saw him steer scene after scene her way which Ethel should never have had. She'd forgotten everything about camera angles. Half the time she'd play away, leaving it all to Cary. "No, no!" he'd correct her. "Do it this way."

Ethel was crazy about him. "If he'd been my own son," she told me, "instead of one out of a script, he couldn't have been sweeter."

One of Cary's greatest friends was the late Frank Vincent, his agent-manager. Frank steered Cary surely and successfully when his breaks came in Hollywood, after an early spell of very anemic leading man parts at Paramount. When Frank died, his widow was left with his big house which was too much for her needs. Cary bought it. He has no use at all for it; he just figured that was the thing to do, and he went ahead and bought it.

As far as I know, Cary Grant "ain't mad at nobody." He had triple trouble all through his last picture, *The Bishop's Wife*, with Sam Goldwyn, who can make a saint blow his top at times. If Sam isn't a-feudin' and a-fussin' with one of his stars, he loses weight. By the time Cary checked off the Goldwyn lot he was in a state to speak nevermore to Sam Goldwyn.

the master knows his stuff . . .

"But you know, Hedda," he said to me the other day, "much as Sam can get my goat, I've got to hand it to him. Whatever he does, he thinks is right for his picture, and he can make pictures!" That was just after Cary and I had seen *The Bishop's Wife*, and its quality banished any peeves Cary had hanging around. The dope is that it and *Gentleman's Agreement* will battle for the Oscar this year, and in *The Bishop's Wife* Cary Grant stands out like a beacon.

It's so easy to take Grant for granted. He's never raising any fuss, getting in the scandal headlines. He's been around Hollywood so long and still looks and acts

so much the same.

Cary's still a ring-bird at the Friday night Legion fights, still makes the circuit of dinner parties gaily, with a girl on his arm, one, incidentally, you can always be sure is attractive, pretty and welcome. He's still a fashion plate, still drives the best car he can get, likes all the comforts of life he can arrange, ducks emotional upsets the way he ducks athletics. He was an acrobat as a youth, and somehow established a durable figure that needs absolutely no attention to keep in trim. He's a beach hound, but if he ever swings a golf club, tennis racket or barbell, I don't know about it. I can't find any gray in his thick black mop and his tan complexion seems year and weather proof, though he's in his mid-forties.

He has four pictures booked ahead right now. He could have four hundred. I can't see how anyone can predict an end to Cary Grant's screen career unless they shoot him. He gets better in every picture. He's signed right now for a couple with Alexander Korda, to be made in England, One, *Young Nick, Junior*, is his pet project. It's to be made on live locations all over England, France and the Riviera.

I asked Cary not long ago if he thought he'd try marriage again. The Old Black Eyebrow waggled provocatively. "Maybe someday," he said. "Not now."

Not now, he said. And after all, why should he? He's in the same frame of mind as his pal Howard Hughes, free as the breeze and liking it. He kites off at the drop of a last take for New York, Mexico, Palm Springs, Europe.

Yet he's right on that "some day." He's too nice a guy to exist forever in lonely bachelor hall, too sociable not to have a partner to share his happy hours. Who the lucky girl will be—and I think the right one will be plenty lucky—I couldn't tell you.

I had a tip not long ago that Cary was meeting an unknown beauty at the airport. I called him, "Who is she?" (I'm not backward that way.)

Cary's voice came back merry but firm. "That, my inquisitive Hedda, is something I'm just not gonna tell you!" I had the girl's description right down to the shade of her lipstick. I even had the initials on her luggage. But I never found out her name. Cary can be contrary when he wants to, darn him!

reluctant dragon . . .

His blood bubbled up a year or so on the subject of bobby-soxers. He took a series of rough goings-over by Manhattan hoodlums (he's easily spotted anywhere) and he didn't like it. He told them off in no uncertain terms, over the radio and in lashing interviews. Right after one bitter blast, I spotted him on Hollywood Boulevard, swamped by bobby-soxers, autographing away like mad, and enjoying every minute of it.

"Get you!" I called. "You old reluctant dragon. I thought you shrank from this sort of thing."

Cary looked a little sheepish. "Ahh, Hedda," he grinned, "these kids are cute, they're polite—and, who knows, maybe they really like me. Besides," he covered, "I'm in training for my next picture—*The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer*." It's pretty funny, come to think of it, how Cary Grant's picture parts catch up with him.

If he cops that long delayed Oscar this year, he'll get it for playing an angel from Heaven in *The Bishop's Wife*. In his next, *Young Nick, Jr.*, Cary's a devil from you know where.

Somewhere in between, I think, is the real Cary Grant—but the helping from Heaven's the biggest.

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the fans

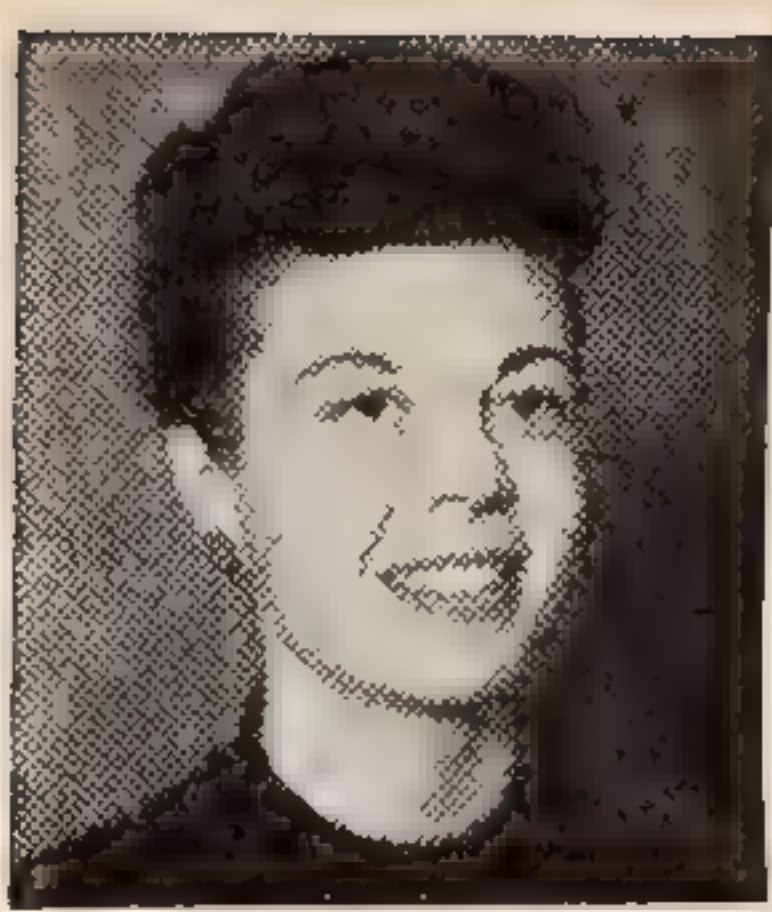
MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

Hi, clubbers! O-o-o-h, our aching ego! A slew of complaints this month because space limitations forced us to cut out our Club Banter section in the last few issues. Okay, you want plugs, and you certainly deserve 'em. So, hang on while we catch up with your activities—and very exciting activities, too!

Marion Oppenheim, prexy of the solid-as-the-rock-of-Gibraltar Bette Davis Club, recently returned from a vacation in Hollywood—and a visit with Bette, her husband, William Sherry—and baby Barbara . . . Did you know there's a club in honor of Pamela Kellino (Mrs. James Mason)? Violet Fairhurst is prexy. Incidentally, the Federated James Mason Clubs recently feted Pamela at a tea. About 90 Masonites were present, all duly impressed with Mrs. Mason's graciousness . . . Lorraine Romais' Fred Lowery-Dorothy Rae Club (headquarters: Milwaukee, Wisc.) is a-buzzing with activity—monthly meetings and a Pepsi-Cola party a while back—with both honoraries present . . . Entire membership of Irene Di Mattia's Semper Sinatra Club has transferred to Ann Bachman's Kid From Hoboken Club . . . the Ora E Semper Sinatra Club has re-organized under the new name, The King's Followers . . . Astrid Rundburg's Sinatra Sorority has the real homey touch. When they visit vets at Halloran Hospital, they bake a real old-fashioned layer-cake to take with 'em . . . Virginia Haywood, former prexy, incidentally is Mary Kelly), is now heading up an all-stars radio club, for those whose favorites hit the airwaves. First journal featured: Howard Duff, Jack Berch, Haymes, Alice Faye and Phil Harris, and the My Friend, Irma program.

something for the boys . . .

Members of the Melody of Frank Sinatra Club (Bev Bush, prexy) are now honorary citizens of Father Flannagan's Boys' Town—and have a certificate to prove it . . . Free life-time memberships are given to shut-ins and foreign fans, by Viola Myers' Jay Kirby Club . . . There's now a Detroit Frank Sinatra Fan Club Association, modeled after the national org. Purposes: to band together for social, patriotic activities. Frances Stathakis and Carol Bennett of the Frank Keys are the leading lights . . . Half of all dues received from English mems of the Lloyd Bridges Club (Harriet Denahy, prexy) will be turned over to British charities. Half of U. S. dues for past 6 months have been written over to Damon Runyan Cancer Fund! . . . Members of the Racing With the Moon Club (Jeanne Staub's Vaughn Monroe Club, to the uninitiated) are sporting white polo shirts with Vaughn's pic and autograph . . . The Barbara Lawrence Club is a new club coming up fast. They've reduced their dues from \$2 to \$1 . . . A membership drive with a new twist is the boast of the Larry Parks Club. They're giving away ten free memberships to start their drive with a bang, and here's how it's been done: First all the letters of the alphabet were placed in a fish bowl, and the one drawn was "M." Then, they put all the



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director

GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

different cities and towns they could think of with the initial "M" in the same bowl, and drew out "Manhasset." So—to the first 10 Larry Parks fans living in Manhasset who contact us, will go free memberships in Lori Rossi's club for Larry. Address: 47 West 87th Street, New York City.

You have to be a good cook to be a fan club prexy, these days. We're chortling over the account of Annette Sterling's Victory Party in honor of the Richard Conte Club's \$100 contribution to the Cancer Fund. Annette itemizes "15 dozen assorted butter cookies, 90 open-faced cute little tea sandwiches, decorated very fancy with jellies, cheese, nuts and cherries," etc., etc.

* * *

Have you ordered your copy of the **NEW MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Chart**? The only one of its kind available anywhere, it contains the names and addresses of over 350 official fan clubs! Find out where to write for information about a club for your favorite star, how much the dues are, what you can expect for your money. Join the gang boosting your star—and have fun, meet new friends, write or draw for the club journals. For Fan Club Chart, send 10c in coin, plus a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope (4 x 9 in.) to: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16.

* * *

7TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST (Second Lap)

Pond's assortment of fine cosmetics, especially packed for you . . . a handsome Tangee Trip Kit, fitted with Tangee products . . . free subscriptions to SCREEN ROMANCES, SCREEN ALBUM or FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE . . . a scary bunch of new DELL mystery books . . . these may be your reward for working hard to put your club in the running in our Seventh Semi-Annual MCFCA Trophy Cup! Now, get busy and try to qualify for the contests listed below:

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners: Ronald Farrington, Editorial, Jack Smith Journal (Greer). Rosemarie Carley, "On Music Itself," Two Grand (Whittemore and Lowe). Sylvia Levin, "Baby Bottles and Night Life," Joan Crawford Journal. Anna Rechter, "Intolerance," Sinatra (Rundberg). Pat Harris, "Battle of Fear," Sinatra (Ling). Nancy Gottschalk, "Show Business," Arthur's (Kennedy) Echo. **Candid Camera Contest:** First Prize, Janis Sargeant, Rand Books Club. Others: Kathy Campbell, Darryl Hickman Club. Alyce Cogas, Darryl Hickman Club. Dorothy Nix, Frank Sinatra Club of Staten Island. Lee Perrini, Edward Ashley Fan Club. Dorothy Dominique, Bobby Beers Fan Club. **Best Editors:** League 1. Dorothy Crouse, Gene Autry Club. League 2. Gerry Kee, Alan Ladd Fan Club. League 3. Margaret Grant, Dan Duryea Fan Club. **Best Journals:** League 1. (Dennis) Morgan Memos. League 2. A Handsome Ladd (Pearl). League 3. (tied) Sinatra (Ling), Arthur's (Kennedy) Echoes, Radio Stars. **Best Covers:** League 1. Morgan Memos. League 2. A-Laddin's Lamp (Kee). League 3. (tied) Sinatra (Ling), Radio Stars, Philip Friend Chatter, Tugwell Talk (Willock). **Best Original Art Work:** Caroline Bartell, Sinatra (Barger). **Most Worthwhile Activities:** Gene Autry Club (donated \$100 to Infantile Paralysis Fund). 2. (tied) Jeanette MacDonald Club (Farrington) (gave \$50 to New England Peabody Home for Crippled Children), and Jeanette MacDonald (Riley) (donated \$40 to Children's Village). 3. (tied) Perry Como Club (Staley) (made a \$10 donation to CARE), and Barbara Lawrence Club (made their monthly contribution of \$15 to their adopted war orphan). **Greatest Percentage Increase in Membership:** 1. Reno Browne Fan Club. 2. Sleepy Hollow Club. 3. Burt Lancaster Fan Club. **Best Correspondents:** 1. Bernice Olsen, Gene Autry Club. 2. Mary Ruth Bond, Musical Notes Club. 3. Shirley Baxter, Jack Berch Club. **Leading Clubs:** League 1. Dennis Morgan Club—950 points, Gene Autry Club 650, Nelson Eddy (Nicholin) 600. League 2. Ladd (Pearl) 700, MacDonald (Farrington), Alan Ladd (Kee) 600. League 3. Sinatra (Ling) 950, Como (Staley) 850, Duryea (Grant) 350.



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SECOND HONEYMOON—BY VIRGINIA WILSON

(Continued from page 34)

destructive fashion, like all infants.

Then why the second honeymoon? The answer is simple, and lies in the separation that occurred between them last year.

You've got to know these two pretty well to understand their reasons, both for the separation and the reconciliation. They aren't easy people to get to know well.

Mark says himself that he's never had close friends; since he was thirteen years old, he's been on his own. Also, he got plenty of kicking around on his way up. Even now he says, "Trust people, and eight times out of ten you'll be sorry."

It was hard for him to let down his barrier of reserve when he got married. If he and Annelle disagreed about something important, he would retreat into himself, refuse to discuss it. One of the most important things that has happened since their reconciliation is that now he finds he can talk things over, and it has helped them both.

Annelle is such a completely different type that it took her a long time to understand Mark. She had been a co-ed at Texas, pretty, popular, with a devoted family. She had been completely sheltered. But she thought she knew a great deal about life.

"I've read books about it," was her stock answer when Mark would say flatly that she didn't know what she was talking about on a certain subject. That was the difference between them. Her answers came from books and his from experience.

But they loved each other, and they got along. Until somehow everything began falling apart. Little things. Then bigger things. Mark not coming home when he was through work for the day. Annelle knowing something was wrong but not knowing what to do about it. Before the Hollywood world quite knew what had happened, the Stevenses had separated.

Annelle didn't begin doing the night clubs every night with the young men about town who tried to date her. Just because Mark was involved with someone else didn't mean she had to be. She let him see the baby at regular intervals, but she was always absent on these occasions.

crying on the inside . . .

So that was the way it was on the outside. But inside Annelle, things were different. Mark meant the whole world to her. She could tell herself firmly that she'd get over it. But lying alone at night, all of a sudden the tears that you've kept back all day are rolling down your face, so fast and senselessly because crying doesn't help.

Somehow, in those sleepless nights, Annelle came to an understanding of Mark she'd never had before.

Mark suffered just as much in his own way. He had made the kind of mistake men have been making since the beginning of time. But in his case, gossip-hounds gave him rough going. He was a celebrity, and celebrities shouldn't make mistakes.

One of the toughest moments Mark ever had to face was when he saw Annelle for the first time since their parting. He had asked himself desperately what he would say or do. But when two people in love come together again, all the sorrow and heartache disappear.

It wasn't the kind of reconciliation where you make up a set of rules and say, "Now if you ever do this or that again, we're through." It wasn't like that at all.

They talked things out, of course. Annelle saw that Mark would be less reserved now, less preoccupied. That he would let her help a little, when she could. Mark realized that Annelle had finally dis-

covered books can't teach you everything.

So they went back to being Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, with their baby who looked like Mark, and the convertible that was Annelle's most prized possession. She never got into it without remembering the day it arrived.

About two weeks before the baby was due, Mark had said one morning, "Annelle, the car's knocking. I'm going to take it down and see what's wrong."

"You're crazy. It purrs like a kitten."

Mark had to grin. The car was a second-hand job he had bought just before his first date with Annelle. It had never, in its best days, purred like a kitten, but Annelle was sentimental about it.

"Well, I'll just have them check it anyway," he said mildly.

He went off and came back several hours later and honked the horn. Annelle who was busily cleaning out bureau drawers, said, "Of course, he couldn't come in!" But she went to the door and opened it and let out a shriek. Because there was Mark in the driver's seat of the sweetest, neatest, prettiest convertible a girl ever laid eyes on.



*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• Strong, silent, dead-pan Gary Cooper was in a group listening to a joke told by gag writer Eddie Moran. "Gary seemed to like your story," a friend said afterwards.

"He loved it," replied Moran. "Didn't you notice, he became almost hysterical—he said 'Hah.'"

**from the book by Andrew Hecht*

He climbed out, very casually. "It's yours, you know. Sort of a present."

"Oh, Mark! It's so beautiful, I can't believe it!" And then she burst into tears.

Her husband surveyed her in perplexity. "Maybe you don't like the color."

"I love it, you dope. But I couldn't drive such a beautiful car, looking all clumsy the way I do now. I'm going to wait till the baby comes."

And wait she did, which may have been just as well, since Annelle's driving has been known to get her five tickets in three months. The Beverly Hills police are, she's convinced, unfair to women drivers.

Don't think for a minute that because the Stevenses are back together again, they have given up arguing. They'll never do that till the day they die.

Mark is given to making sensational statements, perhaps as much to see what reaction he gets as because he means them.

"I hate women," he announced one day when they had guests.

There was a startled silence, with everyone wondering if the Stevenses were about to break up again. Annelle broke it. "I hate men," she declared enthusiastically. "I think they're beasts."

The guests by now realized that this wasn't anything personal, and they all joined in. Nobody ever wins these arguments, but it's fun trying.

Mark has very little sympathy for the hundreds of young actors who hang around Hollywood, moaning that they have never "gotten the breaks."

One of them came up to him the other day. "Say, Mark, you certainly got up on top overnight. Wish I could do that."

Mark thought of all the years when he had gone without meals, worked all night in third-rate radio stations, borrowed money for coffee and doughnuts—anything just to be working in show business.

"What are you doing about it, kid?" he asked. "Do you go to the Actors' Lab? Do you try to get radio parts?"

"Oh, I'm not interested in the Lab or radio," the young man informed him. "I just want to be a picture star."

Mark wished him luck and walked off. But he made a silent bet with himself that the actor would never be a star if he lived to be a million.

small but sweet . . .

Mark himself has been busy as sixteen bees with pictures. *The Snake Pit*, for instance. If you read the book you know that the part of the husband, which Mark plays, isn't one of the biggest parts. But he has his own philosophy on these things.

"Most important, it's going to be a good picture," he says. "I want people to say, 'Mark Stevens? Oh yes, he was in *The Snake Pit*. That was a good picture.' Then they'll come and see my next one."

Before he and Annelle got together again, he knew he was going to make *Street Without A Name*. It was to be based on an FBI case, and he had heard that some of the scenes were to be made in Washington, D. C. When the reconciliation took place that suddenly seemed important. It would be wonderful to take Annelle along. She was a natural born sight-seer and she had never been to Washington. He asked her, at last, if she would like to go.

"Mark, I'd adore it. Imagine seeing the White House and the Capitol!"

"There's a catch, dear. It would mean your being away from the baby for Christmas. Maybe you wouldn't want to—" His dark eyes were inscrutable, as always. He wouldn't try to influence her.

She didn't hesitate. "Mark, of course I'm going. I want to be with you for Christmas. Mark Richard is too young to know what it's all about anyway. And nurse has looked after him pretty efficiently ever since he was born."

So they went to Washington and Mark played complicated scenes for the FBI picture. Scenes like the one where he has to walk along a line, his gun in its holster, then whip it out, shoot five rounds, reload, and shoot five more, all within twenty seconds. Mark did it in fifteen to everyone's surprise, including his own.

While all this was going on, Annelle was happily "seeing Washington." She came home at night as full of information as a guide book.

Speaking of books, Annelle claims Mark takes his reading matter a little too seriously. It seems that for forty-eight hours or so, he becomes whatever character he's reading about at the moment. She used to be mildly astounded when, after an evening with Dickens, Mark would go around, very Uriah Heep, rubbing his hands together obsequiously, and saying at intervals, "I'm a lone, lorn creature."

They left Washington just before Christmas to spend the holiday with the Buddy Clarks on Long Island. For days, Mark had been going around looking harassed.

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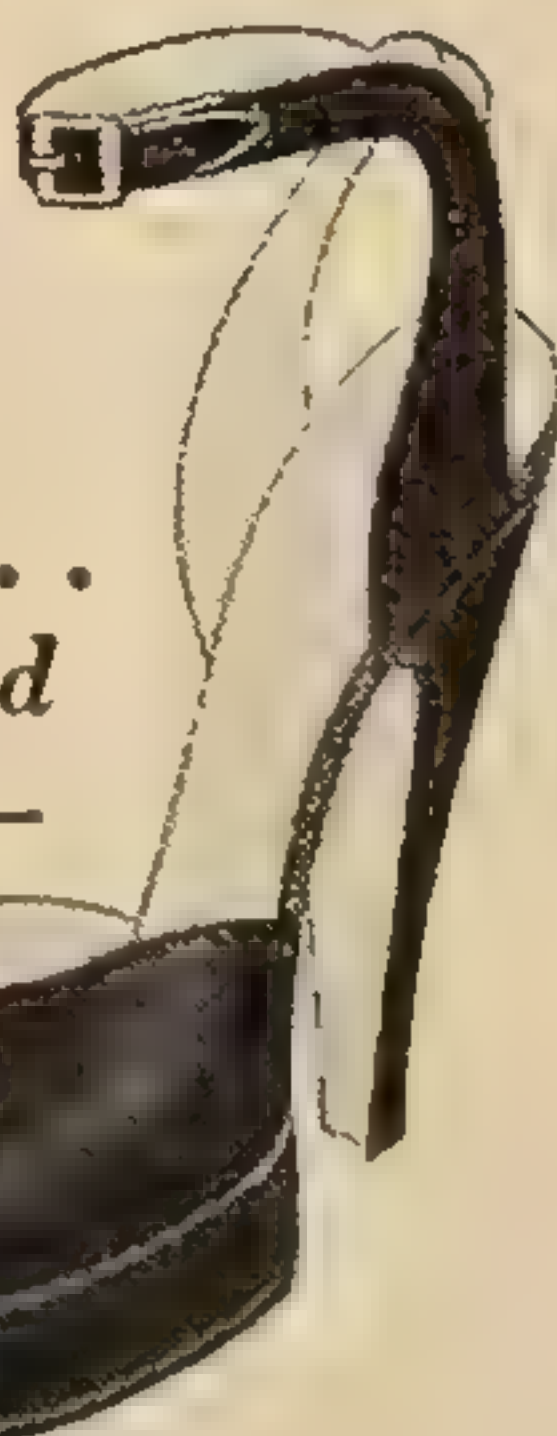


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Cinderella
of Boston

59 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON 11, MASS.

"What's the matter, dear?" Annelle asked
for the tenth time the night they were to
fly over to New York.

Mark looked at her desperately. "If you
must know," he burst out, "your Christmas
presents haven't come. I ordered them sent
to Washington and they should have been
here a week ago. And now we're going
to New York!"

His expression was so woebegone that
Annelle had to laugh.

"Don't worry, honey. We'll get them
eventually. And being with you is enough
Christmas present for me, anyway."

The doorbell, with a nice, dramatic sense
of timing, chose that moment to ring. A
bellboy came in, three-quarters hidden be-
hind an elephant-sized package. Mark
rushed over, took one look and said, "Well,
thank the Lord! They made it!"

Annelle stared at the package, her eyes
wide as a six-year-old's. "But Mark, what
on earth can it be? It's so big!"

It was, Mark explained, several different
things. And they couldn't possibly take a
package that size on the plane. So he opened
it and began flinging gilt and scarlet and
silver and blue packages about the room
till it looked like a Christmas window in a
Fifth Avenue store.

There were eight of them, all together.
Mark would rather give a present than eat
a meal—and plenty of times in the old, lean
days he had done just that. "Open the
two big ones," he said. "You can't get them
into the suitcases, when they're in boxes."

christmas can't wait...

Annelle looked at him in horror. "Open
them before Christmas!" she exclaimed.
"Why Mark Stevens, I wouldn't do that for
anything. I want to open them Christmas
morning!"

"Listen, dear," Mark spoke patiently. "It
just isn't physically possible, with all the
other stuff we have, to take those two big
boxes along. You'll have six others to
open on Christmas."

"But this big blue one is my favorite!"
Annelle protested, clutching it to her pro-
tectively. "It's so beautiful!"

It was, too. Shiny royal blue paper, wide
silver ribbon, and a huge silver cone stuck
in the knot. Reluctantly, she pulled the
blue paper apart. But her reluctance
changed to a little shriek of excitement
when she saw the name on the white box.

"Mark, it's from that wonderful shop
where everything is custom-made!" Now
she couldn't open the box fast enough. She
gasped in awed delight as she lifted out a
white crepe housecoat with a striking pale
blue band across the breast and sleeves.

"Oh, darling, how heavenly. And look,
it has a hood all lined in blue! Oh, Mark!"
She dashed over and kissed him, then
dashed back to the housecoat. "But will it
fit?" Her wool dress was off in a second
and the housecoat was on. Annelle has a
really spectacular figure, and Mark's wolf
whistle wasn't kidding.

"You sent me there to get those shorts
just so they'd have my measurements!" she
cried. "Honestly, sometimes you're just too
smart to live!"

The other box turned out to be from the
same shop. It contained black dinner pa-
jamas, as formal in their own way as the
most elaborate dinner gown. They had a
gold and blue motif cut out at the neck just
low enough to be interesting.

"Darling, you have the most perfect
taste," his wife told him. "These will be
perfect for dinner parties at home. I think,"
she added meditatively, "I'll give one the
week we get back."

Mark laughed. "I really bought them for
you to wear washing the car. You know
those old dungarees just don't look right!"

"Oh you," she said, grinning. "Come kiss
me."

LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

Some of you have been asking for behind-the-scenes information on what goes on in the Fashion Department. Where do we get the clothes we show? How do we get hold of the scarves and gloves and shoes and jewelry we dress up our dresses with? How does it work, anyway?

Well, in the first place, we work three months or more in advance. While you are doing your Christmas shopping and stamping the snow from your boots—we are thinking of hearts and flowers spring themes, and the office is draped three deep in sheers, prints and pastel cottons. Likely as not, there's a string of white summer beads dangling from one typewriter—and a bevy of straw bonnets parked on top of the file case. And of course, just as you are splashing about in the ocean in the briefest of bathing suits—we are looking at fur coats and tweed suits.

As to where we get clothes in the first place, the answer is Seventh Avenue, New York's garment center. Any day, every day, we're riding the elevators in Seventh Avenue's skyscrapers—dashing in and out of showrooms to pick prize clothes with *you* in mind. A showroom is a room where a manufacturer exhibits the fashions his designer has created for the coming season.

The showrooms are definitely on the swanky side—with thick carpets, soft lights, fresh flowers, shining mirrors—and a generally delicious air of glamor. They are lined with little booths, each with a table, chairs, pads and pencils. We park ourselves in one of these, assume our best bargain-hunting air and say, "Bring on your cutest playsuits at your lowest prices."

In come the models (and are they gorgeous gals!) wearing the pick of the manufacturer's line. We eagle-eye each garment. We make frantic notes. We look for fashion rightness, good workmanship, fine fabric, general come-hitherness—and low price. Finally we pick our favorite one of all. And that's the one we photograph for you. As for the actual photographing—that's a production in itself. In a later letter, we'll tell you all about what goes on *behind* what goes on in front of the camera!

Yours for fun in fashion,

Connie Bartel

a typical Carole King girl



Carole King

DRESSES FOR JUNIORS

"LA BELLE" . . . Look pretty, please! In this Carole King Original of Savoy spun rayon. Junior sizes 9 to 15. Under \$13.00. Exclusively at one fine store in your city. For name of store, write Carole King, 17th and Washington, St. Louis 3, Missouri.

MY SISTER AND I

(Continued from page 44)



SHOES

"feminine

to the

tip

of your

toes"

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PETERS SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS

music) and painted murals, and all the kids who worked with us are famous now.

Father's friends—Chevalier, George Arliss—came to our shows. Madeleine Carroll saw Ida in her earliest parts there.

The act I remember most vividly was violently acrobatic. Ida was playing Dick Whittington, and I was playing the cat (our ancestors having been famous animal imitators, I was carrying on the tradition). At one point, Ida was supposed to pick me up by a foot, and swing me.

This particular night, she picked me up, swung me, and let me go.

I landed, howling, in the middle of the audience, and damaged the lap of some lady more than I damaged myself. I guess nothing could have hurt me then.

But the days of our little theater were numbered. Ida was given a Paramount contract, and she and Mummy went off to America. I was only nine at the time, but from then on, my life and Ida's life were sharply split.

After she and Mummy'd left, and Daddy and I had waved them off, and come home, he looked at me.

"Rita," he said casually, "how would you like to vacation in Spain?"

My breath caught, and Daddy smiled.

suddenly it's Spain . . .

So we went to Spain, because Daddy wanted to do research for a book he was planning. Everything about the trip, the country, the people, excited me. It's hard to describe childhood impressions, and mine, remembered now, are simply a maze of shifting lights and colors.

I must have nearly burst with it all, because I'd find Daddy looking at me a little strangely at times when he saw my reactions, but I'm sure he understood them.

Mostly, I got excited by the music. "May I study Spanish dancing?" I'd beg.

"No," he said. "Certainly not. You will keep on with your ballet work." Daddy was a classicist; there wasn't any doubt of it.

We came home to England, and I kept on with my ballet—I was studying with Espinoza, the Ballet Russe teacher—and we heard from Mummy regularly, and from Ida scarcely at all.

The year Ida and Mummy returned—to do a picture, and to see Daddy—I was thirteen. And this time, when they sailed for America, I went with them.

That was 1937. I went to live with Ida and Mummy at the Ravenswood Apartments in Hollywood, and when I consider what Ida tolerated from me, I realize she must have had intensely strong family feeling. She tried to encourage me to act.

"I can help," she'd say. "I know people."

"I'm not interested in acting," I'd inform her coldly. "I'm interested in horses." All I wanted was to own horses.

After I got over wanting to own horses, I started dancing again. I went with Mitch Leisen's Revue, and I've been away from them most of the time since.

I go to see Mummy and Ida, and they're glad when I come, but I think when the sound of clicking castanets and beating heels are gone again, they're secretly relieved. Although they don't completely agree with my choice of careers, they don't object, because in our family each one makes his own decisions.

I've been looking this over, and it seems to me to be too much of Rita; and not enough of Ida, but we've been apart so much, that I can only tell her story by filtering the events of her life through the memories of my own.

From Mitch's group, I went into concert

with Antonio Triana, my teacher, and in those years, Ida was married to Louis Hayward, a guy I adored. I was sorry when they divorced; they were a charming couple.

During the war, Ida and I worked together for the first time since we were kids. We did camp shows all over the country.

There was one funny night at the Hollywood Canteen. My partner and I did a straight Spanish number, and then Ida and Bob Hope followed us, and burlesqued it. Ida'd fly into Bob's arms, and he'd bang her on the head with an old castanet. It brought the house down.

Ida has a ridiculous sense of humor; she has a sentimental side, too, though she won't admit it. I'm thinking now of *The Corn is Green*. The whole thing is recent enough to be fresh in my mind. I'd decided, after a lot of talk, and a lot more dancing, that I was pretty tired. Maybe acting wasn't a bad idea. There was a part coming up in the new Bette Davis movie—the part of the young Cockney girl, and I was set to try out for it.

"We'll work," Ida said, and we did. She stood by, right through the test, and we saw it run off later. It was the only test of mine I'd ever glimpsed that didn't make me shrink down in the seat, and Ida grinned, and squeezed my hand. We were feeling high.

The job fell through, for me. It was just one of those things, and it was Ida who broke up over it. I ended up trying to comfort her. "Don't worry, darling, it doesn't matter, really it doesn't—"

To prove it didn't matter, I got myself a cockney part in the play *John Loves Mary*, which was coming to New York.

"You can do it," Ida said, and I knew I could if she thought so. There's no quick praise given in our family. Mummy was never a stage-mother with either of us, and Daddy never said anything was good, either. "You're learning," he'd say, if he was terribly pleased.

Well, I came to New York with *John Loves Mary*, but it was no use. I'm too nervous to be an actress: I can't keep still. I'd go around dancing between scenes, and then I'd be sure that the rest of the cast was staring at me, and saying, "This girl is neurotic."

matter of the mind . . .

I developed laryngitis, and I'm still not sure it wasn't psychic. Ida phoned, alarmed, and I told her I was fine, and it was the absolute, insane truth. I was sick, I was completely alone in New York, but I was out of the play, and tickled to death.

Maybe my family's right, and I'm crazy. Anyway, I went back to dancing. I did three concerts at Carnegie Hall with a full symphony orchestra, and now I'm at El Chico, here in Greenwich Village, and I'm wondering if my sister is really going to get married, the way the papers say.

The phone will ring one of these days, and then I'll know.

I'll be seeing Ida soon again, too, and maybe I'll get there on a Sunday, and be in time for a Lupino Sunday night.

Toward the end of the evening, everybody'll take his or her shoes off, and get up and dance. And mother will out-dance everybody. She'll do "Tea For Two," and if she's in a really silly mood, she'll imitate me doing a Spanish dance.

And in between bursts of laughter, Ida will give me a look, and say, "Hello, baby," and I'll know I'm home. Or at least as home as a character like me ever gets.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices on merchandise may vary
throughout country)

Perky Frox rayon gabardine bolero dress with polka dot cummerbund, collar and cuffs worn by Laraine Day in the full color photograph (page 65)

Detroit, Mich.—The Ernst Kern Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—The Jones Store Co.,
Junior Colony Shop, Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—Macy's, Deb Shop,
Third Floor
Oakland, Calif.—Kahn's
Providence, R. I.—Shepard Co.

Carousel Frocks jacket dress with striped bow and cuffs (page 66)

Also, Rox Frox two-tone crepe dress with medallion belt (page 70)

At Dixie Shops in: Chattanooga, Tenn.
Kansas City, Mo.
Little Rock, Ark.
Richmond, Va.
Salt Lake City, Utah

Meadowbrook Jrs. striped rayon jersey and butcher linen all-around pleated, capelet dress (page 67)

Boston, Mass.—Conrad's, Junior Dept.,
Basement
New York, N. Y.—Hearn's, Junior Dept.,
Second Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel Bros., Junior
Dept., Subway Store

Plutzer Prize-Winner rayon sheer print dress with marquisette neckline and harem pockets (page 68)

Boston, Mass.—Conrad's, Dress Dept.,
Basement
Detroit, Mich.—Winkelman Bros. Ap-
parel, Inc.
New York, N. Y.—Macy's, Budget
Dresses, Fourth Floor

Leslie Fay rayon jersey Merry-Go-Round print dress with flounced skirt (page 69)

Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.,
Budget Dept., Fourth Floor
Des Moines, Ia.—Younkers, Budget Shop,
Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th, Inexpen-
sive Dresses, Fifth Floor
San Francisco, Calif.—Macy's, Moderate
Priced Dresses, Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop,
Misses' Dresses, Third Floor, North
Building

Jay Day rayon gabardine double-breasted suit dress with silver buttons (page 72)

Miami, Fla.—Hartley's, Budget Dress
Dept.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, Jr.
Dresses, Basement

Barbette two-piece printed rayon double peplum dress (page 72)

Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. Adam Co., Daytime
Dresses, Third Floor
New York, N. Y.—John Wanamaker,
Moderate Price Dress Dept., Third
Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker,
Moderate Price Dress Dept., Third Floor
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium,
Suburban Shop, Second Floor

Star pin on pages 65, 70, 72, by Coro

If no store in your city is listed, write:
Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149
Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

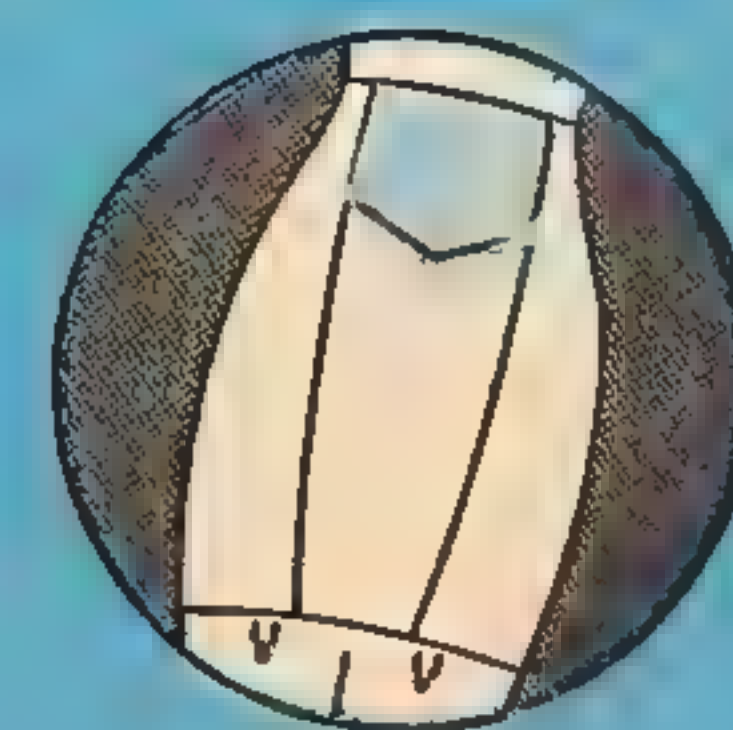


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GIRDLES

NO BONES ABOUT IT
STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS

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Stays up without stays



A tiny waist is the thing for Spring, and rounded hips, too, so take a tip and begin your wardrobe with a new "Perma-lift"* Girdle. Lightweight and thrillingly youthful, this miracle girdle is made entirely without bones, yet it won't wrinkle, won't roll over, won't bind—yes, it stays up without stays. In style, too, it will comfortably nip your waist—round your hips—give you that important *new look*. Insist on a comfortable "Perma-lift" Girdle with "stay-up" smartness and control. At better stores everywhere, \$5.95 to \$12.50.

Try a companion "Perma-lift" Brassiere too, America's favorite Bra with "The Lift that never lets you down."

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"PAIN" DAYS CAN BE PLAY DAYS

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PERIODIC PAIN

CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

"What a difference
Midol
makes"



RELIEVES CRAMPS

EASES HEADACHE

CHASES "BLUES"



To *The Victor*: Viveca Lindfors, former wife of a French collaborationist, comes to Dennis Morgan for help. Adventure with gunmen and the couple's falling in love follows.

TO THE VICTOR

Who wins a war? Any war? The victors? Not necessarily. Take three demobilized American soldiers in Paris. They were on the winning side, weren't they? And now look at them. They are playing the Black Market, betraying their own country as well as the starving people of Europe. Their names are Paul (Dennis Morgan), Gus (Tom D'Andrea) and Steve (Douglas Kennedy).

Paul, perhaps, is a little different from the others. At least it is to him that our story happens. A girl, Christine (Viveca Lindfors), comes to him for help. Not because he's Paul, but because death is close behind her and she needs someone, anyone, for protection. She is the former wife of France's best known collaborationist, Lestracs, and is supposed to appear in court to testify against him in a war guilt trial. But two of his supporters are determined that she shall not live to do it. They are Nikki (Anthony Caruso) and Firago (Eduardo Ciannelli).

When she tells Paul this story he considers it about ninety-nine and six-tenths sheer fiction—until Nikki takes a couple of shots at them. Paul finally catches up with Nikki, but can't do much except punch him in the jaw.

Inspector Beauvais (Victor Francen) who is in charge of the witnesses for the trial, sends Christine off to Normandy. With her goes her old friend, Pablo (Konstantin Shayne), a musician she has known since childhood. Pablo, however, is not much protection. It is Paul, seeing Christine board the train, who spots Nikki and Firago getting on too. At the last moment, Paul climbs aboard himself. He manages to get rid of the two gunmen, and he and Christine and Pablo go on to Normandy.

There Paul and Christine fall in love. It's a queer sort of love, reluctant, with no hope for the future. And Nikki and Firago are still on the trail, which results in as much action as you could wish for.

The new Swedish discovery, Viveca Lindfors, is worth seeing.—War.

JASSY

A century ago lots of people had prejudices against gypsies, especially ones like Jassy (Margaret Lockwood) who have second sight. But to Barney Hatton (Dermot Walsh) there's nothing wrong with Jassy except fright, and he takes her home to protect her.

His mother accepts her as a "between maid" in their great house, Mordelaine. But Papa Hatton has an unfortunate weakness for cards and dice. By next day Mordelaine belongs to an unpleasant character named Nick Helmer (Basil Sydney). The only way Nick could ever have an ancestral home would be by winning it at cards. What he does have, however, is a beautiful daughter, Dilys (Patricia Roc).

Dilys is spoiled and imperious, but that's the way she has been brought up. She goes to a select boarding school for young ladies, but spends most of her time meeting a man whose regiment is stationed nearby.

Meanwhile, the Hatton family have moved from Mordelaine to a small house. Jassy is by now in love with Barney, although he doesn't realize it. His mother does, and gets Jassy another job, which happens to be maid at the school where Dilys is. Dilys takes advantage of Jassy's being from her home-town and persuades her to leave a window open at night so school rules won't interfere with



Jassy: Margaret Lockwood, maid at a girls' school, disregards rules for Patricia Roc.

her exciting romance.

This naturally leads to their both being thrown out on their pretty little ears. Dilys takes Jassy home with her and introduces her to her father as "a friend from school." Old Nick falls in love with her, which complicates matters since Jassy is still in love with Barney, especially since she is now back in his neighborhood. Just to make things even more confusing, Dilys flirts with Barney until he decides he's in love with her.

Jassy begins to believe that Barney loves his old home, Mordelaine, more than he cares for any woman. If she married Nick, she could persuade him to give her Mordelaine for a wedding gift. Then she could give it to Barney and he, at least, would be happy. Only none of it works out quite as she had thought. —Univ.

ATLANTIS

You've heard about the dream world of Atlantis—the world under the desert that many men lost their lives seeking? The world that no one was quite sure of, but that souls were sacrificed for? As the picture opens, two men are dying of thirst in the desert because of Atlantis. Their native guide is already dead, but Andre St. Avit (Jean Pierre Aumont) and Morhange (Dennis O'Keefe) are still barely alive.

A storm fills the gully where they are lying, and suddenly they are in as much danger of drowning as they were of dying of thirst. Some Tuaregs come along, bundle them on their horses and take them to the lost land of Atlantis. So they arrive at their destination, but trouble and bitterness are

Does TONY MARTIN *expect too much of a* WOMAN?



MARTA TOREN AND TONY MARTIN IN "CASBAH",
A MARSTON PRODUCTION, A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

Marta Toren tells girls:

"Tony's critical. He expects a girl always to have the smoothest, softest hands. Too much to expect? Not really . . . if you use the right hand care. I always use Jergens Lotion." Other Stars, too, use Jergens Lotion. It's 7 to 1 their favorite over any other hand care.

You can expect even lovelier hands today from this hand care the Stars use. Due to recent research, today's Jergens Lotion makes your hands feel even smoother, softer; protects even longer, too. Helps smooth-soften your skin with the same two ingredients many doctors use. Still 10¢ to 1.00 (plus tax). None of that oiliness...no sticky feeling.

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Too Exacting?

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion

Avoid underarm irritation...



...use
YODORA
the deodorant that is
ACTUALLY SOOTHING

Wonderful! Yodora stops perspiration odor safely, quickly... yet is positively soothing to normal skin. Made with a face cream base, with no harsh acid salts to cause irritation, Yodora actually helps *soften* your skin, like a face cream. No other known deodorant gives this PLUS protection. Try Yodora, the soothingest deodorant. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.



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Mention natural color of your hair. Send a post card today—BROWNATONE, Dept. 294, COVINGTON, KY.



Atlantis: Jean Pierre Aumont, stranded in the desert, is taken to the dream world of Atlantis where Maria Montez is queen—and rules his heart.

ahead. The queen is Antinea (Maria Montez) and there is something very strange and a little morbid about this woman. Morhange finds the embalmed body of the leader of a former expedition in one of the caves near her palace.

But by that time St. Avit is madly in love with her. He will hear no word against her and is violently jealous. Perhaps she is in love with him, too. It's hard to tell about women. At least she definitely prevents his leaving and gradually fills him with insidious propaganda against Morhange.

Somehow, St. Avit gets a peculiar idea in his mind. Because Antinea has cast her spell over him, he believes that Morhange, too, is in love with her. And when he is left alone with his old friend, he takes out his dagger and kills him.

It's a question whether a man ever gets over the influence of a woman like Antinea. St. Avit goes back to France eventually, but no one believes his story. Perhaps it isn't true. I don't know.—U.A.

—a steam-filled Turkish bath.

This fat man with the shifty eyes, spots O'Brien following him. He gets a couple of the boys to beat him up. But later, when they check on his Detroit background and get the word that he's known there as a criminal, they let him talk to the man next higher up, "Shiv" (John Wengraf).

Back in Detroit, Genaro has a bad time for a while. But at last he is able to get away and join O'Brien in Los Angeles, who by now has found out that the gang there is making counterfeit money on an exceptionally good grade of paper, but with inferior plates. He sells them the idea that he can get them better plates—and he can, too, straight from the Treasury Department.

There are scenes from here on that add to the spectacular quality of the picture. A heart-breaking moment when Genaro meets his wife (June Lockhart) and has to deny that he knows her. The horrible death of "The Schemer." I think you'll find *T-Men* a definite thriller.—Eagle-Lion.

T-MEN

Eagle-Lion has produced an exciting documentary in *T-Men*. This story of the Treasury Department's hunt for counterfeiters oozes smugglers, Secret Service men, and sinister figures in Turkish baths. It begins with the assignment of a couple of T-men, O'Brien (Dennis O'Keefe) and Genaro (Alfred Ryder) to a case. It ends, naturally, when the case is solved, but you'd be surprised at all that happens in between.

Okay, let's surprise you. O'Brien and Genaro go first to Detroit. They learn every last detail of local crime history and then, representing themselves as being just out of jail, get rooms at a place known by the police as a hide-out for gangsters. The scheme works and they are soon in touch with the local mob.

It doesn't take long for them to learn that someone called "The Schemer" in Los Angeles is the one to see. Leaving Genaro in Detroit to avert suspicion, O'Brien flies to the Coast and manages to pick up the trail of "The Schemer" (Wally Ford) in his favorite haunt



T-Men: Dennis O'Keefe, government-man, tracks down counterfeiters for the Treasury Dept.

THE "BISHOP'S" WIFE

(Continued from page 24)

spaces, before he could finally come to terms again with his life.

But now it was 1948, and the sun was shining outside, and this girl was marvelous-looking.

In the few weeks that followed, he found out more about her. She was 27, she'd been married once to a Swedish businessman, and divorced; she spoke an enchanting brand of English—"Oh, I know she sounds good," he says, "but she doesn't make sense, you know."

Their romance was quiet, and private. Even David's closest friends thought the whole relationship casual. They noted that David and Hjordis had lunched with David's first wife's father, Mr. William Rollo, but they attached no significance to the fact, and David and Hjordis each continued to be seen with other people.

flowers for the fair . . .

That David thought Hjordis was lovely, there wasn't much doubt. There's a story he likes to tell about the painter, Vasco Lazzollo, who was strolling down Curzon Street on his way to a party at Sir Alexander Korda's. An old flower-seller on the corner stopped him, and offered her first bunch of early spring flowers. He bought them, smiling. "I shall give these to the first really beautiful woman I meet—"

Later, at the party, some of the guests noticed Hjordis holding flowers, but only a few knew why.

The same way only a few people knew about the approaching wedding. Two days before the ceremony, David's old friends, Mrs. Audrey Pleydell Bouverie, sent telegrams to his intimates. "Do come and have a drink with David Niven and Hjordis Tersmeden who are being quietly married," the wires read.

They came, and had a drink (a lethal mixture of schnapps and champagne) and pronounced it a wonderful wedding party. Hjordis was wearing a long, pale blue dress, and a close-fitting blue feather hat, and she and David both were beaming brightly.

They kept right on beaming through days of interviews with the press, ringing telephones, packing suitcases at Claridge's Hotel, where they were staying. They were still beaming as they sailed for America. Because when you're very happy, it always shows.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While a salesgirl was waiting on another customer I was enjoying myself by smelling the lovely scents on display at the perfume counter. One particularly expensive perfume in a very chi-chi bottle caught my fancy. "Mmm . . . I love this one!" I exclaimed to the lady who had just walked up beside me. "Here, smell. Doesn't it make you feel just like a movie star?" She sniffed experimentally and said with a hint of amusement in her voice, "Well, that's hard to say. Just how do you think it feels to be a movie star?" I turned and looked at the lady carefully for the first time. It was Greer Garson!

Corrinne Giblin,
Los Angeles, California



"I dress for dinner . . . at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



1. "FROM OFFICE-CLAMOUR to evening-glamour! It's easy if you start the day in a jacket dress. Keep hair-do simple! And most important of all—remember to protect your dress from perspiration stain and odor with new Odorono Cream!" This safe, new cream deodorant protects you a full 24 hours . . .

And you'll be thrilled to discover new Odorono stays soft and smooth down to the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

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safely stops perspiration
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OH! my aching shoulder!

EASE soreness from stiff muscles **QUICK** with **ABSORBINE JR.**

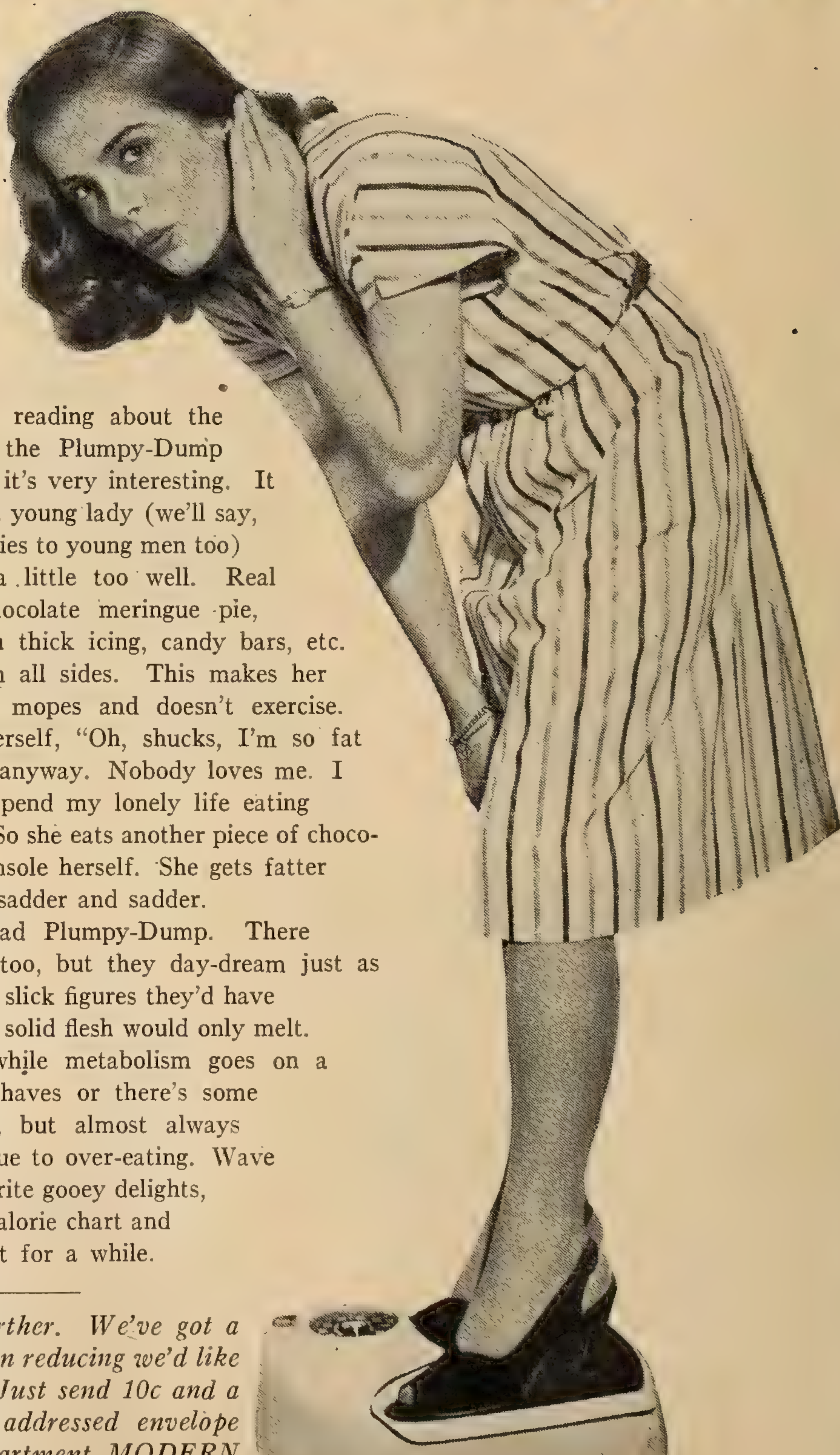
Too many snacks!

That's the only mystery about where bulges come from.

Count calories, as Lizabeth Scott does, and you'd be amazed at the excess food you've been eating!

by CAROL CARTER

slender hopes



■ We've been reading about the psychology of the Plumpy-Dump here lately and it's very interesting. It goes like this: a young lady (we'll say, although it applies to young men too) enjoys eating a little too well. Real rich things—chocolate meringue pie, layer cake with thick icing, candy bars, etc. She gets fat on all sides. This makes her very sad. She mopes and doesn't exercise. She says to herself, "Oh, shucks, I'm so fat I'm not pretty anyway. Nobody loves me. I might as well spend my lonely life eating my head off!" So she eats another piece of chocolate cake to console herself. She gets fatter and fatter and sadder and sadder.

That's the sad Plumpy-Dump. There are jolly ones too, but they day-dream just as wistfully of the slick figures they'd have if their too, too solid flesh would only melt.

Once in a while metabolism goes on a toot and misbehaves or there's some medical reason, but almost always overweight is due to over-eating. Wave aside your favorite gooey delights, get yourself a calorie chart and be faithful to it for a while.

■ Look no further. We've got a swell booklet on reducing we'd like to send you. Just send 10c and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Service Department, MODERN SCREEN 149 Madison Ave., New York, 16, N. Y.

AIN'T SHE SWEET!

(Continued from page 47)

like a dream. As Pat opened the door for her, Mrs. Freeman said innocently:

"You know, Pat—you in your tuxedo, and Mona in that white dress—the two of you look like you've just stepped off a wedding cake."

That was a joke, too. But lightning was striking inside Pat Nerney.

He got behind the wheel, stepped on the starter and they headed toward the hills on the other side of Sunset Boulevard. Then he heard himself saying, "We are going to get married!"

A paralyzed look traveled between the two.

Pat exclaimed, hoarsely, "Good Lord, what have I said?"

Mona was scared silly. "I don't know, Pat," she whispered. "What have you said?"

Everything turned a little incoherent. . .

Aside from the fact that it was much too early to be returning from a party, Mona's ever-loving parents needed only one look to know what had happened. Pat's mussed hair, the glow of lipstick that had been rubbed in more than it had off, and the kids' dazed eyes were a giveaway.

Somebody yelled, "Congratulations!"

A week later, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Nerney were shaking hands with Father Con-cannon on the steps of the Good Shepherd Church, and Mona felt as though she were standing apart from the scene, observing it all.

"Now—" the thought flashed through her mind, "I know why I left Pelham."

why mona left home . . .

Pelham is not a particularly good place to leave. It is in Westchester, one of the nicer suburbs of New York. Mona had come there from Baltimore, Maryland, with her family. She attended Pelham Memorial High School, appeared in one important play, being sent off to heaven on piano wire in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

She was in her unlucky thirteenth year, so far as her debut into the acting world was concerned. She was playing Little Eva, and for the "going to heaven" scene, a motion picture projection machine was supposed to flash moving clouds and falling snow upon the darkened stage, from which Eva was to make a fast trip to heaven via piano wire.

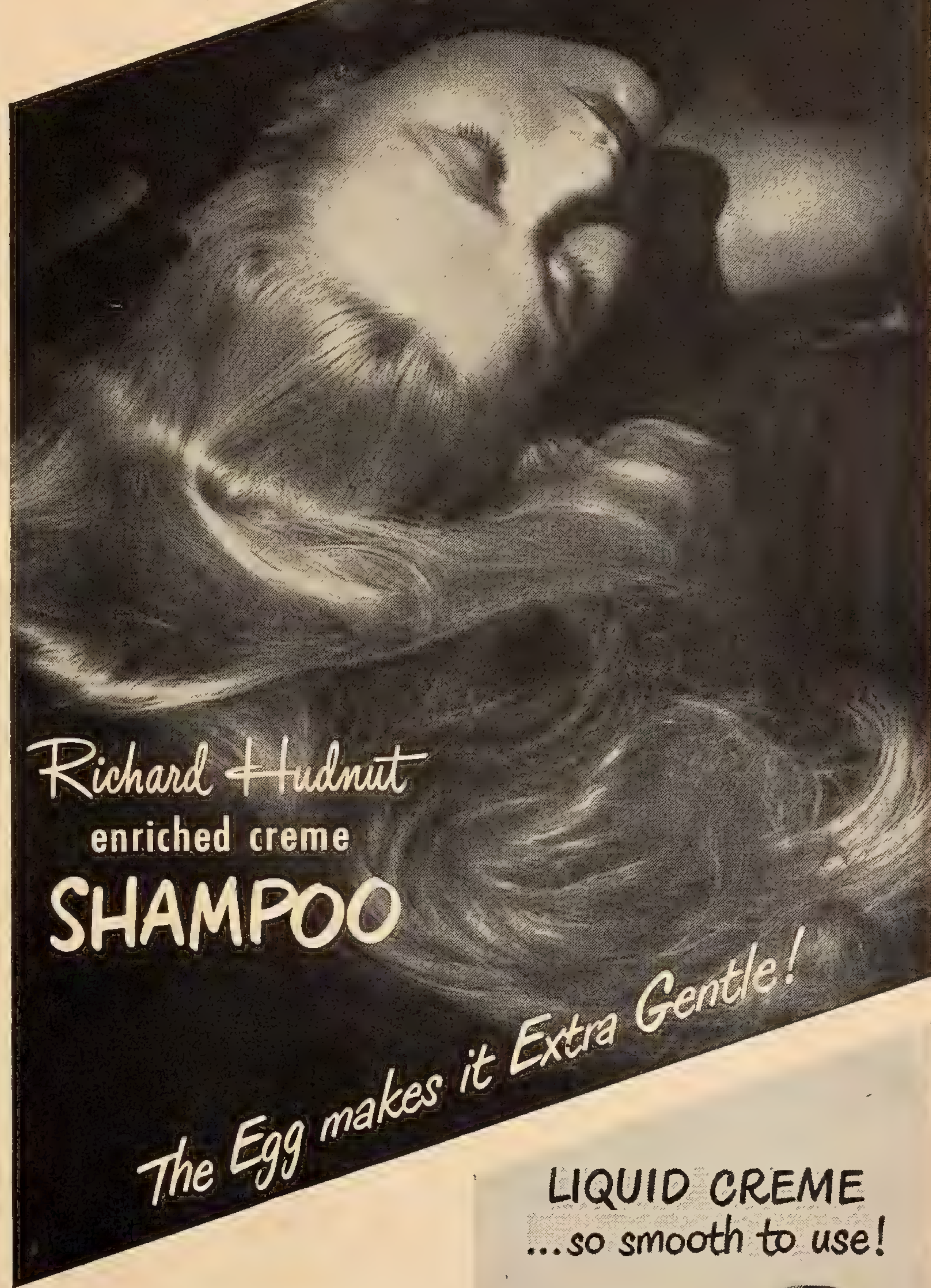
"I'm frightened to death," Mona exclaimed to Uncle Tom, just before the big scene. They were trying to put on her costume, and in the flurry of things, Mona had forgotten her underneath skirt. When she reached the stage and began to be pulled to heaven, her skirt flew apart, revealing over her gym-suit, the harness that held the piano wire. The audience roared. Mona suffered.

But she wasn't nearly as agonized as the special effects men. They'd put the film in upside down. The clouds traveled the wrong way—*against* the wind, and the snow fell *up*! What with such stark tragedy, plus two Great Danes who'd just come in and sat when they were supposed to have been running across the stage, with a phonograph record barking for them, the audience staggered out into the night in complete hysteria. And thereafter, Mona shuddered at the barest suggestion of an acting career.

She reckoned, however, without her guardian angel—or her uncle, Thad Shar-rits. Thad was the sort of uncle every girl should have. Old enough to know something, young enough to start something. He took her to a museum in New York one day. After that, they went for

Do men see thrilling

"LOVELIGHTS"
IN YOUR HAIR?



Richard Hudnut
enriched creme
SHAMPOO

The Egg makes it Extra Gentle!

LIQUID CREME
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YES, you can thank the plain, old-fashioned *hen* for making Richard Hudnut Shampoo soothing, caressing, kind-to-your-hair. Because this grand new shampoo contains real egg in powdered form! Now—a shampoo that acts *gently* to reveal extra hair beauty. Now—a *new kind* of shampoo created for patrons of Hudnut's Fifth Avenue Salon . . . and for you!

*A New Kind of Hair Beauty from
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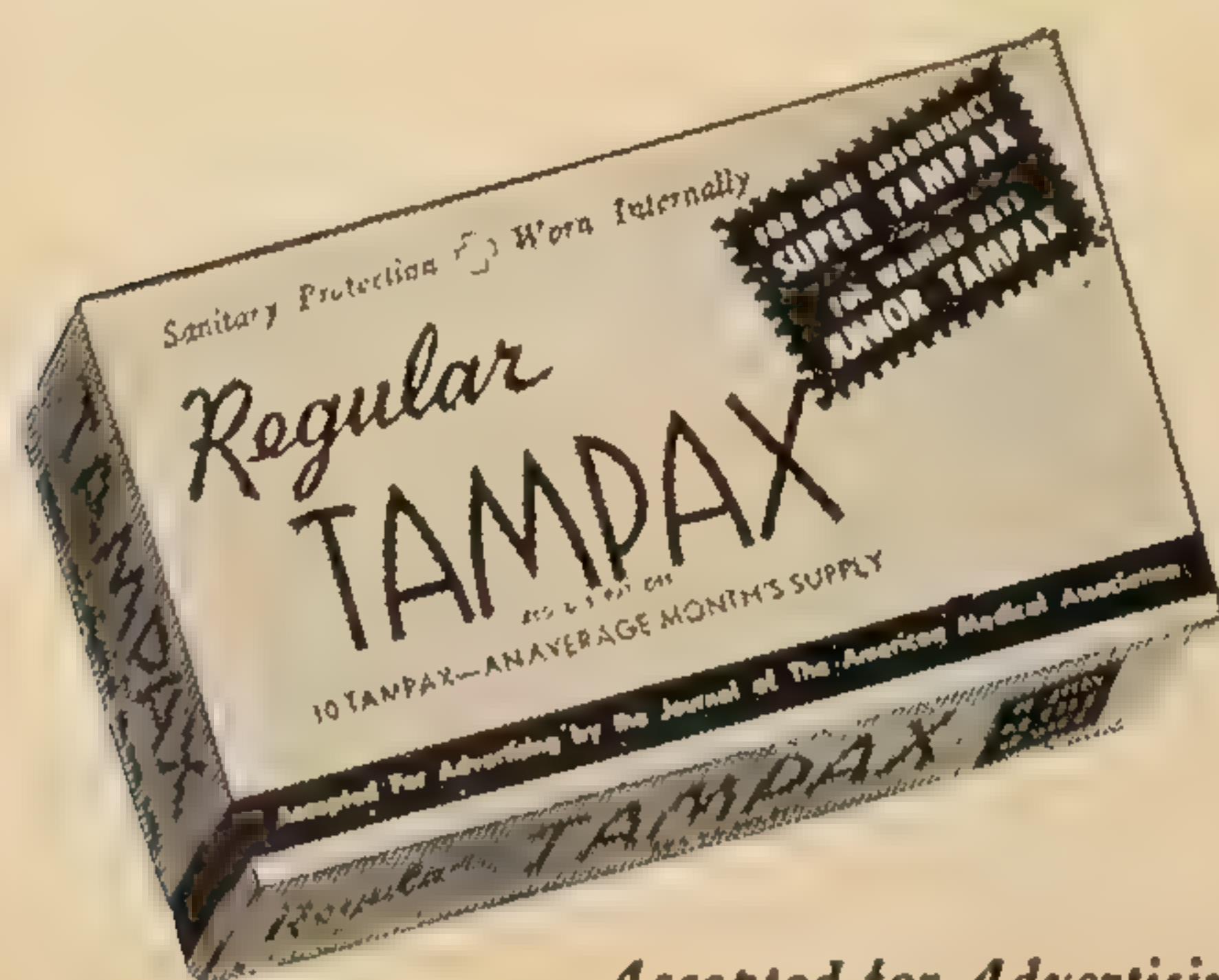




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a walk down along Park Avenue.

They stopped in front of an office building, and Uncle Thad said, "I've got to see a man in here. Mind coming along?"

Mona didn't mind a bit. Uncle Thad was an actor, and it would be nice to catch a glimpse behind the scenes.

What happened next came so fast that she didn't have time to be frightened.

She was shaking hands with a man by the name of Powers, who was saying, "You're right; she'd be a very good model!"

"What is it like to be a model?" Mona asked Uncle Thad as they commuted home that night.

"My dear young lady," Thad replied, "I haven't the slightest idea, but *you* are going to find out."

She did.

Because she didn't have experience, she began first with catalogue work. A girl doesn't have to do much but wear clothes in this beginner's chore, but it helps her to learn how to pose. Mona's first important experience as a model was as hilarious as her Little Eva debacle.

"They asked me to take off my dress, so I did, and stood there in a slip, until somebody wrapped a raincoat around me. Then, bundled up, on a nice wet day, I was taken to Grant's Tomb to have my picture taken. There was supposed to be wind, but there wasn't, so lead weights were attached to the rain coat to flare out the skirt.

a flair for humor . . .

"It flared out all right. The coat ripped right up the back, and there I was, trying to look properly dignified in front of the great General's tomb while a big audience of people gawked at my pink satin rear and laughed themselves silly."

Once, Mona posed as a happy bride welcoming home her naval lieutenant husband, and she has never forgotten the incident because of what happened afterwards.

"The boy was handsome, and very nice, and his name was Bob Hutton.

"Bob was acting and modeling and making a try for Hollywood. Some months afterward, he signed his contract and was on his way west. I learned later that he'd tried very hard to interest talent scouts in me, which was very nice, since we'd never dated."

When they at last met in Hollywood, Mona, walking through the Paramount gate, stepped aside for a neat convertible, which stopped abruptly. A man stuck his head out and yelled, "Welcome home, wife—now come on over and meet my real wife." This, of course, was Mr. Hutton.

She got to Hollywood through Uncle Thad, again, who introduced her to Jack Shallit, a talent scout for Howard Hughes. Before Mona could catch her breath, pictures were taken, airmailed to the coast, and turned into one of those contracts which tell you how you are going to earn two thousand dollars a week—until you look closer at the small type and discover it's only an option.

A check for four hundred dollars was attached.

Mona will never forget that. The four hundred was for acting lessons, so she enrolled for a course at Finch Junior College in New York, but when she tried to study acting, it seemed just too ridiculous. It was that Little Eva complex of hers.

So, on the first year of her option she received \$400. On the second year, the option was "picked up," and she was off to Hollywood. But still no salary—expenses only. Fortunately, by the time Mona arrived on the coast, Paramount was interested.

Paramount was not going to sleep easy on its corporate structure without Mona

Freeman, but could Mona Freeman get a release from Howard Hughes?

Mona went to see Hughes. She asked for her contract back.

"No!" said Mr. Hughes.

"Yes!" said Miss Freeman.

There were other words, most of them turbulent.

She was pretty miserable when she went back to her mother's apartment, but in a couple of days it was all over. She'd reckoned without her new agents, MCA. The phone rang, and somebody said she was now under contract to Paramount. Would she come right over and make a test for *Double Indemnity* with Fred MacMurray?

She came over all right, only to be told she was too young for the part.

Curiously enough, after being "too young" for Fred MacMurray, Mona became Jimmy Dunn's girl in *That Brennan Girl*.

In that picture, she was a girl trying to be good in a cruel world. She liked the story and everyone in the cast, and she also made a discovery about herself. If she does the normal thing and learns her script well the night before, she starts forgetting her lines. Nothing seems to go right. But if she waits until morning and then goes to work on the dialogue, everything's like clockwork. In *That Brennan Girl* she blew up in her lines exactly three times, which is some sort of a record.

Mona's being "too young" for picture after picture developed in her a philosophy which she labels her "no burning desire department." If she gets the part, she's thrilled to pieces; if she doesn't, she convinces herself that she was never up for it in the first place. She might not have been able to use this unique disappointment quencher when it came to Bing Crosby's *Connecticut Yankee*, if she hadn't already been well on her way to motherhood.

She sent Bing a wire: *I'd be just the girl for the part, if you could use a plump princess.*

He wired back: *If you were the mother of twins, you still wouldn't look old enough.*

Making her first few pictures, Mona was frightened stiff, until Bill Russell, the Paramount director, convinced her that she'd never make any progress if it weren't for that "all gone" feeling.

the big tease . . .

She gets along best when she's being kidded unmercifully. After *Junior Miss* started, Bill Perlberg, the producer, began teasing her by telling director George Seaton she was to have everything she wanted. They brought her makeup kit out before she needed it. They served luncheon to her with a flourish, and one day when she complained that she couldn't see a cue light, Seaton stopped the rehearsal by saying that what Miss Freeman undoubtedly needed was a blue cue light. The scene began again a few minutes later, and sure enough, on flashed a bright blue cue light. Mona laughed so hard she broke up the scene.

Freeman's really a pixie. Her husband knows this. Her various undertakings fill him with dread. She, herself, considers her greatest triumph in the field of personal plottings of one kind or another, the experience with John Nerney when he returned from overseas.

She showed John a picture of Kay Scott, with whom she'd worked at Paramount. "She caught the bouquet at my wedding."

Under protest he really didn't mean, John took Kay to a party. Two weeks later they decided to marry.

John and Kay said they were going to beat Pat and Mona in the matter of raising a family, and right off they took the

lead. They have a little girl named Troy, eight months old, while Mona's blessed event is still new enough to be the main topic of conversation.

"Pat wanted a boy," Mona says, pensively. "He says that when they brought me back from the delivery room and he told me we'd had a baby girl, I mumbled, 'You're kidding!'"

"I think there must have been a plot afoot. At my baby shower, Betty Hutton gave me a gold chain of seven atta pearls. Usually, there are only three, but Betty sort of lost her head because she was so sure there'd be a baby girl.

"Then there was a wonderful musical chair from Joan Caulfield, and a beautiful carriage net from Diana Lynn. 'Mousie' (Mrs. Bill) Powell gave me the silver picture frame to be engraved with all of the baby's information, and she flatly predicted a girl. So did Ann Sothern, when she presented me with a portable washing machine. Besides, Ann told me, she was letting me have Mrs. Wilson, who has been taking care of her two-and-a-half-year-old Patricia. After all, Mrs. Wilson was used to little girls."

Mona says that all of her experiences in Hollywood are put in the shade by the adventure of motherhood.

While waiting for the blessed event, Mona worried more about Pat than she did about herself. Two weeks before the baby's arrival, she was rushed to the hospital on a false alarm.

stork alarm . . .

She called Pat and told him she was going to the hospital. He yelled that he'd be right over. When he came he was loaded with presents, including a bracelet with a gold whistle on it so she could blow a loud toot when the baby arrived. She knew that there couldn't be another false alarm—they just couldn't afford another of Pat's shopping sprees.

On the evening of the big event, they were having dinner when Pat declared that the time had come. Over Mona's protests, he drove her to the hospital, and by 12:49 A.M. he was right!

Now there's another Mona Freeman in Hollywood. They had decided to call the baby Karen (Kelly) Nerney, but Pat insisted that Kelly could be a later addition, along with Michael, and that the names would be fine for twins.

Talking of babies, Mona says:

"I can't imagine a girl growing up without a brother. My own brother, Peter, is an aeronautical engineer. He was always trying to sail a model plane out of a tree and falling down on his head.

"I was two years younger than Pete, and I couldn't understand why he was such a nut about planes, but still I skinned my knees plenty of times climbing across fences to retrieve his models.

"After he pushed me off a raft so I'd learn to swim one summer, and then had to drag me in more dead than alive, I decided that we loved each other but it was no use trying to keep up with him."

Mona Freeman, the first, is going back to pictures, but nevertheless she plans to have a lot more family to fill up the big house she and Pat are building on a hill.

"Pat's plans are a lot more important than mine," Mona declares. "He's going to have his own automobile agency soon, and he's not interested in the picture business. Of course, after the arrival of the baby, it's taken him a little time to get back to earth."

The day after the big event, a customer stuck his head into Pat's office at the Nerney agency and asked, "When are you going to deliver my new Ford?"

"Deliver your Ford?" Pat yelled. "Who cares about that—I've just delivered a baby!"

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lustre with dulling soap film**



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SAME OLD JOAN

(Continued from page 36)

"Joan Caulfield's father." "There he is," the kids hiss as he emerges from his apartment house. "Ask him if she's home. Ask him for her picture." A couple have even asked him for his autograph. "Why couldn't she just be a secretary or something?" Mr. Caulfield's been heard to demand.

Even the devoted Betty mutters occasionally. Thursday is maid's night out at the Caulfields', and Betty gets dinner. "If it weren't for her," she yaps to her mother, "we could go out to dinner. Her and her blasted fans."

As a general rule, though, Betty loves Joan dearly. She read in a magazine that Gene Tierney's younger sister had made Gene a skirt for her dressing table, and Betty got to thinking. No sooner thought than done. When Joan walked into the room that she and Betty share in the New York apartment, there it was. A wonderful white organdy skirt for a double-size dressing table, no less, and two dreamy bedspreads to match, for the twin beds.

Joan, who's not much on tears, cried when she saw them.

"B—but you can't sew," she kept blubbering.

sob-fest . . .

"I took lessons," said Betty. "I'm an exquisite sewer. I'll turn in my thimble, however, if you're going to cry." Then Joan was sloshing on Betty's brand new perfume. Joan was holding Betty's new earrings up to her own ears. Joan—pointing to the picture of one of Betty's flames—was saying, "Who's that weasel?" And it was Betty's turn to bawl with relief and joy, because Joan so obviously hadn't changed at all.

At home, Joan Caulfield is hardly a queen bee. Except for labors of love like Betty's sewing and steak for her first night home, Joan is just the middle-sized daughter. (Betty, who's a New York actress, is the baby. Mary, who is married and lives in North Carolina, is the oldest.) Joan is still reminded to put on her rubbers, and told what time she should be in bed. Her beaux must be approved by "the board"—that's mother and/or pop. Not that they ever really put a foot down. Their methods are much subtler. F'rinstance.

After she'd been in the East a week or two, a very smooth lad came to the apartment to take Joan out. "Be home early," her father told her, with his there's-another-one-I-don't-want-for-a-son-in-law look.

"That was a nice sophisticated send-off," Betty said, after Joan had left.

"Didn't like him," Mr. Caulfield said.

"Neither did I," announced little Mrs. Caulfield crisply.

"The gold-dust twins," said Betty. "How men continue to besiege us, with you two looming in the background!"

Joan never went out with the boy again. "I didn't have a happy minute," she confided to Betty, "thinking of their faces."

"Don't let this go to your head," is Joan's mother's theme song. "This" can be anything from an invitation to dine with the eminent stage producer George Abbott who really discovered Joan, to winning the tennis doubles—which Joan did this year—at the Beverly Hills tennis club. It's not likely that anything ever will go to her head. For one thing, her family just wouldn't let it. After Joan made *Blue Skies*, you'll remember that the papers were loaded with kind words about her. The columnists sang hymns to her. The

morning she read that she was "ravishing," "incredibly beautiful," and "a Technicolor dream," there was a note in the mail from Betty. "Loved *Blue Skies*, but did you have to keep giving that elaborate smile?"

The other day Joan's mother was telling her sister about the way Joan was mobbed when she went to have her hair done at Saks. She wasn't telling it in a bragging fashion at all, but in the slightly breathless, wide-eyed way she has. "Those women just gathered around her and stared," she said. "Joan nearly died."

"There's no pleasing me," Joan spoke up. "Because two days later I was ignored at the Stork Club, and I nearly died again, only on a much larger scale."

Joan had been to the theater with Lew Ayres that night, and they stopped off at the Stork for supper. The waiter took them to a small, inconspicuous table. Not a flash bulb flashed in their direction. "I really know Sherman quite well," Joan murmured uneasily. "I've been coming here ever since I was a tot."

"I know him, too," said Lew. "Known him forever." Presents were showered on all the surrounding tables. Champagne, perfume, orchids. Joan's sister Betty came in with one of her swains and was instantly handed a Stork Club lipstick.

"It'll all come at the end," Joan told Lew. "You'll see. I'll get a huge bottle of Chanel No. 5, and you'll get a hand-painted tie. And there'll be no check, of course."

They were bowed out eventually, presentless, Lew having paid the somewhat colossal bill right out of his own pocket. It was just one of those nights. Some stuffer gals wouldn't tell that one on themselves, but after the initial blow had passed, it began to tickle Joan.

It tickles Betty that Joan still gets stage fright. While Joan was East, Miss Turner, the headmistress of Beard's School in Orange, New Jersey, invited Joan to speak at the Christmas Pageant. "Don't let it go



*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• The ideal story, from the press agent's angle, mentions all the people and products he is working for. It goes something like this one, which was an actual press release.

A bell rang at the Alfred Hitchcock residence and "Hitch" beat the maid to the phone.

A voice asked: "Is this Alfred Hitchcock who directed *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, *Rebecca*, *Lifeboat*, *Spellbound* and *The Paradine Case* for David O. Selznick?"

Hitchcock answered, "Yes, this is Hitchcock."

"Oh, I'm sorry," the caller said, "I have the wrong number."

*from the book by Andrew Hecht

to your head, dear," Mrs. Caulfield said automatically. "But isn't it lovely?" Joan was thrilled, but terrified. "Imagine speaking in that big gymnasium! What'll I say?" she kept saying.

"You're positively gibbering," Betty said. Going over in the car that Paramount put at her disposal the day of the Pageant, Joan took her nail polish off and put it back on twice.

"Miss Turner will scream when she sees my red nails," she kept telling Betty. "But when I take it off, my hands look so dish-panny." (Nail-polish had been tabu when Joan was at Beard's.)

"All right, all right, leave it on," Betty said at least five times.

"Miss Turner will scream!" Joan wailed, finally, but left it on.

Miss Turner did not scream, as it turned out, and Joan's warm little speech to the shining-eyed students couldn't have been better received, and it was really a wonderful day. Joan sat at her old desk and saw all the teachers she had known and was touched beyond words that classmates of hers who had gotten the word that Joan was coming to Beard's had dropped everything and come over to see her. The girls quizzed Joan about Hollywood.

quiz-kid . . .

"Who is *really* nice out there?" Madeleine Mead wanted to know, and Laura Broidrick was curious about all the big parties, and Lyn Riker wondered whether Joan had ever met her own secret dream-guy, Bob Taylor.

"Who's nice?" Joan mused. "Why, I wouldn't know where to start. Bill Holden and his wife Brenda Marshall are two of the swellest guys I know.

"And Van and Evie Johnson are two more nice ones. Then there are Bing and Bob Hope. June and Dick Powell—"

"How about Bob Taylor?" Lyn prodded her again.

"Everyone loves that guy," Joan said, and Lyn subsided, beaming.

While MODERN SCREEN'S photographer, Bert Parry, was taking pictures of Joan, Madeleine cornered Betty Caulfield. "Has she really changed any, Betty, 'way down deep? Is she still as unassuming as she used to be?"

"She really is," Betty said, soft-eyed. Then she pulled herself together. "And just as stubborn, too. Maybe more so. She won't even do the New Look, if you'll notice." (Betty likes it. Can't get her clothes long enough. Not Joan.) "And she's still impossible to please, guy-wise. I've brought some big, beautiful men to meet her, but no sale. 'Stop casting for me, chum,' she tells me. 'They're not my type'."

"What is her type?"

"Oh, she wants someone who isn't too obvious. Someone completely unphony, who is what he is and doesn't apologize for it or brag about it. Someone instinctively kind and good, and with a sense of humor to boot. You know," she finished with a sly glance at Joan, who had on her listening look, "a great big Rover boy."

Joan turned away from the photographer for just a second and stuck her tongue out at Betty. Actually, though, Betty's description of Joan's type is pretty accurate.

Just before Joan left Beard's to go back to the city, Madeleine touched her arm. "Joan," she said. "Remember my brother, Jimmy?"

"Do I!" Joan breathed. "He was heaven."

"He's dying for a date with you," Madeleine said. "Joan, could you ever—"

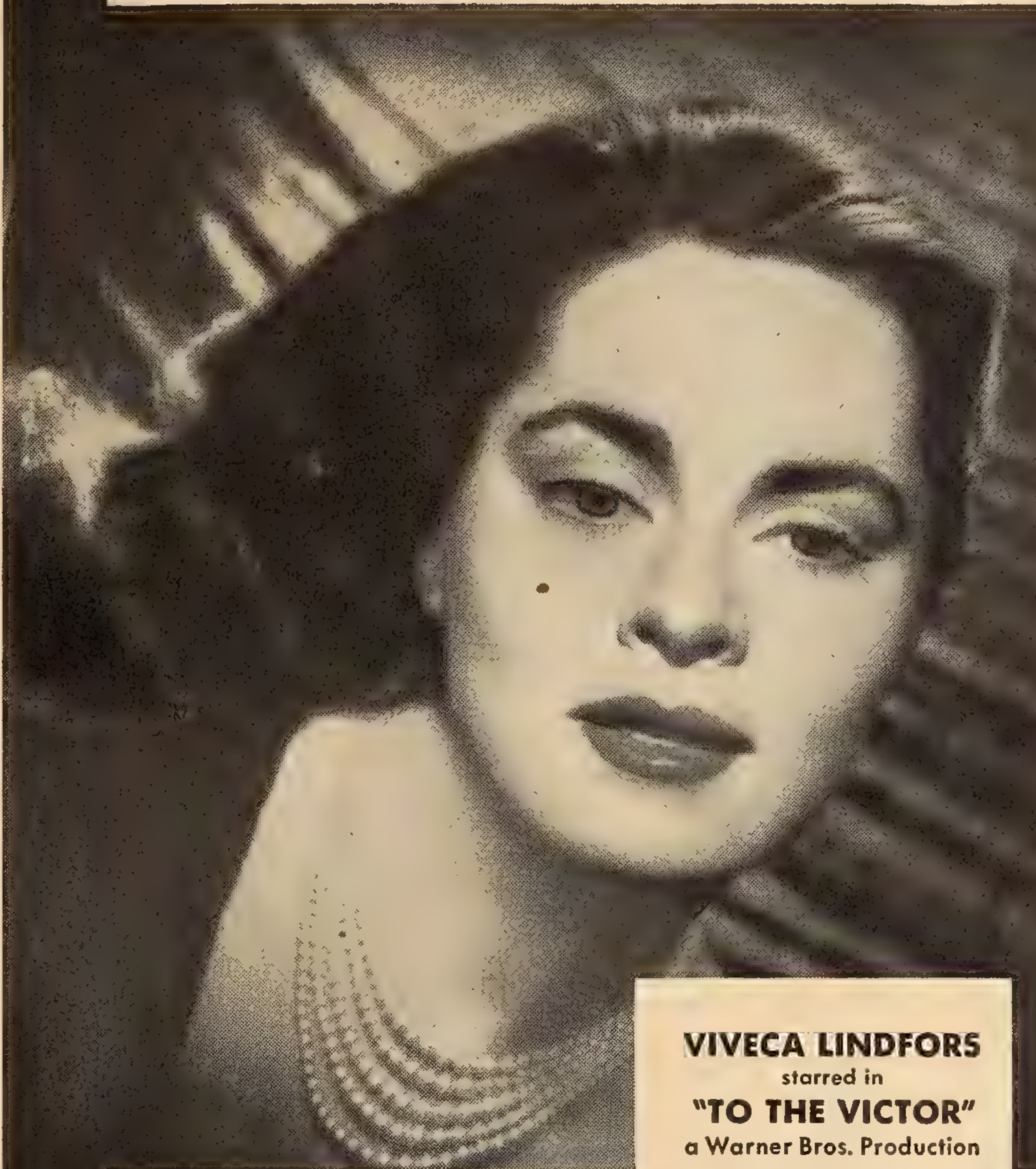
"Oh, Madeleine," sighed Joan. "Imagine that dream wanting a date with me."

And that's when Madeleine knew for sure what everyone discovers sooner or later, that Joan Caulfield doesn't change. That, come movie stardom and mink coats, she's the same old Joan.

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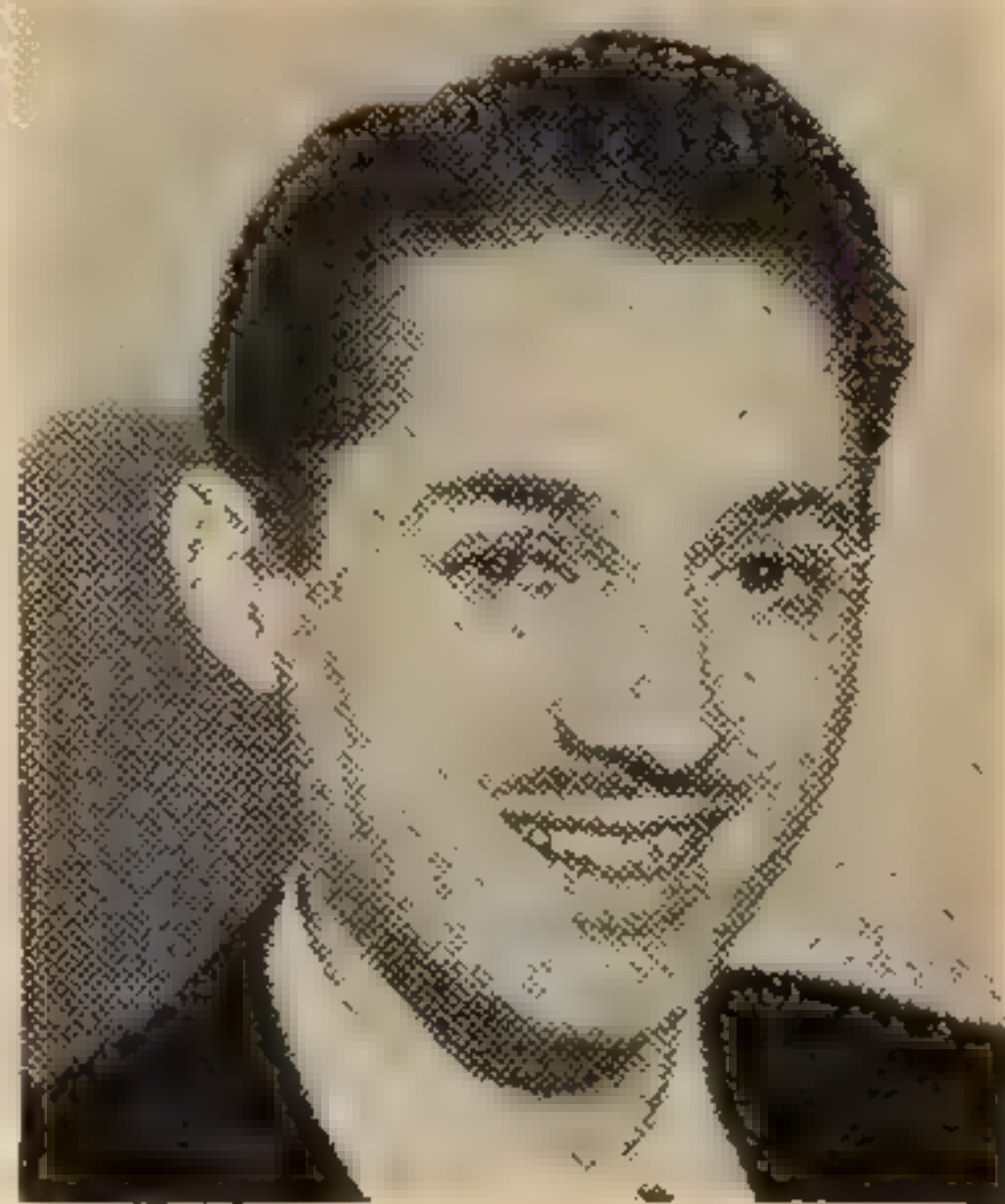
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POPULAR

ALL DRESSED UP WITH A BROKEN HEART—*Buddy Clark (Columbia); *Peggy Lee (Capitol); Eddy Howard (Majestic); Alan Dale (Signature); Alan Gerard (National)

"Not an old-timer! Not a Latin tune! Not a novelty! But a real honest-to-goodness walloping new ballad!" So say the publishers in their ads—but it still sounds like an awful lot of tunes that were written when Mom was a flapper.

BEG YOUR PARDON—*Frankie Carle (Columbia); Francis Craig (Bullet); Larry Green (Victor); Eddy Howard (Majestic); Art Mooney (MGM)

Two Southern bandleaders, Francis Craig and Beasley Smith, gave this opus to a big NYC publisher in March, 1947; then the pub got busy with *Peg O' My Heart* and forgot it. Meanwhile Craig had leapt from Nashville to national juke-box fame with his *Near You*. So they dug *Beg Your Pardon* out of the dust—and Craig has shown Tin Pan Alley that lightning can strike twice!

OOH! LOOKA THERE AIN'T SHE PRETTY—*Buddy Greco (Musicraft); *Fats Waller (Victor); Benny Goodman (Capitol); Charioteers (Columbia); Larry Clinton (Decca)

The little Greco group revived this rhythmic tidbit, which Waller waxed in 1940. Can't understand it—tune was written by Carmen Lombardo!

PIANISSIMO—**Perry Como (Victor); *Buddy Clark (Columbia); *Bob Carroll (Decca); Mindy Carson (Musicraft); Bob Houston (MGM); Sam Browne (London)

YOU'VE CHANGED—**Mary Osborne (Aladdin); *Frankie Laine (Atlas); Harry James (Columbia); Anne Shelton (London).

My idea of a really pretty tune. Nothing happened with it in 1941, in spite of the James recording, but now they're reviving it, and boom, it's a plug song. Carl Fischer, pianist and musical director on a lot of Frankie Laine's best records, wrote it.

HOT JAZZ

LOUIS ARMSTRONG—*I Want a Little Girl (Victor)

BABS' THREE BIPS AND A BOP—1280 Special (Apollo)

Bebop singing sounds like Hawaiian mixed with double talk, but after a few hearings it becomes good fun and even good music—Tony Scott's clarinet solo is, anyway.

CHARLIE BARNET—*Jubilee Jump (Apollo)

Nice non-beboppish swing, with some pretty Barnet soprano sax on the second side, *Deep Purple*.

TADD DAMERON—*The Squirrel (Blue Note)

Fine arranger, who's written for Dizzy and Sarah Vaughan, heads a recording sextet with some real-gone Fats Navarro trumpet.

HARRY JAMES—East Coast Blues (Columbia)

James on a jazz kick, playing some acceptable horn, then turning over the spotlight to trombonist Ziggy Elmer.

FROM THE MOVIES

CASBAH—For Every Man There's a Woman: **Peggy Lee-Benny Goodman (Capitol); Tony Martin (Victor). What's Good About Goodbye: *Tony Martin (Victor); *Dick Haymes (Decca). It Was Written In The Stars: *Tony Martin (Victor); Dick Haymes (Decca). Hooray For Love: Tony Martin (Victor)

IF WINTER COMES—Theme: Freddy Martin (Victor); Johnnie Johnston (MGM)

KISS OF DEATH—Sentimental Rhapsody: *Tommy Dorsey (Victor); *Les Brown (Columbia)

Originally based on a theme from *Street Scene*. Audrey Young makes her disc debut with Dorsey on this one.

THREE DARING DAUGHTERS—The Dickey Bird Song: *Larry Clinton (Decca); Freddy Martin (Victor); Blue Barron (MGM); George Olsen (Majestic)

YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME—Title Song: *Leslie Scott-Coleman Hawkins (Victor); *Claude Thornhill (Columbia); Connee Boswell (Decca); Art Mooney (MGM); George Olsen (Majestic)

Latest Hollywood conception of how a bandleader and his boys live is less phony than most, brings back some pleasant tunes of the twenties: *I'll Get By, If I Had You, Ain't Misbehavin', Ain't She Sweet*. And don't forget that Oscar Levant, whose acting almost steals the show from Jeanne Crain and Dan Dailey, has some wonderful classical piano work, including a recent album, on Columbia.

LIFE WITH ESTHER

(Continued from page 55)

childhood toys and treasures. I'd rifled through the album, listened to the Williams family struggles frankly and humorously told by Esther. We went on down to the shipyards where Esther's dad was a painter foreman. I watched Esther hug him in his spattered overalls before she swung the champagne on the nose of a ship he'd helped paint. I never saw any girl so happy and proud of her parents. There wasn't one ounce of pose, pretense or glamor in the whole day, and when I left I thought, "There's a real person!" I've never changed that impression.

When Esther and Ben Gage decided to get married, she was a lot farther up the ladder to fame, and for her wedding reception she needed a house larger than her tiny family home to hold all the friends she'd made. I offered her mine. At the same time, a wealthy movie friend offered Esther his big mansion. Mine was just a modest house. That's exactly the reason, though, that Esther chose it.

"I want to have the same kind of wedding I'd have if I wasn't in pictures," she said. That's just what she had—in a quiet little Westwood Village church—and I never saw a lovelier bride. I was her only attendant, and that reminds me of another blush I'll have to confess.

Esther has one fault, and that's being the late Miss Williams. She worries about it. So she made a resolution. "One thing I won't be is late for my own wedding!"

waiting at the church . . .

Well, the party had all gone ahead to the church and I was to drive Esther over. Esther was ready and waiting, but me, I was so nervous I couldn't fix my hair. Then I couldn't back out the car. So I made Esther late at her wedding.

Excuse, please, if I ramble, but that's what I've been doing, it seems, ever since I met Esther Williams. (I'm pecking this out with one hand and packing my bags with the other for a new p.a. tour with Esther.)

I remember one time in Washington, D. C., Esther and I were having dinner at the Mayflower Hotel. The headwaiter trotted over with a note. "Dear Esther," it read. "I met you once in Hollywood on the set with Clark Gable. I hope you remember me." The name at the end didn't click in Esther's memory, but she sent word for him to come over anyway.

They chatted a while—mostly about what he was doing—and then Esther remembered her imminent date at the Capitol Theatre. "I've got to leave now," she told him. "Maybe you'd like to come over and see the show."

"No," said the young man rudely, "I don't think so. Frankly, I don't like you in pictures."

Esther said, "Really? Why not?" and stayed around risking her stage act to listen to his reasons. I'm afraid I'd have slapped his sassy face and left.

I've been all over the country with Esther and I've yet to see her get in a jam with a mob of admirers.

I've never known anyone with a talent for pleasing people such as Esther owns. She was a solid hit—and still is—at army hospitals. Half the time, in the war days, the boys didn't know who she was in Hollywood or care. But they loved the girl who breezed in saying, "My name's Esther Williams. You've never heard of me probably. What's your name?" and proceeded to make them go on about themselves.

She likes to wind up her hospital visits by inviting the boys to swim a race with

All kidding aside...



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her in the pool. In one hospital recently, she let the crippled convalescents thrash by her and touch her out, so they could glow for weeks after having "beat Esther Williams." On the other hand, I remember a time she reacted very differently, and that was perfect psychology, too.

We were at a big army camp's pool, and when Esther invited some GI to race her, a muscular, streamlined soldier stepped out just a little too quickly, already in his swim shorts. I didn't notice the expression on his face or the ripple of suppressed excitement that went around the crowd, but Esther did.

They plunged into the water and streaked, neck and neck, both stroking like champs. I was surprised to see Esther tackle the race so seriously. She always liked the boys to win. But not this time. She was out of training for race swimming but she was giving it everything she had. She won—by an eyelash—and I never heard such a roar of applause and delight at her victory as came from those kids. I was puzzled, but not Esther.

Panting and dripping from the feat, she whispered to me. "I had to win this one. The boys framed me. That guy was a champ himself." How she sensed the set-up that quickly I'll never know. But she did. And by busting their frame-up joke wide open she made them love her twice as much. That girl seldom misses.

rank prejudice . . .

Esther could always fracture the Army's Important Brass thoroughly when they tried to monopolize her. "Oh, Sir," she could say so innocently. "I'm sorry, but I never speak to anyone higher than a sergeant. It's the sergeants who are winning the war, isn't it?" They usually grinned, "I'm afraid so," and retreated.

When you buzz around with Esther Williams, you not only meet the people, you know all about them. Wherever she is, Esther hears of the elevator operator's sciatica, the chambermaid's grandchild, the bellboy's bad luck in the Fifth Race. At home it's the same way: she's hep to the private lives of her milkman, paper boy— whoever comes in contact with her. That's part of the natural, curious friendliness I've been talking about, but it's been developed a lot since Esther married Ben.

I knew Ben, it so happened, a good dozen years before he married Esther. He used to live with a bunch of airline guys and I used to publicize planes instead of pictures. Ben's a big hunk of good-looking, good-humored, extrovert man—almost as tall (but not quite) as this Carlile skyscraper. He's the type, he'll admit, who will emcee any street corner, and often has. I was on Broadway off 42nd Street one night, with Esther and Ben, watching the bright-lighted advertising displays. Ben started talking about them—to the world in general—and Esther matched every funny crack with a comeback, until we had a crowd blocking the sidewalk yards deep.

Last November, on their second wedding anniversary, Esther beat her nimble brains out to edge up even with the gagmaster she'd married. Ben took off for golf that afternoon with his pals, and Esther went to work. She had her dad paint a flock of picket signs "Surprise," "Happy Anniversary," "First Two Years Were The Hardest" and so forth, rallied all of the Gage first team (I made it), gave us kazoos to make music, and ringed us around the 18th green at the Brentwood Golf club. When Ben came up, he was greeted by the anniversary works. Esther trundled out her last sign while a waiter trundled out champagne. Ben had to have an anniversary swallow first. The sign confronting him then read, "Now go ahead and putt!" He putted and he missed!

Esther slaves on every picture she makes. I know because I've watched. In *Fiesta*, for instance, learning those complicated bullfight routines. In every picture where there's been a water ballet.

One of Esther's proudest days was the day she came tripping into my office during *This Time For Keeps*. Her eyes were puffed and weepy looking, but she was practically shouting Hosannahs. I didn't get it.

"What goes on?" I asked. "Do you feel good or do you feel bad? Make up your mind."

"I feel wonderful," beamed Esther. "Mel, I just cried." I said I'd done that too. It wasn't exclusive. "But," explained Esther, "don't you see? I cried before the camera. I really acted in a scene!" I knew what she meant, and what it meant to her.

Esther tosses thought and energy into everything she does. Last Christmas she personally doped out and shopped for over 100 presents, none of which would have been right for anybody else except the person who got it. I have a gold cigarette lighter dangling from my dress, the like of which there's nowhere about because Esther designed it. I smoke but she doesn't. Esther has watched me hunt for a match so many times she had a lighter made attached to a husky shamrock pin that would take ingenuity to pry from my dress. She's always calling me up from somewhere. "Found something that looks just like you, Mel," she'll say, and before I know it a delivery boy is pounding on the door. She's generous with everyone except herself.

Esther buys most of her clothes at a \$19.95 dress shop in Beverly Hills, but what she does to them is something. I've never known any one with such an amazing clothes sense. Once we were both caught in that feminine dilemma of "nothing to wear," and went shopping at a very expensive store. I stopped at the junior department to get my daughter, Gay, a dress and Esther went on upstairs. Pretty soon she was down with no dress and storming, "Holy smoke! The prices on things up there!" She started running through the numbers in the "junior" shop. I said she wouldn't find anything there, but Esther muttered she'd look anyway.

junior miss . . .

She walked away with a \$39.50 dress that looked a dream on her, and that night, with all the \$300 custom-stitched creations about, I can testify no one looked prettier than Mrs. Gage.

Esther's always summoning me over to make a lampshade into a hat, or vice versa. It's her favorite indoor sport. Or she's tasted a fancy dish at a restaurant, guessed what's in it, and wants to see if she can whip it up at home. I wouldn't call her a pot-and-pan girl (although she does her own cooking and does it darned well). Matter of fact, Belle, her housemaid, "walks into chaos every morning," as Esther says. A failing she shares with me is tossing things around and leaving them lie. Maybe that's why we're such good traveling companions; we're both sloppy.

But I don't know of a home that's warmer with living than Ben and Esther Gage's. Esther would rather be there than anywhere. She'd rather be knee deep in a home project—papering the bedroom, redoing the garden, de-ticking her cocker pup, installing some antique in a new corner or even steaming up the kitchen—than lunching at the Ritz.

Esther and Ben see more of a radio crowd than a movie crowd—radio's his field. They lean toward hot poker parties, and by now Mrs. Gage can bluff with the best of 'em. If there's a crowd and an occasion, the Gages will go out to dance, but left alone they wouldn't think of leav-

ing their own fireside. I've never known Esther to refuse to attend a charity affair, though. Somehow or other she also finds time to be civic and show up at Town Meetings out Pacific Palisades way. They (Ben and Esther) both know all their neighbors, and last Christmas they all gathered to kibitz while Ben was up a tree (and no kidding) on one of his projects, lighting a huge pine in their yard. Esther served everybody egg-nog, which made Ben wild, because he couldn't get down from the branches to taste it!

"Mom" and "Pop" as they sometimes call themselves (and when they feel like an extra touch of whimsy it becomes "Darling Baby Girl" and "Darling Baby Boy") have their future pretty soundly plotted. (You can tell from their nicknames that it includes children.) Esther and Ben are both suckers for kids—anybody's kids. Esther rose above her disappointment when she lost a baby last year, because Esther's own mother long ago equipped her to face the most discouraging buffets of fate. But the Gages will have a family; you'll see.

They're both hardheaded and practical. They've been sinking much of their money into real estate. A house in Acapulco, Mexico, built to rent in the resort season, brings them a tidy income. They've also acquired an island in Chain of Lakes, Michigan, where Ben used to spend his vacations as a kid, and they hope to develop that into a paying resort someday. They have mutual career plans, too. They're nuts to try one of those Mister and Missus radio programs together.

proof of the pudding . . .

A columnist called them the other day with one of those old stand-by separation rumors columnists just have to print now and then to keep happy. Esther and Ben were painting the kitchen.

"Look," yelled Esther, waving her brush vigorously and spattering Ben from head to toe. "I'm painting the kitchen. Now do you think I'd be putting in this much work for my husband if I was ready to leave him?"

Esther can be as blunt as a board, like that, and then as sentimental as the sapphires she and Ben give each other on every intimate occasion—and just as true blue, incidentally.

When my husband, Ken, left for overseas with the Navy, Esther—newly-married herself—came to stay with me three weeks until I got used to that empty house. Whenever I've been in trouble, Esther's been around. When I get any compliments for what I've done for her, I can honestly retort, "Esther's done far more for me."

I've felt like braining Esther a time or two myself, I'll confess. Last summer, for instance, I stood numb and frozen at the airport in Los Angeles—although it was an extra hot California night—and watched a huge airplane circle and circle the landing field. A DC-6 was coming in from Mexico City on its inaugural flight to Los Angeles. Esther was on that plane; and the plane couldn't come down. Something was wrong with the landing gear.

I sweated that out for a full half-hour, while my mind raced with thoughts I didn't dare think. Finally things straightened out, the plane sat down and out poked Esther's familiar sunny face—fresh as a daisy. Me, I was a wreck.

I was glad and I was mad at the same time. "Darn you, Williams," I almost snapped. "Don't you ever dare scare me like that again!" It wasn't her fault, of course, and the gay grin shifted quickly into an understanding one. But it would be hard for me to imagine Hollywood without Esther Williams—something like a sky without the sun. That's the way you get when you're exposed to her for very long.

Love-quiz . . . For Married Folks Only



WHY DOES HE AVOID HER EMBRACE?

A. Because he is no longer happy in their marriage, constantly makes excuses to avoid the romantic intimacy of their honeymoon.

Q. What has she done? Is it really all her fault?

A. It is not so much what she has done as what she has neglected . . . and that is proper feminine hygiene.

Q. Can neglect of proper feminine hygiene really spoil a happy marriage?

A. Yes, and the pity of it is, every wife can hold her lovable charm by simply using "Lysol" disinfectant as an effective douche.

Q. Can this purpose be accomplished by homemade douching solutions?

A. No . . . salt, soda and similar makeshifts do not have the proved germicidal and antiseptic properties of "Lysol" which not only destroys odor but is effective in the presence of organic matter.

Q. Why does this husband not tell his wife why he avoids her?

A. Because he feels that a woman should know these important facts . . . and use every means in her power to remain glamorous, dainty and lovely to love. He resents her neglect of such fundamentals as correct feminine hygiene which is achieved so easily by regular douching with "Lysol" brand disinfectant.

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IF THIS ISN'T LOVE

(Continued from page 16)

to give it a try—despite her objections. She picked up the phone in her room and asked to be connected with "Mr. Power."

A very wide-awake voice answered, "Hello."

Linda, embarrassed and thin-voiced, said, "Hello, Mr. Power, this is Linda Christian speaking."

"Linda Christian?" Tyrone exploded. "Where are you?"

"Here, in Rome," Linda replied.

Tyrone's voice was full of amazement. "What in the world are you doing here?"

"In fact I'm right in the same hotel with you," Linda went on. "And on the same floor. I came abroad to place my sister in school in Lausanne, Switzerland."

"But this is wonderful!" Tyrone said excitedly. "Please come over and have a drink with me."

Linda, Ariadna and Mr. Minghelli accepted his invitation.

The four sat and sipped fine Italian vermouth until the grey dawn curled around the rooftops of Rome, and all four forgot sleep, fatigue—everything except the charm and friendliness within Tyrone's beautiful antique Florentine apartment.

friends from home . . .

That is how the Power-Christian romance began, simply—as a motorist from California, seeing a California license plate somewhere far from home, will honk his horn, wave down his fellow home-stater and introduce himself.

Of course, Linda and Tyrone weren't exactly strangers. They had met in Hollywood, long before, but were no more than speaking acquaintances.

Now they had three days in Rome—together and gay—but it could have been South Africa, Spain or Tibet for vagabonds like Linda and Tyrone. They visited the Fontana de Trevi, Rome's famous wishing fountain, and threw Italian coins into it (there's a legend which insists that anyone who tosses a coin into the water will return to Rome). They danced and sang and motored and just played tourist. They sat and talked and held hands in Rome's most crowded restaurant.

They weren't selfish in their personal happiness, though. They made personal appearances for charities, visited the sick and war-wounded and gave of their own personal money, to relieve the financial stress of worthy people. A short time before, in Amsterdam, Linda had learned of the hundreds of Dutch people stranded in the Netherlands East Indies without funds for the return trip to Holland, and had paid the boat fares for 100 of these people from her own bank account! (She'd also given most of her clothes to various old school friends all over Europe.)

Linda tells me that Tyrone has refused to permit any publicity to be released concerning his personal, charitable acts in Rome and therefore she doesn't feel free to speak of them, only to say that she saw these generous gestures with her own eyes and began to say to herself, *At last, here is a man with everything, yet he takes time to think about those who have so little, and to do something to help them!*

"And that is how I began to love Tyrone, I know," Linda told me, in this exclusive interview for MODERN SCREEN, from her bed in the home of her mother and step-father, Doctor and Señora José Alvarez Amézquita, in the beautiful Lomas de Chapultepec district of Mexico City. She'd been confined to bed for several days with a recurrence of malaria. The malaria was

originally contracted in South Africa in 1941, when Linda's ship (bringing her to Mexico from Palestine, where she had been living with her family) stopped there.

But we're losing the romantic thread. Getting back, it is necessary to explain that neither Linda, nor Tyrone, recognized their sense of pleasure in being together as love, while they were in Rome. One day, they were walking along one of Rome's main thoroughfares, and they saw a beautiful ring in a jeweler's window. Linda admired it and Ty made a mental note. Next day, he secretly bought the ring, but didn't give it to Linda—not then!

Ty's schedule called for him to leave Rome three days after he "found" Linda, and he definitely didn't want to go. But he had to leave for Eire, and two weeks' location on a new picture. Linda couldn't go because her father was due in from Palestine (where he is a big oil operator) to see his two daughters.

So Linda and Tyrone kissed goodbye, and then, for the rest of Ty's globe-girdling goodwill flight, cables and long-distance phone calls came to Linda at all hours of the day and night.

"Mr. Power calling from Eire!" . . .

"Mr. Power calling from London!" . . .

"from Newfoundland!" . . . "from Vancouver!" . . . and, finally, from Los Angeles.

Linda couldn't believe that Tyrone was really serious. She told me, "I fought against taking Tyrone seriously, from the very beginning, because I couldn't bring myself to believe that he wasn't just being charming when, almost from the first, he said lovely things to me."

I pictured Tyrone and Linda together. Knowing the two of them as well as I do, each with his own wealth of personal magnetism, I can imagine that it was impossible for one to take his eyes off the other for a moment.

Soon, Linda went on, "I tried to make myself believe that it was merely the excitement of Rome and of this sudden, unexpected meeting so far from home, and one night when Tyrone told me something which indicated his growing affection for me, I accused him of just 'talking.'"

"Oh, he was furious!" Linda said. "And he was hurt."

surprise! . . .

Linda had promised to wire Tyrone the exact time of her arrival in Hollywood on her return from Europe, but she fooled him. She sneaked into town a day earlier, registered at the Bel Air Hotel, spent the afternoon at the beauty shop, and called Ty in the evening.

"Hello, how about dinner?" she asked over the telephone when he answered her ring.

"You little devil!" he howled, "why did you do this to me? I was just leaving the house to go to the airport to meet you!"

So, the romance, born in Rome, began to grow in Hollywood. Tyrone and Linda didn't go out much, spent most of their time together in the evenings in Tyrone's new house, looking at Ty's motion pictures which Linda hadn't seen. Fact is, Linda is ten years younger than Tyrone, and has spent all her life in Europe and in Mexico, with the exception of short periods in Hollywood. She never was a movie "fan," so she'd had no opportunity of seeing a Power picture. (P.S.—She thinks he's only "breathtaking" on the screen!)

She made her first plane flight with Ty at the controls, during her 10-day stay in Hollywood in December. They flew from L.A. to Palm Springs, and Ty gave Linda

her first flying lesson on that short trip. It was during Linda's brief Hollywood stay that she and Tyrone knew, for certain, that they were in love. They liked the same books, the same philosophers, the same sports and the same music. Both are sun-lovers, both are "bubbly" on the surface, but earnest underneath.

When I served as unit publicist for Sol Lesser's *Tarzan and the Mermaids* on location in Acapulco, Mexico last July, (the film in which Linda portrays a mermaid) I found myself very impressed by her.

I watched Linda throughout six weeks of the toughest kind of motion picture making, in the oven-heat of tropical Acapulco, and I didn't hear her complain once of arising at 4 A.M., going through hours of hairdressing, makeup and wardrobe, working a full day in the broiling heat, swimming, diving in muddy lagoons, or "stunting" on rough rocks.

I grew to know and to admire Linda Christian, as I believe my old friend Tyrone knows and loves her!

Linda's beautiful mother, Blanca Rose Welter de Amézquita, now lives in Mexico City, as do Linda's two brothers, Eddie, 16, and Jerry, 23—and Linda had to spend Christmas with her family. Tyrone was tied up with picture commitments, so he couldn't leave Hollywood. Linda flew to Mexico City on December 21st, and proceeded to receive a shower of telephone calls from Ty.

"The upstairs telephone is in my room," Linda's mother told me, "but Mr. Power's calls wouldn't let me sleep at night, so Linda and I changed rooms."

Asked about her impression of Tyrone, Linda's mother said, "Oh, he is a wonderful boy! A fine man!"

"And," Linda added, in an aside to me, "Tyrone is the *only* man I have ever known of whom my mother approved—for me!"

Ty didn't like being alone without Linda in Hollywood for Christmas, but he told her, via long-distance: "I'll be in Mexico two days before New Year's, darling, and I'm bringing your Christmas gifts then—wait for me, Puss!"

Not only did Linda wait, but her entire family—mother, step-father, brothers and relatives—waited to have Christmas with Tyrone when he arrived.

It was a wonderful day, that belated Christmas in the lovely home of Linda's parents in Lomas de Chapultepec. Ty was shy, yet natural and poised. He wanted Linda's family to like him, but he didn't have to worry about that! They loved him!

The ring which Linda had admired in the window of the jewelry shop in Rome was Tyrone's principal Christmas gift for

her. Of platinum, it features two double rows of diamonds on the ring's top, the diamonds paralleling a center band of square-cut rubies, the three strips of gems forming three concentric circles. Inside are engraved the words: "With all my love, Tyrone."

Linda gave him a heavy gold medallion impressed with the figure of the Virgin of Guadalupe, patron saint of Mexico. On the reverse side, spelled out in diamonds, is the word, "TUA," which, in Italian, means "yours." (To remind Ty of their meeting in Rome.)

Came New Year's Eve, and Linda and Tyrone served as maid-of-honor and gentleman-of-honor at the wedding of Linda's aunt. That was the first event of the big night, and Tyrone was deeply impressed. The cathedral was bathed in candlelight, the music invaded the soul, and Tyrone held Linda's hand throughout the ceremony.

food for thought . . .

"For a long while after the service, he didn't have much to say," Linda told me, "so I knew he was moved within himself and was thinking, as I was. Later, we all went to our house for a big family dinner."

After dinner, Linda, Tyrone and the family had their Christmas. Ty had brought gifts from Hollywood for everyone and they all had presents for him. The packages were opened around the Christmas tree, in good old family style. Then, everyone waited for 12 o'clock to arrive.

"After 'Auld Lang Syne' was sung, and the 'Happy New Year' wishes and embraces were over, Tyrone and I slipped out to be alone together for a little while," Linda explained to me later.

"We walked to the car, which was parked in front of the house, and Tyrone opened the door on my side. I got in, and Tyrone took my hand in his, and we looked up at the clear, cold skies filled with stars. It was a marvelous moment."

A few days later, Linda and the family flew to Acapulco in Ty's plane. They moved into the beautiful Hotel de las Americas and settled down for a few days of rest. Linda and Ty went deep-sea fishing, and laughed and baked in the sun until they were brown as Indians. They paddled on paddleboards to far, isolated beaches. They tried goggle-fishing (with harpoons). And at night they danced under the big, lantern-like stars, beneath the palms.

Then came a cable from Hollywood calling Ty back to the 20th Century-Fox lot to start work in his new film, *Black Magic*. Linda accompanied Tyrone as far as Mazatlan, but she had to return to Mexico for firm conferences. And, back home, she was hit with the malaria wobbles.

Being tied up with the motion picture industry, both Tyrone and Linda are having a difficult time keeping even a small part of their personal lives or future plans to themselves, and the one thing they do not discuss is their possible marriage.

Living in Mexico, as I do, I've had no opportunity to talk with Tyrone about his feeling for Linda. However, knowing her to be a girl of rare intelligence and utmost discretion, I am certain that she would not have given me her confidence concerning Tyrone's personal reactions to her if she were not sure that she could speak for him.

As for Linda's love for Tyrone, it is summed up in this statement to me:

"Tyrone is the most unselfish, most wonderful man I have ever known. I watched him with the poor and the strangers in Rome, never thinking of himself. I saw the depth of his character. He is the first man I have ever considered marrying! He is the first man I have met whom I should like to see as the father of my children."

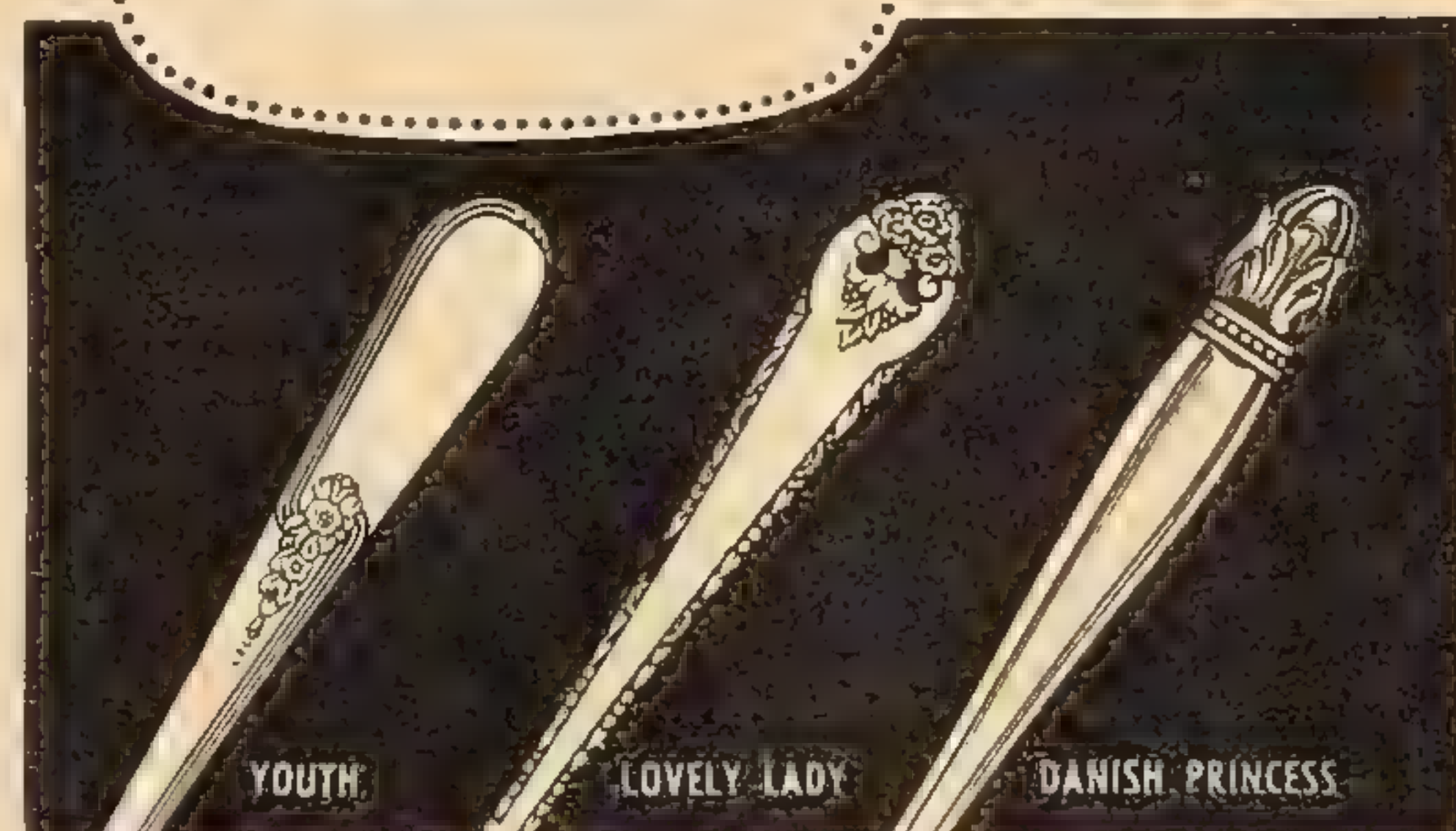
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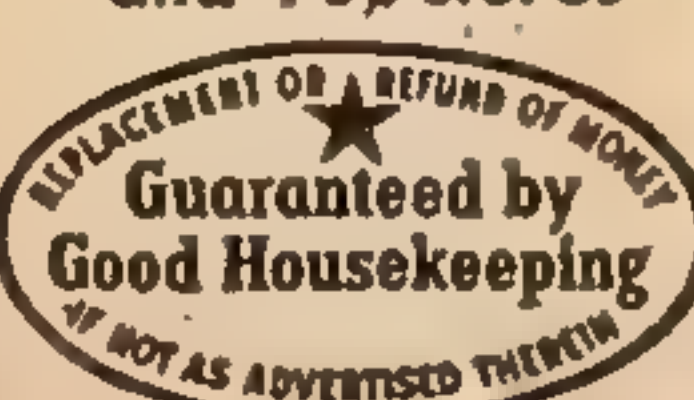
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I SAW IT HAPPEN



While visiting the 20th Century-Fox commissary, I saw Mark Stevens at a table near mine. He got up and went over to speak to a friend across the room. Suddenly, someone called out Mark's name, and as he

looked up, a piece of cream pie hit him right in the face! Everyone burst out laughing. And Mr. Stevens, himself, joined them as he licked the pie from his face. It was like an old time movie, and Mark behaved like a real good sport.

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THEY WAKE UP DREAMING

(Continued from page 29)

years of movie career; I can take it or leave it," she said. "I like you more than any person I've ever known. I can't talk about love lightly!"

She was cut off, before he could kiss her, even, by their cue to go on. Later that night, and for many nights after, they talked about themselves, their personalities and individual idiosyncrasies. They were in love, but they were cautious. At least Dale was. At the end of a week of probing talk, they both felt sure that this was no foolish romance. The only question in Roy's mind had been whether Dale would want to take on the responsibilities of a ready-made family, but she was the first to say that any independent career (independent of Roy, that is) would be impossible for her if they married.

They agreed a career tied in with his would be something she could manage, but they knew that was problematical, since Republic had substituted another leading lady in Roy's recent pictures.

If the studio heeds the demands of the fans, and asks Dale to come back to work, she will play again with Roy. All other job offers will be refused.

united we stand . . .

"We know that it will be no family if the children are in one place, Roy in another, and I off in still another," is the way Dale puts it. "If we work together, and have to go on location, we'll do our darnedest to take the kids along."

Dale's step-mother role was something to consider back there in Chicago when Roy popped the crucial question, but the problem was made simpler by the fact that Dale had been close to the whole family for three years. "I'd been friends with Roy, Arlene, his kids and folks," Dale says. "Then, last summer Roy began taking me out some. I'd spend time with the kids at their house, they'd come over to my house—"

About Roy, Dale says: "He's one of the fairest people I've ever seen. When he works he's no ham, he doesn't hog the scenes, he has none of the so-called Hollywood temperament. Until last summer he was more like my brother—I knew him that well. He's easy-going, lots of fun, and a good guy—the kind of man we have back home in Texas."

When Dale left home ten years ago, and embarked on a singing career, her aim was New York, and a Broadway show. She started in radio in Louisville, Kentucky, then she went to Dallas. Chicago was next, and that's where movie scouts found her. In this period she met a new (for her, at least) kind of man. The smooth-tongued, sophisticated, dinner-jacket type who made her think she was really living.

But time and Roy Rogers eventually swung her around full circle to the sort of guy she'd known back home in Texas.

"All Roy talks about right now is coon dogs," Dale said recently. "But I like him. He's real."

Plans for their wedding trip were kept quiet because Dale and Roy were tired of all the speculating that had gone on in the newspapers about their romance.

"We just weren't going to let anyone high-pressure our private lives," Dale says.

But when they returned from the tour with Roy's rodeo, last November, they announced their engagement. Then Roy went to work in a movie, and Dale started searching for a house. Roy's children were being looked after by a lovely lady, Mrs. Christensen, the mother of one of Roy's best friends. The children and Mrs. Christensen lived up at Roy's grain and fruit

ranch on Lake Hughes, 60 miles from Hollywood. Roy himself couldn't make the 60 miles every night so a lot of the time he bunked at his horse ranch which is nearer to town.

Frantic weeks of house-hunting finally turned up a fine old place that had belonged to the late Noah Beery. Luckily, it meets the requirements of the new Rogers family. There are six bedrooms and six baths, and a basement playroom that runs the length of the house. After Roy has panelled this room himself in the best Western tradition, using wooden pegs, they'll be able to give informal parties there.

Twenty-two years old, the house stands on a fine hill overlooking town, practically within roping distance of Hollywood and Vine. Yet there's a feeling of seclusion about the place, with its two acres of ground, and with quail and rabbits scuttling beneath the pine trees and across the flagstone paths.

The house bought, Roy and Dale could turn their thoughts toward their wedding plans. They agreed that it'd be a quiet ceremony without fanfare, but where could they honeymoon out of the spotlight? A pile of travel folders—Sun Valley, Hawaii, Acapulco, Mexico—still lie on a table in Dale's house. Everything sounded lovely except that in all of those resorts they'd run into the movie crowd vacationing. This time they wanted a change.

Then Bill Likins, a big cattle man, flew in from Oklahoma. He breeds show cattle, and comes to Los Angeles frequently for the shows. Roy and Dale had become his friends when they'd stayed at his Flying L Ranch a couple of years ago when they were on location for *Home In Oklahoma*.

"Come to the Flying L," he said now. "We'll give you a plain and lasting little old Oklahoma wedding."

oh, what a beautiful wedding . . .

About fifty persons attended the ceremony. Roy's handsome manager, Art Rush, was best man; Mrs. Rush was Dale's matron-of-honor. Dale's family drove up through sleet and snow from Italy, Texas (near Dallas). And Wayne Morris and his wife who happened to be visiting nearby, came over. The Governor, Roy Turner, was there, too—he has the adjoining ranch, and Roy and Dale had got to know him during the shooting of *Home In Oklahoma*. All the other guests were local people—cowboys and plain Oklahoma folk, "Like my own people," Dale says.

A photographer was flown from Republic Studios, so that the public wouldn't be entirely deprived. But that was the only concession to fame and glamor that Roy and Dale were willing to make on this precious, private day of theirs.

They were married in front of a mistletoe-bedecked fireplace in the main room of the ranchhouse by a young Oklahoma City minister. It was a double ring ceremony. The minister wore the garb of a pioneer parson—cutaway, flowing black tie and black cowboy boots. Dale was in pale blue, a wool dressmaker suit, a blue hat and lots of veiling. She carried an old-fashioned bouquet of pink roses and blue forget-me-nots. Roy wore a navy blue cowboy suit with a plain white shirt, cowboy boots, and a light blue cowboy tie. After the ceremony he changed his white shirt for a checkered one.

A quartette of cowboys sang "I Love You Truly" just before the ceremony began, and took up with cowboy numbers as soon as it was over. The buffet supper celebration went on until well after

midnight, into the new year. Roy and Dale spent about a week at the Flying L, then traveled down to Texas to visit Dale's parents. One night, there in Texas, she and Roy went raccoon-hunting with some of the young men from her hometown.

"We started at 10 o'clock in the evening," Dale recalls, "and walked until 1:45 in the morning when we finally found our car again. After the first three miles pushing our way through brush and trying to hurdle the creeks, we built a fire. It was freezing. We'd lost two of our coon dogs by then and hadn't had a shot at a thing. But it was fun. I'd never hunted like that before. We were both happy."

When they had warmed up a bit, they continued, each holding a flashlight, the dogs ahead, running the trail.

"All we heard when we stopped to listen was that continuous ahoooo from the dogs. Never the sharp bark that means they have an animal up a tree."

It was a terrible chase, they crossed and recrossed streams. "Finally, I couldn't make the jumps any longer and Roy would pick me up and carry me across. The dogs kept running—we kept following." Dale smiles. "That's cowboys."

two of a kind . . .

Dale can take it. She may not be able to keep up with Roy in every situation, but she tries. And actually, he likes a certain amount of femininity and helplessness. The day they arrived back from their honeymoon, he was carrying her coat as they stepped off the train. He was shepherding her protectively through the crowds when suddenly, she discovered she had misplaced her wallet. He laughed and knew just where to go to see about having it traced. She was mortified, of course.

But then she'd been mortified practically the whole first day they'd worked together at Republic four years ago. She had told everybody she could ride. They believed her because, though she's uncommonly pretty, she's straight-talking, capable-looking, and she comes from Texas.

Well, she didn't fall off the horse or anything. But one look at this new leading lady trying to manage her horse as she sang, and Roy knew. He was heard to observe that day, "This is going to be some saddle-battle." It was. She felt awkward, and her pants split a little, and one of the caps she'd had made for her teeth fell off and a horse walked on it.

Now she rides quite well. She and Roy have never ridden together for fun. They're too busy working. Their relaxation hours so far have been spent mostly with the children (Cheryl, 7, Linda, 4½, Dusty, 18 months) up at the Lake Hughes Ranch. Roy has a projector and they show movies—their own, sometimes—and they all sing. Dale and Roy do a lot of harmonizing while driving. Cowboy songs mostly. Dale writes a lot of their numbers.

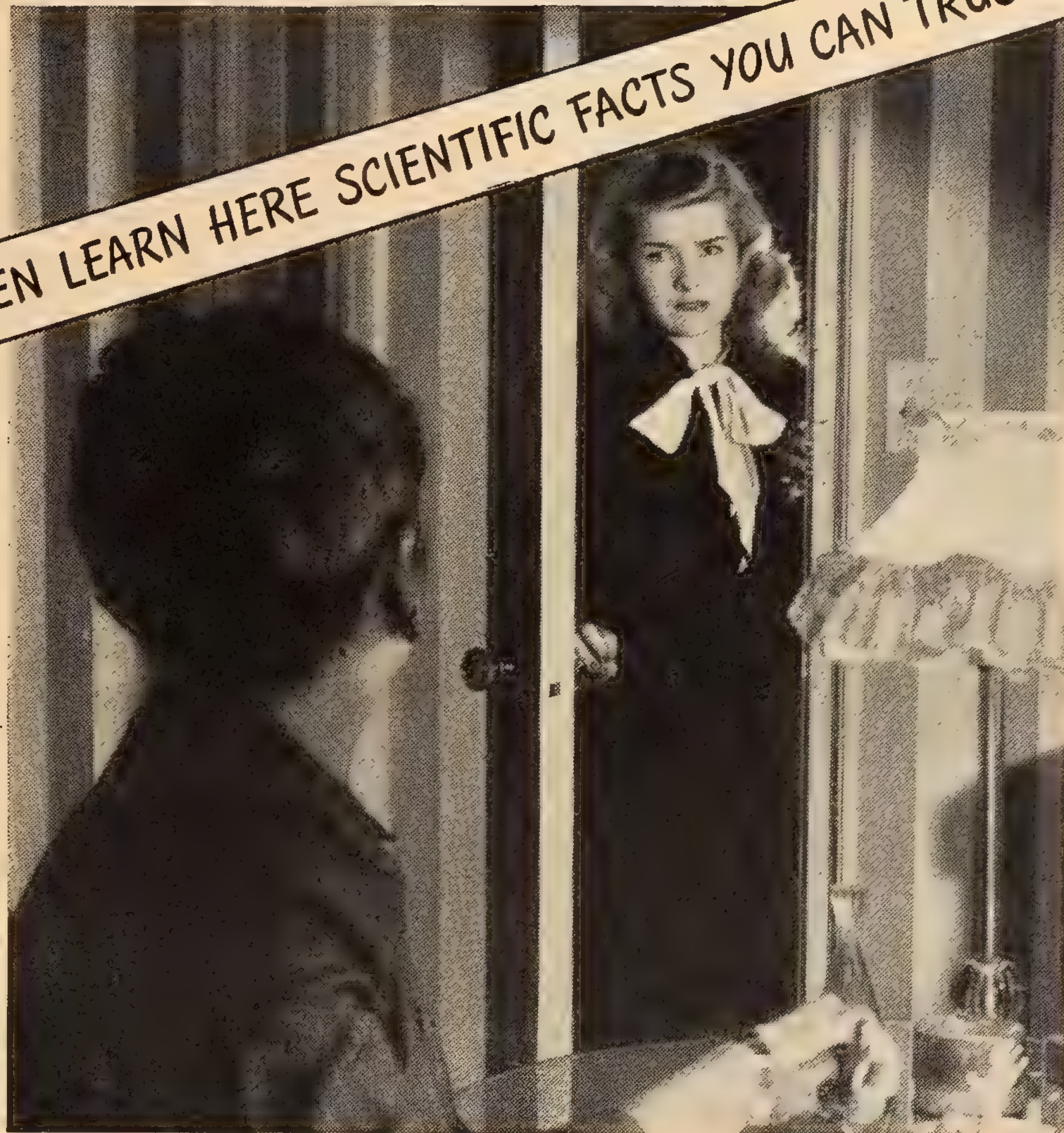
Manager Art Rush, who knew Dale even before he knew Roy, says Dale will make a swell hostess, mother and house manager. "She's capable and businesslike, humorous and beautiful. Everybody likes Dale. People talk about the All-American cowboy. Well, Dale Evans is my idea of the All-American cowgirl. I know this for sure—Roy's a terribly lucky guy."

According to Rush, Roy knows he's lucky. "He's very much in love. You can see it. He holds her hand, he's attentive, he's a lovebird."

And here is how Dale talks about this thing. "Too few people like the people they marry. They get all full of the sudden electric emotions they call love and that wears off in time unless you really like and admire each other. I've liked and respected Roy since the day I first met him. He was my friend. Now, on top of all that, it's love."

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THE HOUSE ON HOLLYWOOD AVENUE

(Continued from page 41)

witnesses of time long gone by, she told me a story different from the ones she tells the townspeople. The stranger, she said, must of course already know how Monetta is faring *nowadays*. She, Mrs. Cornwall, would tell me the truth about the struggles of the Dallas kid Monetta had been a few years ago.

Monetta's father, the postal clerk, Roy Darnell, and his wife Margaret, had four children. The girl known today as Linda Darnell was christened Monetta Eloyse, and she was chosen by her mother to satisfy an old ambition. It seemed that Margaret, who had been a most beautiful young woman, had tried her luck in Hollywood, one time. Mrs. Cornwall said she'd gone there when Undeen, Linda's older sister, was a baby. It was about 1914. What happened in Hollywood, Mrs. Cornwall didn't know for sure. "I think she did get as far as taking part in a parade, or something. But that was all. No movies. She called Roy to take her home."

revenge is sweet . . .

Back in Oak Cliff again, Mrs. Darnell rarely spoke of her adventure, but she began a long-range plan of getting even with Hollywood. Picture this—a postal clerk's wife living in utter modesty somewhere in Texas, vowing to avenge her own rejection by Hollywood. Even the street she lives on is named Hollywood Avenue, and it is a daily reminder and prod to this determined woman.

First, Margaret Darnell chooses Undeen for the role of Cinderella, but Undeen is headstrong, and gradually, as the years go by, the mother turns to the next child, little Monetta. Monetta is five years younger than Undeen. And this girl is different. She is willing, she will do what her mother wants.

So the trek begins. The sallies out of Oak Cliff, to Dallas, five miles away. Dallas, glittering land of promise. A small girl is taught to dance, given elocution lessons, taught to act, taken to amateur shows.

She's taken to the sumptuous Baker Hotel each time a Hollywood talent scout sets up temporary headquarters there. Mrs. Darnell is always first in line, seeking an appointment, the small Monetta at her side.

Through all this, Roy Darnell, the postal clerk, helped, and said little. He had a Chevrolet, and he drove his wife and child around—to the movie theater which was holding an amateur show, to a local hall, to Dallas.

It never occurred to him that he was making a sacrifice, foregoing hours of badly needed rest at home after a hectic day. He was only doing his duty—maybe his wife was right, and the kid had a chance to make something of herself.

He was always in tight circumstances financially, what with four children, and Monetta being groomed for stardom. Every penny counted; he even felt guilty about going down to the movies on an occasional evening, until the time he drew the lucky number on a Bank Night, and came home with \$964!

That helped.

Monetta grew up, went to high school, modeled in Dallas department stores, was the cheer leader with the high school band. "Her uniform was white, trimmed with purple," Mrs. Cornwall told me. "And she looked like a picture. Why, people stopped dead in their tracks when they saw the band coming up the street. Monetta had a smile for everybody—you

couldn't but take to her."

As Monetta got older, other people joined in pushing her on. There was Billy Thompson, a reporter on the Times Herald—he saw that Monetta's pictures appeared in print. Monetta Darnell, the popular majorette, Monetta Darnell, the Texanita, clothes modeled by Monetta Darnell. She was a local girl, so editors were pleased to publish stories, and a local congressman, Hatton M. Summers, even wrote a letter of recommendation to a Hollywood studio about her.

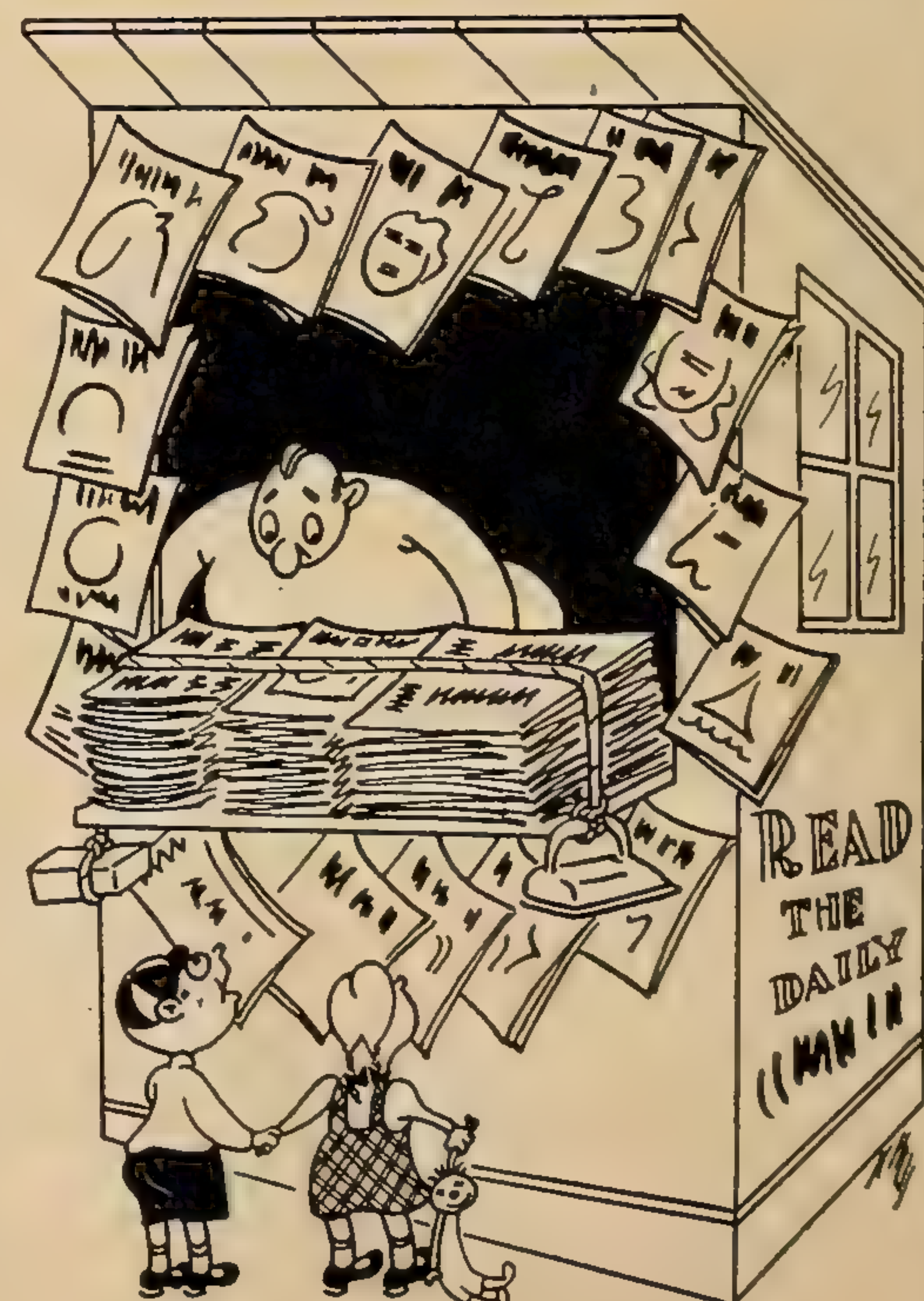
Mrs. Cornwall told me all this, and then sat back in her armchair, eyes twinkling. "If at first you don't succeed—" she said. "That's the motto of my story. Margaret Darnell kept trying—"

But there was something, I thought, this old lady had overlooked, or left out. What was missing in this picture was someone who thought of the central figure as a normal young girl, not as a candidate for fame. I visualized Margaret Darnell carrying out her long-range campaign, completely absorbed by one passionate thought: stardom for Monetta. And the pliable youngster, following orders. Yet somebody, somewhere along the road, must have befriended Monetta just for herself alone.

I was still groping for a clue which would help complete the picture, when I met a man who knew the answer. He said what I should have guessed, that Mrs. Cornwall, herself, had befriended Monetta, that it was at her house Monetta found encouraging answers, when bewildered by things her young mind could not comprehend. This was the reason a Hollywood star named Linda Darnell, on most of her visits to Dallas, stayed with Mrs. Cornwall, rather than at the finest hotel in town.

It was not by accident that I met the man who rounded out my story for me. I had gone to look for him, and I knew where to go—to the Terminal Annex of the Dallas Post Office. I had been given a name: Roy Thompson. And his status: postal clerk.

MODERN SCREEN



Good Housekeeping, please.

Was he there?

Third floor, ask at the counter.

On the third floor, men were sorting mail. Roy Thompson came out from behind some metal racks, a little man with a beaming round face, chewing an unlighted cigar. Yes, he was Roy Darnell's closest buddy. Yes, Roy Darnell used to work here.

He—Thompson—obtained the foreman's permission to come out with me, and as we stepped into the bright sunlight, and the hustle of Dallas' downtown, I discovered I was once again in the world of folks who had made the story of Linda Darnell their own. This section of that world was exclusively inhabited by Unce Sam's postal clerks.

The other postal clerks in Dallas were proud of Roy Darnell. They remembered his devotion. They remembered when his family (Margaret's plan having at last succeeded) left for Hollywood, that Roy Darnell stayed on alone in the little house, took care of it himself. A year later, when his child came home in triumph, he'd attended the banquet in her honor, and then, the festivities over, he'd resumed his chores, but he'd been lonely, so he'd asked for a transfer to Los Angeles.

He'd been told, "If you go, you forfeit your seniority, and start as a clerk—" and he'd said, "That's okay, chief, I don't mind—" and he'd gone to Los Angeles to start again as a substitute postal clerk.

Yes, the postal clerks in Dallas and Oak Cliff were proud of Roy Darnell. And they were proud of his daughter. To them, the postman's daughter making good was proof of the "little man's bigness." What could be more conclusive than a live example, a buddy's daughter?

They felt that, without Roy, Linda would never have succeeded, and while they didn't give it much thought as they leaned over the sorting tables, the comforting knowledge was there, just the same, and it made them feel good.

As Roy Thompson and I fought our way up Commerce Street, he said, "Do you think 20th Century-Fox is paying her enough? They ought to give her a share of the profits, or a bonus, or something, for this picture, *Forever Amber*—and increase her salary!" He looked at me anxiously.

Roy Thompson, the postal clerk—after 30-odd years of service, he was being paid \$60 a week, but he didn't think it was right for Linda to be making less than a fortune. He and the fellows at the Terminal Annex wanted Linda to be treated right.

I had an appointment with John Rosenfield, drama editor of the Dallas Morning News, for three o'clock, and Roy Thompson walked me over to the newspaper office, still talking. He was telling me that Roy Darnell had two brothers, Bryant and Earl, both postal clerks, too, and fine men. Had kids of their own, nice breed. Earl was foreman at the Dallas office's Terminal Annex.

postal-politics . . .

"You know," Thompson said, "Roy was here a short while ago—came home on his vacation. Went rabbit hunting. I used to tell Mrs. Darnell she didn't know how nice a man she had. She'd say: 'You postal clerks always stick up for each other, don't you?' Roy kept his feet on the ground. Without him, the project would never have worked."

Thompson walked more slowly now. "He wouldn't take money from Linda, you know. Linda wanted him to retire, but he said his pension hadn't come up yet. It will, next year. He's put in 36, 37 years of service. He'd like to have gone on providing for his kids, no matter how little he makes. That's the sort of guy he is. I'll

bet he goes on sorting mail thinking the kids may still need him.

"Linda's like him. As soon as she could, she set aside \$30,000 for the education of the two younger Darnells, Monte and Sunny Boy (Roy, Jr.) and she fixed it so she could never touch any of the money herself."

Thompson spoke then of the Linda Darnell movies he'd seen. "Twice, she came home to attend premières. Two years ago, it was for *Fallen Angel*—she looked like a princess, in a glistening white gown—"

His voice trailed off, came back. "She stayed in the Presidential suite. Roy Darnell's kid . . ."

When I left Roy Thompson, I went up to the third floor of the Dallas Morning News where the drama editor, John Rosenfield, was waiting for me. He was a bulky man, and he smoked the cork-tipped kind of cigarettes.

"I contributed nothing to Monetta's success," Mr. Rosenfield told me, chuckling. "Mrs. Darnell did it all. I gave the girl good notices when she deserved them, but I've done the same for thousands of people."

scouting through dallas . . .

Ivan Kahn, the 20th Century-Fox talent scout, Mr. Rosenfield said, used to come through Dallas once a year. He'd recognized Monetta's potentialities, but he was waiting for her to grow up. He finally called her to Hollywood for a screen test, when she was fifteen, but she was still too young, and she came home again, and went back to school. As far as Mrs. Darnell was concerned, the fiasco meant nothing. A mere postponement.

In reality, Monetta's chances were slim. Then it happened—Jesse Lasky, veteran Hollywood producer, launched a nationwide "Gateway to Hollywood" amateur contest.

That Mrs. Darnell registered Monetta for the Dallas auditions goes without saying. Monetta won first place in the Southwest, went to Hollywood again, and lost out in the finals. She came home a second time.

The telegram from 20th Century-Fox summoning Monetta back to Hollywood for the third and final time arrived as a dramatic climax to Lasky's option, which had run out at midnight the previous day.

Mrs. Darnell and her daughter again went west; it was April, 1939, and now Monetta passed her screen test, and was signed.

"That's the story," John Rosenfield said. "Dallas' own success story." He grinned, as though he were thinking about the strange ways of destiny. Then, glancing up at the etching of Sarah Siddons, hanging on his wall, he shrugged. He, savant, and authority on the stage and screen (and a man who had thought Monetta Darnell only averagely talented, reasonably pretty) had been put to shame by the obsession of a postman's wife.

"Linda completed her education at the 20th Century-Fox studio school," he said, "but she wanted to graduate from Sunset High, as a member of her old class. She couldn't get the time off."

His smile was wry. "The glitter of Hollywood couldn't replace for her what she had lost, when she'd been earmarked for the Great Experiment. I guess she felt if she could have recaptured it by sheer pretense of still belonging to the happy crowd of local youngsters, her life might have been complete."

I thanked Mr. Rosenfield for his help, and walked out, and got into the elevator. Downstairs, in the lobby, Roy Thompson had been waiting, and now he rose from his chair by the reception desk, and came toward me.

"How was it?" he asked eagerly.

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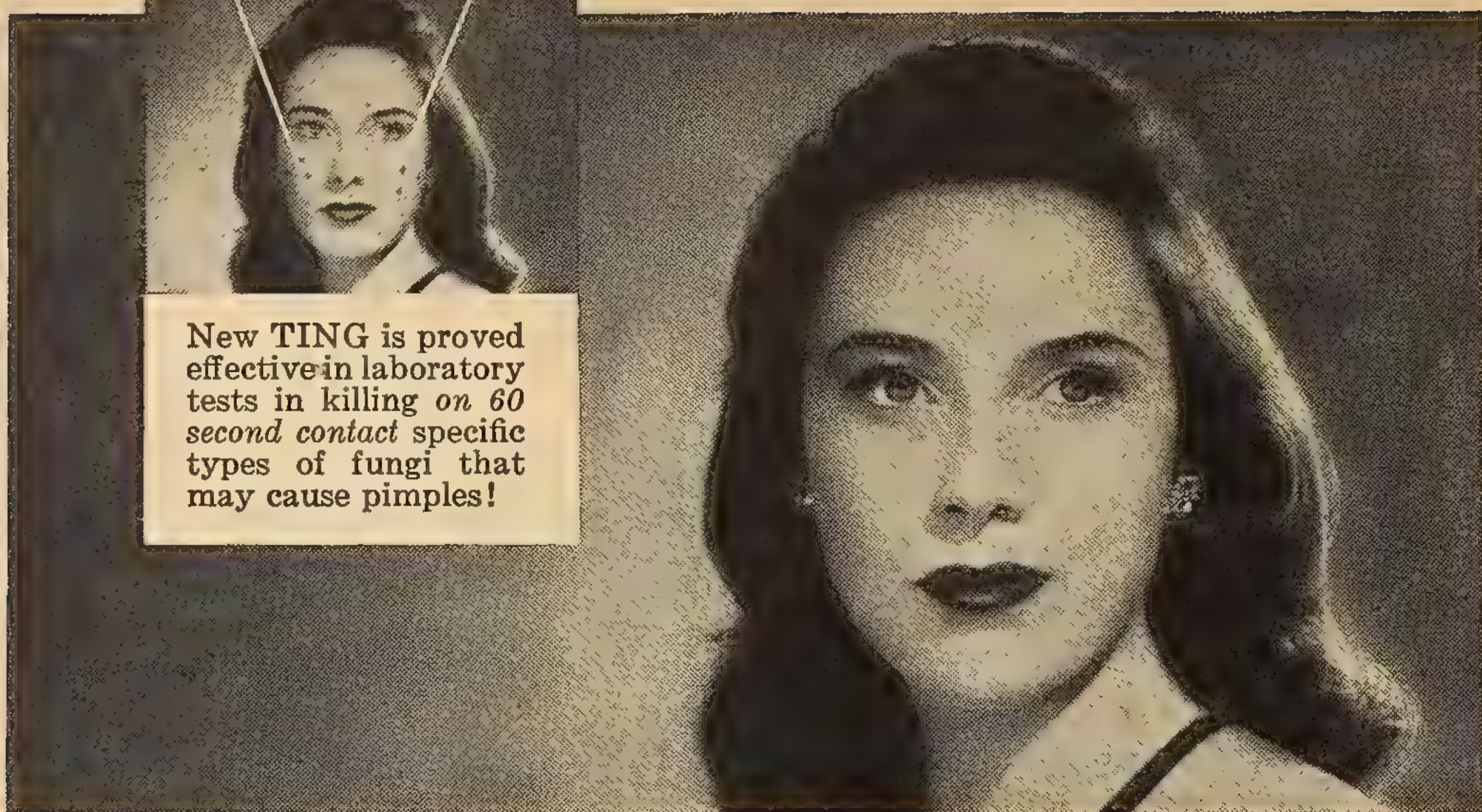
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I AM A MOVIE STAR'S MOTHER

(Continued from page 39)

such hope at the time. Though Gail had been a truly beautiful, peaches-and-cream baby, and when she was born I dared to dream fabulous things for her future.

Later, when Gail and I were spending a winter with friends in California, I noticed her growing taller and slimmer; but with the height came a new problem. She walked with her head down. She didn't know it yet, but she was beginning to be very pretty. I used to say, "What are you trying to hide, with your head down like that?"

I don't think Gail knew she was beautiful until after we'd come to California to live and she was going to Santa Monica High. Her classmates began to call her Hedy. She told me about it and I said fine, why not part her hair in the center and make it inescapable? She thought I was out of my mind. However, from that day forward she began to take more interest and pride in her appearance—locked herself in her room and worked with her hair from morning till night. Though I must say that the results were almost imperceptible—she wasn't then and never has become a glamor girl.

miss modesty . . .

People sometimes ask me how I've managed to keep a very pretty girl from having her head turned. My answer is made simple by the fact that Gail is not the kind that is affected by her looks. She doesn't invite attention, and is actually plain both in the way she dresses and in the way she acts. Only this morning she came into my room: "Mother, I've decided I'm not going to wear earrings any more." She's serious.

She continues to fix her own hair, still uses baby soap and when it comes to makeup, lipstick is as far as she'll go. For the longest time she wouldn't use perfume and I hoped she'd change her mind. I like it and, well, it's fun to get dressed up and wear perfume and when Gail became an actress I thought at last she'd begin to enjoy glamoring up a bit. "Oh, Mother," delivered with a downward inflection, is all the response I got to my suggestions.

After she got the Paramount contract and the studio would call her in for a conference about a script with a director or producer, I'd beg her to dress up: "Look like a movie star for a change," I'd say.

"You're the one who needs to grow up, Mother," she'd say. "This is the way I looked when Paramount sent for me in the first place. I never tried to wow them with wardrobe, why start now?"

The root of it all, I suppose, is that Gail doesn't know what to do with attention directed toward her in exaggerated quantities. In high school the boys began to make a minor fuss over her but she held them off. She felt more secure with one boy at a time, and discouraged the rest. When she went to Paramount (at 17) she had what the girls call a steady. They were a mighty unsophisticated pair.

I'd hear about school dances from other girls. Never from Gail, because she never went. "How about having a little party before the next dance?" I'd say, hoping this might break the ice and get her started.

"Now Mother, don't push me," she'd say. "I don't like dances." I never did learn whether she was afraid nobody would cut in on her or whether too many would. But do you know her idea of a wonderful time while the others were at the dance? To go over and help her boy friend

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Simonize his car! That, to her, was fun! She didn't even start going to dances until three years ago (when she was 19) and never felt she needed a formal evening dress until last year.

Earlier, her interest in clothes was limited to what would be good at the rink. They lived at the roller and ice rinks. But even here she failed ever to get very elaborate. There is the story of the time she entered a waltzing contest at the Pasadena ice rink—she'd taken prizes in previous contests—and I discussed with her beforehand what she would wear. She shrugged; the whole question was of no importance. But I went out shopping anyway, thinking that something showy was in order for a waltz contest. I bought a beautiful full skirt and went over to a friend's house in Pasadena and we worked up a blouse and some other things. Then I telephoned Gail to meet us at the rink a half hour early.

We waited and waited. That little devil came in at the last moment—on purpose—too late to change into our dazzling creation. She took the prize wearing a plain little number made of calico.

The clothes situation is only a minor part of a larger problem I have with Gail—to help her to grow up and adjust to the pressures of a career in motion pictures. In terms of her own inner emotional development, she was not ready for such a demanding career at 17. She was young for her age, and on top of that she had had no acting preparation. If Gail had had coaching first, it might have helped her confidence, but I seriously doubt that she ever would have developed the stamina and perseverance to plan and carry out a theatrical career. Go knocking on doors to get a job, for example. The only way it could have happened to Gail was the way it happened. *They came to her.*

The result has been worry, nerves and at times sheer panic. It's interfered with her eating; she has a nervous stomach today and her appetite flees whenever anyone mentions mealtime or tries to make her eat by the clock. She works up an appetite by visiting the kitchen to see and smell what's cooking. She resists meals with the family, and wants to take everything to her room. I don't approve, but I think the best policy is the indirect approach. We got her a little snack bar for Christmas, put it up in the playroom.

Last night Guy Madison came over and they roasted a chicken, made a salad and had a cozy dinner at the snack bar, with candles burning. It looks like the start of improvement.

I'm confident at last that Gail is beginning to meet adult responsibilities. Her reaction to my serious illness last year was the first of her attempts to face things. When I entered the hospital she developed an inability to step past the hospital doors and come to visit me. "The smell of hospitals makes me sick," she said. What she meant was "I can't face mother's being so ill."

When I came home, she apparently hoped I would take up normally again and the whole problem would be over. There was, of course, a long convalescence still to follow. I think it wasn't until I broke down and cried one day that she saw that she had a duty in the situation. Suddenly she took over all my usual jobs—and did beautifully.

forewarned, but not forearmed . . .

It had been just before all this that the studio made the mistake of calling up and telling Gail two weeks in advance that they had booked her onto a radio program. Well, that child worried and fretted and worked up such an anxiety in her mind that at the last moment she was a wreck and unable to go through with the show.

Her daddy is the same sort of nervous worrier, walks the floor until he's all worn down when the big moment arrives.

Today Gail is less afraid of crowds and new people. Age and experience are beginning to give her a certain composure. On her first trip to New York a few years ago, she wouldn't leave the hotel room, but things have changed. She's learned that her publicity goes ahead of her, a great many of the strangers she meets already know that she used to skate a lot, that she collects dolls, is good at archery and riding, and that she's shy. In this sense, becoming a star makes the world a more friendly place.

In Hollywood she's met so many people now that when she goes to a huge party, like one at Atwater Kent's, she's likely to know three quarters of the guests. That helps. Still, I don't think she really likes those big parties. With her, it's business; she knows she's expected to go around to important social functions.

I'm certain that one day, suddenly perhaps. Gail will be a woman, strong and confident. But marriage for her, I'm sure, is a long way off. If the man in her life should turn up now, I doubt she would know it. She's not interested and she's not ready. Until she can meet the ups and downs of life with equanimity, she won't make much of a wife. The problems of her career are all that she can manage just now.

Meanwhile, Gail loves her home and my guess is she will stay with us until she marries—and that might not be until she's thirty years old. There's no reason for her to move into a place by herself; she has all the freedom she wants with us. I've never watched and clocked and pried at her. She doesn't have to call up from parties and report to me. A lot of mothers make a great mistake by prying into their daughters' affairs. They hound them right out of the door and into the arms of the first man. Early marriages made in rebellion against parents often fail, and presto, the child is back home again with all the old problems and a flock of new ones, too. Early marriages have been especially fashionable recently because of the war. Many mistakes were made.

Gail can take care of herself; it would be silly of me to try to check up on her. I've never worried about her, even when she went to the movies alone. She likes to

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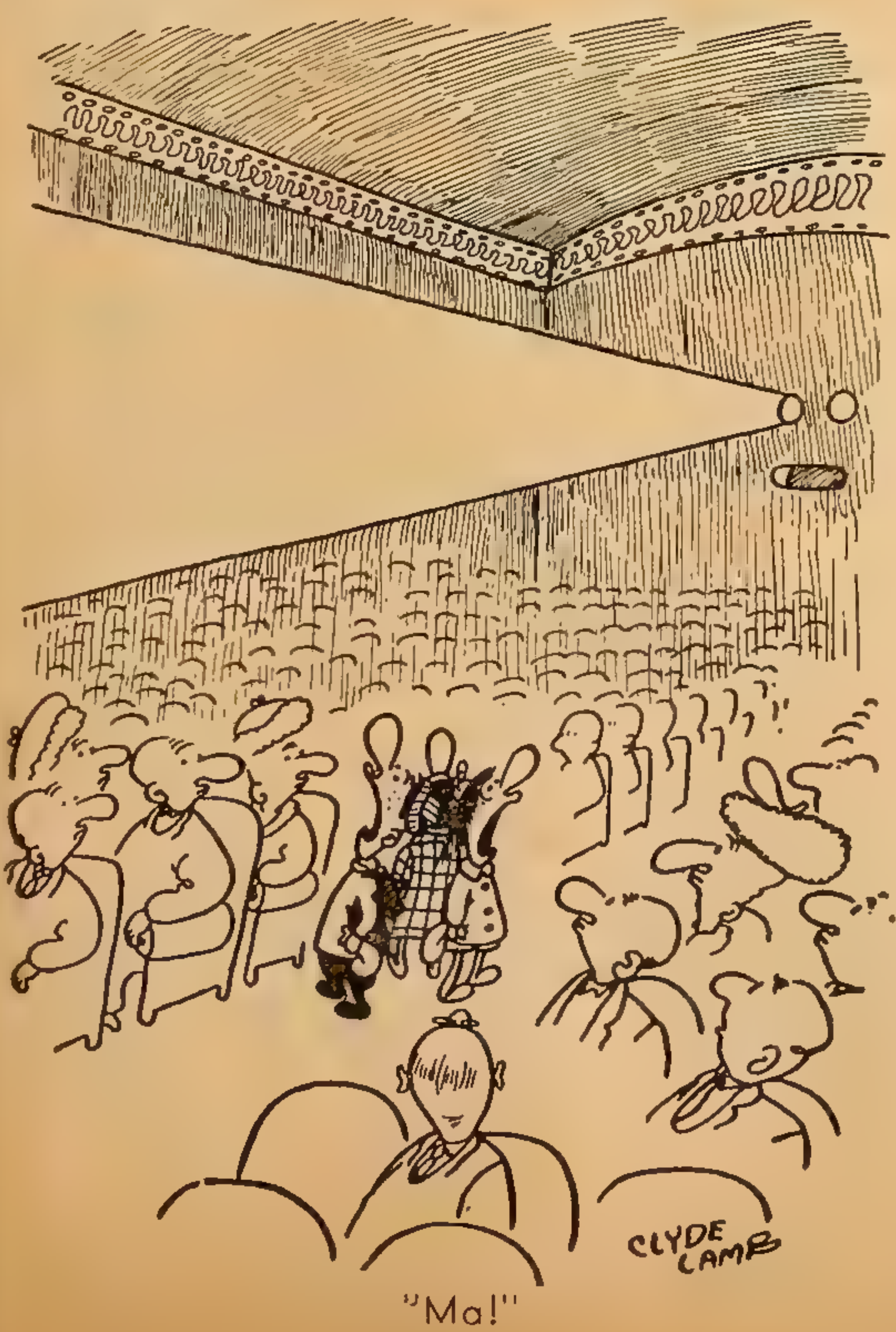
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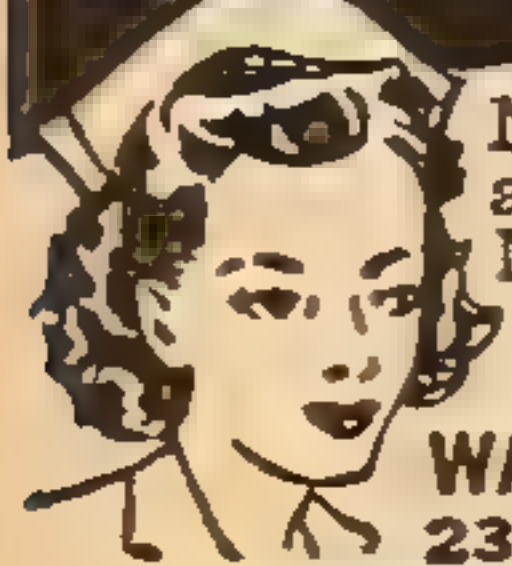


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go alone. even to this day. Recently one of her beaux called up and asked me where Gail was. I told him she'd gone to the movies alone.

"Alone," he said. "What a strange girl. She should have told me; I'd have loved to take her." He just didn't understand she wouldn't have gone with him. She wants to put all her concentration on the movie. Even when she goes with me, she sits alone.

Many mothers, I gather, make a grave mistake by rushing at all new young men who come to take their daughters out, trying to find out about the boy's family background, and habits. My own policy is to trust each boy to the utmost—I don't ask questions. For one thing, I don't feel my daughter is too good for this one and too good for that one. She's no queen, no sample of female perfection, she doesn't have to have the best man in the world. After all, who knows who is the best man in the world?

If I have any complaint to make as a mother, I guess it's that my children forget sometimes that their home is not a hotel. Though I know they are both concentrated on their careers, and though I feel my job now is to run the house to suit their needs, when things go wrong with the service, I'd appreciate a little sympathy and tolerance. I have two very different characters to deal with. My son, George, Jr., grew up and took on responsibilities early. Since he was 14, I've been able to go to him with my problems. I could never do that with Gail. Before George was 20 he was away from home months at a time playing in dance bands and experiencing the customary hard knocks. Then he went to war. Now he's back living at home but very caught up in his work. He plays at a local nightclub with a trio, The Three Bachelors, which he organized and manages. His life is full, his work hard, his hours irregular. Rehearsals, recordings, business conferences get him up out of bed frequently before he's had adequate rest. Sometimes he is compelled to sleep in split shifts.

Running a house in an orderly fashion to suit the schedules of two show business careers takes a lot of planning. I do mine in bed when I awake in the wee

small hours. I have systems for everything and, on the whole, they work. There is food constantly in the oven and I can produce a hot meal any time, day or night. I can usually say just where any suit, dress or shirt is, and when it will be back from the cleaners' or laundry. I am practised at dealing with temperament, nerves and despair.

How do I like this role I play? You know I love it. I enjoy my children's success. I myself once dreamed of becoming an actress. Gail says it all sounds too corny to be true and I shouldn't mention it, but it does happen to be true. I lived in a tiny town in Pike County, Illinois, one of seven children. I was an orphan at nine. When finally I got up to the big city—Chicago—I had to take the first job that would pay me a living. I sold California fruit in a little store, and wore a little black dress and a white cap and my hair was coal black and I guess I was a type.

Anyway, one day the thing that a Pike County orphan in the big city could dream about but shouldn't expect to happen, did happen. A man from the old Essanay Studios in Chicago—they were making pictures with Gloria Swanson there then—saw me and suggested I come along with him to the studios, and he would try to get me a screen test. I thought maybe a little country girl had no business getting mixed up with the movie crowd. And I was afraid if I asked for time off, I'd lose my job.

I never took the test. I've thought about what I missed many, many times since then.

The story of my husband is similar. He was playing in a dance band when I met him, but after we were married and started a family, he gave up the work he loved to go into business where he thought he would have greater security. So here we are, thirty years later, our son is a musician, our daughter an actress. Everything we missed we are experiencing through them. We know how fortunate they are. Whenever either of them drops into a sulk, we say, "Count your blessings."

We have plenty.

We know we are a lucky family.

EASTER BENEDICTION

(Continued from page 30)

on the Heath. There were masses of children, romping and playing with their dogs—people everywhere.

A bank holiday it was, and a school holiday that lasted for six weeks. There was such gladness everywhere. The air was clear and bright. You could see for miles. The earth was warm and sparkling.

There was a sense of freedom in the air, of taking time off to relax and play. Some people went to Switzerland, some to the South of France. One time we went to Devonshire. I liked best to stay home.

One year we spent the whole Easter holiday at our house in the country. I'll never forget it. Howard and I had the whooping cough.

One day we went for a long walk exploring the woods back of our house. On the way home we stopped to fish for tadpoles in a ditch some workmen had cut. The ditch was about a foot wide and five feet deep and full of black muddy water.

Howard had a tin can almost full of minnows, but what we wanted were tadpoles. Suddenly I saw one and, with a squeal of delight, I lurched forward to catch it—and down I went, headfirst into that deep, narrow ditch. I struggled to

breathe, and swallowed mud and water.

The next thing I knew Howard was pulling me out feet first and was gouging the mud out of my mouth so I could breathe. Then he yelled for Mother.

I was too heavy for Mother even to lift, but that day she gathered me up in her arms and ran with me to the house. I was put, clothes and all, into a hot bath. The doctor was sent for and he said if Howard had waited to call for help (instead of pulling me out first) I would have been gone in another instant!

I remember how lovely it was, later, to be tucked all warm in bed! And how wonderful it was to be alive! I remember how proud I was of Howard when everyone was making a great fuss over him and calling him a hero.

That Easter was especially beautiful to Howard and me. We had our first baby lambs for pets, and baby rabbits—and guinea pigs, and our cow had a baby calf and we saw it born. And we came home and asked Mother all sorts of questions and she told us the truth, and from then on we felt quite grown up.

I remember that same year Mother was very ill one day and Nannie wouldn't let

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me go near her, as she wasn't to be disturbed. We had to keep very quiet.

I was in the garden under her bedroom window, playing with Bunty, my dog. He ran into the rose garden and I after him. I scratched my hand on a rose thorn and it hurt. I stopped to look at the rose and I wondered how it could hurt me, it was so beautiful!

And then I realized that it didn't hurt any more—that I had forgotten about the hurt in thinking about the rose and how beautiful it was!

Then I broke it off and ran up to Mother's room to tell her about it. I opened the door and slipped in. She had her eyes closed and looked very ill. I stood there beside her; I was frightened at first. Then a lovely feeling came over me.

I suddenly knew that Mother was just as perfect as the beautiful rose I had in my hand, because God had made her perfect, just as he had made the rose perfect.

She opened her eyes and smiled and held out her arms to me.

I've never forgotten those thoughts God gave to me about the roses, because they made Mother well. And several times since then they have helped me.

Easter to me is symbolic of all those things—a renewal of our faith, our hopes and our aims. A lifting up of our hearts.

No matter how hard or dark the long winter has been, Easter and the Spring bring us each a season of renewal.

Here in America we have so much to be grateful for, so much to live for! We have the best of everything, and our hearts should be so full of gratitude, not only for what we have, but for what we are able to give to a world so sadly in need.

Just as centuries ago, the Resurrection of Jesus served to uplift the thoughts of His disciples and His followers, just so should that same Resurrection of Jesus serve to uplift our thoughts to the need of all the hungry and war-weary people all over the world.

Last summer, Mother and I went back to visit our friends in England and we took as many parcels of food and clothing as we were allowed to take. It gave us the most wonderful feeling of supplying a need, a glorious feeling of being able to pass on to someone else some of the good things God had given to us.

And it was so wonderful to find, wherever we went, a terrific sense of life—not death—even with the people who had lost so many loved ones! Their sense of sorrow and loss had been overshadowed by a wonderful sense of life—life that isn't snuffed out by death, but life that goes on being life, and is near us, right where we are!

This is what Easter means to me.



*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• Charles Boyer signed to play the part of Ravic in *Arch of Triumph* with the promise—both to himself and the studio—of doing an outstanding acting job.

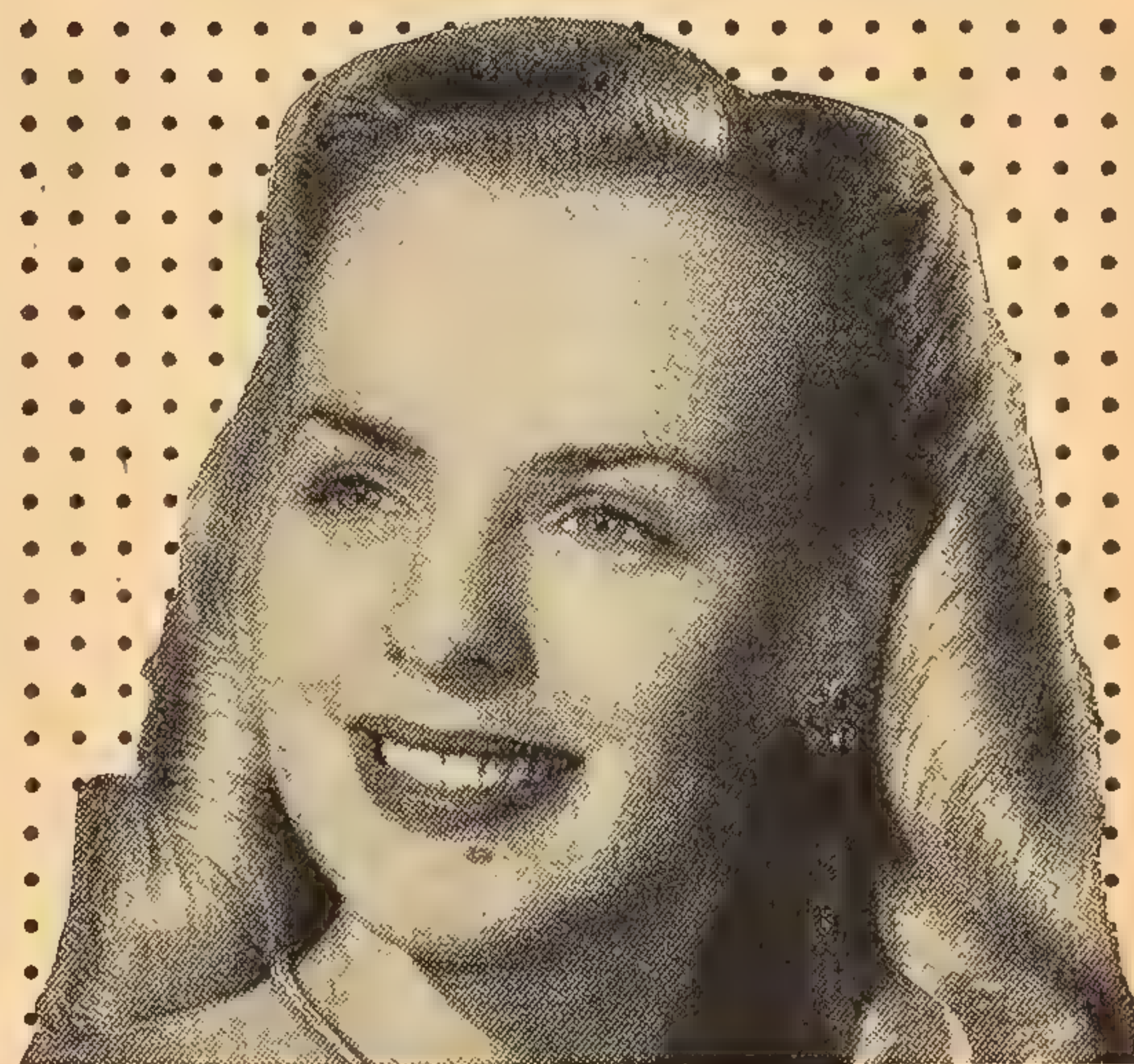
"If I don't, there'll be just one thing left for me to do," said Boyer. "And that is: Back to the Casbah!"

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I REMEMBER BARBARA

(Continued from page 43)

in *The Long Night* as it came hot from the cameras. I knew she was a winner.

Her personality is a study in contrast, a delightful combination of adolescence and maturity.

I was on the set one morning when Barbara, dressed as a 1910 teen-ager, came off the stage, sat down and lighted a cigarette.

Two lady visitors were standing behind me. One gasped and said, "Look at that young girl! Smoking!"

George Stevens, who teases Barbara unmercifully, chose that particular moment to come over, take the cigarette away from her and lecture on the evils of tobacco for the very young.

There are several children in the cast who have to go to school on the set. George framed Barbara beautifully. He told the teacher she was under age, but had delusions, and would pull a married-woman-with-daughter routine.

The teacher led her off firmly, the next day, and George had to rescue her.

stage-daughter . . .

Barbara decided to prove she was a dignified matron by bringing her child to the set for a visit. The dignified matron act flopped because Susan giggled during a scene, and sent her mother scurrying for the nearest exit.

Life began for Barbara twenty-five years ago in a narrow brownstone house in the East Fifties of New York. She remembers nothing remarkable about her early days except that she thought her sister Joan, six years older than she, disgustingly intellectual with her nose always stuck in a book. Barbara used books to prop doors open.

Their father, Norman Bel Geddes, was at his peak as a theatrical production designer and had a studio on the ground floor of the brownstone. It was always filled with smoke and fascinating people.

When she was about seven, her parents separated. She, her mother, and Joan went to live in a big house in Millburn, New Jersey. Barbara went to day school, and was a rebel when it came to studying.

Their mother died when Barbara was sixteen. She spent the next year at school in Putney, Vermont, "feeling very much alone, inclined to over-dramatize myself, and thinking I was in love with a new boy every other week." Her grades scraped the bottom of the barrel, and she was sent to a girls' school in Tarrytown, New York, the next year.

Surprisingly enough, it worked wonders. She might even have become a brilliant student, if she hadn't left Andrebrook because she wanted to be an actress. She was a pretty independent kid and when she told her father she wanted to go on the stage, he tried to talk her out of it, but wound up by helping her get a start.

Barbara achieved modest success in a staggering array of flops. Critics panned the plays but spoke kindly of the new young actress. Then, after playing *Claudia* in Eastern stock, she made a dismal trip to Hollywood, supposedly to star in *Guest in the House* but lost out on the part, and came home.

At this point, romance entered the picture—not the dreamy schoolgirl kind either. This was for keeps. At a party, she saw a tall, blond, blue-eyed guy she'd met the year before at another party. She hadn't liked him very much the first time, a mystery she's never been able to explain. His name was Carl Schreuer and he was a young electrical engineer who

was working at the time for the Navy.

They had a mad, gay, three months of going steady—every evening at the Stork Club, El Morocco and the rest of the plushy night spots. There were no long serious talks about the future or art or anything significant. She didn't try to cook him any dinners; she wasn't a good cook. They'd close up whatever club they happened to be in at the moment, drive to the apartment where Barbara lived with her father and forget to go in because they'd be listening to an all-night disc jockey.

There was a wedding at the beautiful little St. Thomas Church on the block with the Museum of Modern Art, a champagne supper at the Marguery and a wild dash to Grand Central Station for the train that took them to Lake Placid, and the tiny inn where they spent their honeymoon.

Susan was born the day after their first wedding anniversary, January 25, 1945. Carl and Barbara lived in a hotel until just before Susan arrived, but they decided that was no place to raise a child, so they moved to an apartment in the 80's.

What made it more exciting was that Joan, Barbara's sister, married to Barry Ulanov who is editor of *Metronome*, had her baby at the same time and they had fun swapping fibs about their offspring. For five months, Barbara was busy being a mother exclusively.

Then *Deep Are the Roots* was given her to read. It had guts and she said, "That's for me." This play had the right combination, and for the first time instead of being a success in a flop, she was a success in a hit.

One noon, she was at Dinty Moore's having a snack before a matinee. She was feeling resentfully uncomfortable because a couple of men she thought were tourists were gawking at her, talking behind their hands, and gawking again. The next thing she knew, a waiter brought her a note. This was really too much; she told herself. The wolves! Womanly curiosity got the better of her so she read the note. They were trying to make a date with her all right. They were Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, and they wanted her for their new play if she was an actress. When she told them she was in the show down the street they withdrew their offer, saying they couldn't possibly afford her. The note, framed in black, hangs in her library.

gruesome twosome . . .

Barbara and I met for the first time shortly after she arrived in Hollywood.

The next time I saw her I didn't recognize her. It was at a costume party. She and Carl had done themselves up as Gravel Gertie and B. O. Plenty, and they looked gruesome. Barbara had gone to infinite pains with her outfit. She blacked out several teeth, wore a long, stringy wig and halves of ping-pong balls for eyes. Hank Fonda had helped her make the eyes. I was being very swank and freezing in sequin tail coat and shorts. When Barbara identified herself, she complained bitterly that everyone looked so elegant and here she was, hideous. "I've always been a frustrated comedienne," she said, giving me a horrible, gap-toothed grin that would have scared even Dick Tracy. Needless to say, she was the sensation of the party.

She adores games, and inveigles everyone near her into playing them. Hank Fonda taught her to play *Last Face* when they made *The Long Night*. That's the one where you sneak up on someone, stick out your tongue, then turn and run like a deer.

Hank always managed to Last Face Barbara, and she's been trying to get even ever since, if not with him then with someone else.

We'd been playing a crazy orange game at her house one evening. With a lemon, because Barbara was all out of oranges. She handed me the lemon as I left, trying to butter up her producer, I suppose. Then she snuck out of the house, ambushed and Last Faced me. I was caught with my dignity down, and the only way to restore it was to make a lipstick face on the lemon, run up and ring the doorbell, drop the lemon and get away fast—but exhausted.

When there's a relaxing period between scenes on the *I Remember Mama* set, all the activity somehow seems to center around Barbara. She was playing hide and seek with the kids one day when she found there were some visitors on the set. She was so taken aback that she really went and hid. We practically had to send a party of Indian trackers after her.

We were on location at a San Fernando Valley ranch for about two weeks and the company organized two baseball teams and played during the lunch hour. Barbara was cheer-leader for George's team and Irene Dunne for hers. And the cheers they made up were even quainter than the early 1900 costumes. The whole thing had a somewhat nightmarish quality, aided and abetted by Oscar Homolka, who plays Uncle Chris in the picture, wandering around in the long flannel nightgown he was wearing for his death scene, looking as though he thought everybody else was crazy.

But don't get the idea that Bel Geddes is a dizzy kid who wants to play all the time. When she gets tied up in knots over a scene nothing else matters, she's serious and intense.

I've seen some Broadway imports who didn't take to Hollywood, and vice-versa. Barbara really belongs. "But I thought," she told me, "Hollywood would be mad and hectic. Big Parties. Red mink carpets rolled out for me. Lights in the sky. I wasn't at all sure I was going to care for all the fanfare.

"And you know, Harriet," she said, "nobody rolled out even an imitation-rabbit carpet, or so much as turned on a flashlight."

I doubt that she minded.

She talks about getting in her own house, which isn't built yet. She and Carl bought a level lot at the top of Bel Air, and they have the most sensational view in Southern California. Barbara thinks it's silly to have a modern home with all those windows and nothing to look at through the windows.

Before they bought, she and Carl looked for a ready-built home, snooping around in empty houses, peering in through the shrubbery at some intriguing place that said "no trespassing" and feeling very devilish.

One night at her house I accused Barbara of being a traitor to womankind. She was dressed in a shin-length, ballerina-style black number that definitely had the "New Look." (Actually it's an old look if ever I saw one.) "But I like the new fashions," she said, just as if I weren't her producer and she wasn't a bit scared of me. As a matter of fact she looked cute as a speckled pup, but it would have been against the rules to say so. She and I have worked up an elaborate ritual of insult.

You can always get an argument out of her, whether it's about the new fashions, or who has the best tennis serve, or how to open a can of beans. All you have to do is express a viewpoint. She'll take the other side just for fun.

She's always about to go on a diet but never quite makes it. We were having a non-diet lunch one day along toward the end of the picture. She said to me wasn't it customary for the producer to give a party for the company on the last day of shooting. I said not necessarily—as a matter of fact, the stars often tossed a farewell shindig for everybody on the picture including the producer.

Nothing came of that part of the conversation, but Barbara did say would I come over for dinner next week. I said that would be fine, that she owed me a dinner. She looked at me with what would pass for wide-eyed surprise if you didn't know La Bel.

"Do you really think I do?"

I told her obviously she did, since she'd been at my house last.

She said all right, when would I come, the house looked terrible, those new drapes she bought were just awful, the cook was off next week and wouldn't it be more relaxing for me if we had dinner at my house. I told her it wasn't my fault that she didn't like her drapes, I wasn't planning to eat the drapes, and a dinner away from home in any surroundings, however primitive, was a welcome change.

It's hard to resist kidding Barbara because she takes it as well as she hands it out. There is no kidding, however, about the fact that she has a wonderfully natural, fresh and appealing quality on the screen, and that she has real impact as an actress. She is for my money (after tax deductions, of course) the most important new find in a good many years.

In brief, she's one of the reasons producing a picture can be fun.

ALIAS SAM SPADE

(Continued from page 51)

Five minutes later the pilot stuck his head out of his cabin up forward again. "We've picked up a hell of a tailwind," he announced. "If it holds, we're set."

It held. The briny never got that plane-load, including our intrepid sergeant, Howard. When the war ended, radio got him, and he became that famous sleuth of the air waves, Sam Spade. But since he had only one crook a week to catch on this program, he had lots of extra time and filled it out by playing romantic heroes opposite some of our loveliest movie queens on various radio shows. He made love to them in a unique, rich, baritone voice—the kind of voice that breaks your heart because you imagine its owner to be tall, dark and interesting, and when you catch sight of him at an actual broadcast he turns

out to be short, pallid and painfully woeful.

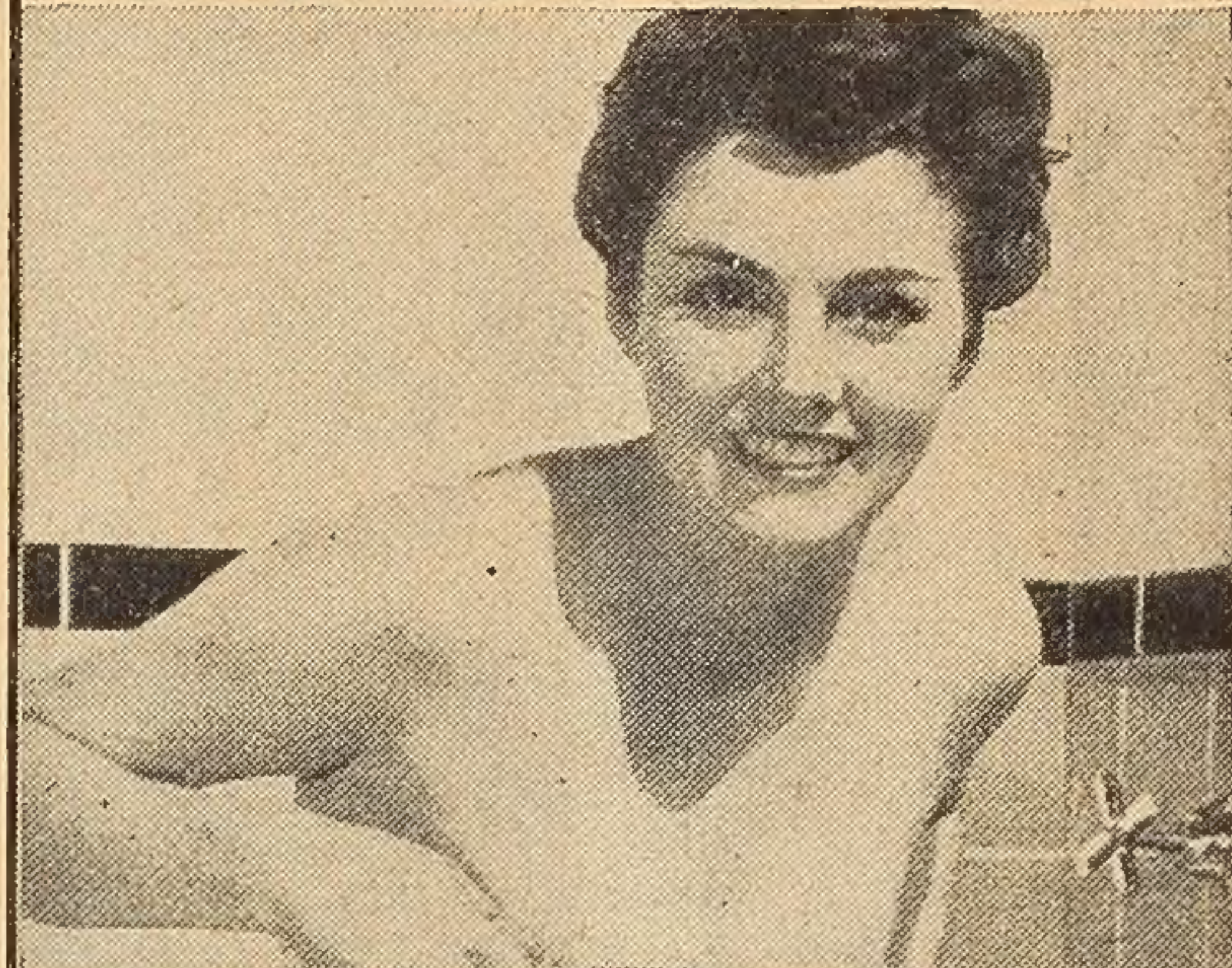
But that's why Howard's voice was unique. Its owner was tall, dark and promising. Things like that get around in Hollywood and the first thing Howard knew he had a movie contract to play the ex-soldier convict in *Brute Force* with Burt Lancaster.

"Well! Well!" said Howard, properly staggered.

Between the Howard Duff of today and the Howard Duff who was born in Bremerton, Washington, and raised in the north end of Seattle as a child, there are great differences. As a friend of his says, "He is six feet tall now, has dark brown hair and gray-blue eyes. But as a kid he was undersized, had straw-colored hair and was always getting one or the other of his

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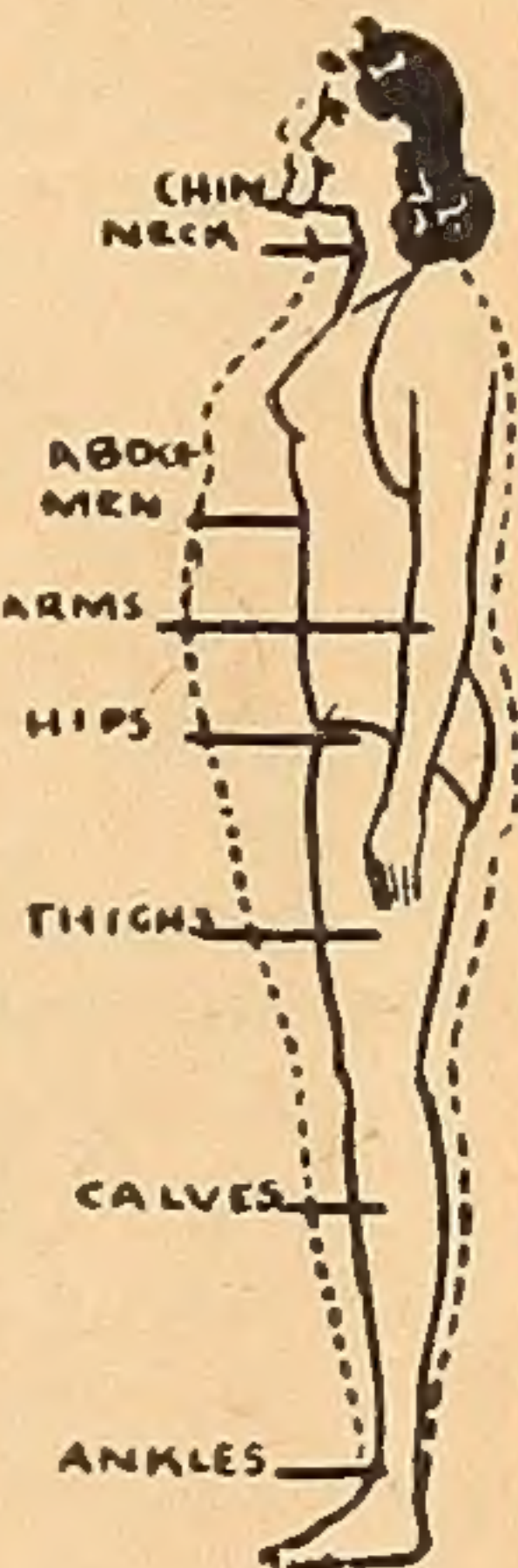
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INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

ALFRED RYDER, who scores so heavily as Joe in *T-Men*, was born in New York City on Jan. 5, 1919. He is 5' 10½" tall, has brown eyes and hair, and is unmarried. Al hails from the stage, can be reached at Eagle-Lion Films, Hollywood, California.



ARLENE DAHL, Rose of My Wild Irish Rose, was born in Minnesota on Aug. 11, 1925. She has dark hair and green eyes, is 5' 7" tall, weighs 122 lbs. Will next be seen in *The Three Musketeers*, and can be reached at M-G-M, Culver City, Calif.



JIM DAVIS, the villain of *Romance of Rosy Ridge*, was born in Dearborn, Missouri, on Aug. 26. He is 6' 3" tall, weighs 195 lbs., and has blue eyes and brown hair. Big break comes as Bette Davis' leading man in *Strange Meeting*. Write to him at Warners, Burbank, Calif.



Pearl Hollander, B'klyn: Here are the top ten males and females in the MODERN SCREEN POLL for this year: Larry Parks (the Winnah), Sinatra, Crosby, Mitchum, Ladd, Power, Gable, Wilde, Johnson, Peck. And, Turner, Bergman, Grable, Temple, Allyson, Bette Davis, Stanwyck, Crawford, Hayworth, and Ann Sheridan. The ten box-office champs (Motion Picture Herald Poll) are: Crosby, Grable, Bergman, Gary Cooper, Bogart, Hope, Gable, Peck, Colbert, and Ladd. Previous year's winners are NOT available.

Rita R., Cinn.: Jo Ann Julian, Box 964, Columbus, Ohio, has the Burt Lancaster Club. Pauline Schwartz, 1015 Gerard Ave., Bronx, N. Y., has David Farrar's. Betty Brewer, 9328 Holmby Ave., L. A., Calif., has Marshall Thompson's.

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eyes smacked black or purplish-green."

Getting his eyes smacked during his kid street-gang fights in Seattle, Howard learned the rudiments of acting. "Where I lived," he points out, "if you could manage to act as if you were tough you would only get into fights with other kids who also looked, or maybe were, tough. But if you tried to sneak around, everyone would hit you, from softies on up."

So, for self-preservation, Howard kept on acting tough and did so well that one day he found himself leader of his own gang. Which was fine, until a certain street football game in which Howard was not only tackled by the opposing team, but by a passing delivery truck as well. Score: two broken legs and long days indoors for Howard, during which, in pure desperation, he begged his father to teach him how to play chess. But when he had learned the game, a dismaying thought hit him: "Gee! What will the gang think when they hear about this?"

He worried until one afternoon when the kids came to visit and were standing about his bed. Sitting up and sticking his chin out, he told them about the chess playing.

"Not only that," he added. "All you guys gotta learn how to play because I need action. I'm gonna take you on, one by one!"

high-school orator . . .

By the time Howard was ready to enter high school, which was in the middle of the depression 'thirties, he thought he might like to pick up something on public speaking. A friend advised him to take a course called "Oral Expression."

He found he liked to talk on his feet. He talked all through his first three years, and, as a senior, was chosen to debate on capital punishment. Howard was supposed to be pro-capital punishment but, somehow, found himself quoting the famous "Quality of Mercy" passage from *The Merchant of Venice*. This lost him the debate but won him the lead part in the school play, *Trelawney of the Wells*.

It was at this point that he decided he would like to become an actor. Whereupon, as soon as he graduated, he offered himself to the theater only to be immediately accepted by the Bon Marché department store, as a stock-boy. Three days of this, and he went off to join the Seattle Repertory Playhouse in his spare time. He didn't get any salary but he got lots of experience. Every night he would soak up new lines and every day he would deliver them, with gestures and in his best stentorian voice, to the inanimate wax models he was draping in the store windows. After a while, talking to a silent audience like this reminded him of radio announcing, and he thought it'd be interesting to take a crack at that. But by the time manhood had come, and he was old enough to apply for an announcer's berth, there were no openings in Seattle. There were openings in San Francisco, according to rumor, and Howard saved up rail fare and twenty dollars over to make the jump.

One fine day he showed up at a small San Francisco station where he was interviewed.

"There is a lot of foreign activity and we're going to try out some extra news broadcasts," said the station manager. "How are you on pronouncing the names of European cities and statesmen?"

This was no time to quibble, Howard decided. "Great!" he said.

The manager pointed to a large map of Europe on the wall. "Just had that put up today," he said. "Go over and read off the names of some of those cities. Start in Russia and work into Poland and Roumania."

Howard walked over to the map with an

uneasy stomach. His first difficulty came in locating Russia. After that he tried to find a town with an easy name to start with but everyone he looked at read worse than the one before.

The name of the town he picked was Dniepropetrovsk. To this day he doesn't know how he pronounced it, except that he spoke loudly. He went on, calling out Zinovievsk, Sverdlovsk, Krasnodar and a few dozen choice others. A cry from the manager stopped him finally.

"What's the matter?" asked Howard, fearfully. "Was I wrong?"

"How would I know?" replied the radio man irritably. "I forgot I didn't know a thing about it myself!"

Howard got the job, but two weeks after he started he was fired. The program just wasn't pulling any listeners.

When America entered the war, Howard was playing "The Phantom Pilot," on a kiddies program. He had forgotten all about international matters. But a postman reminded him with a very official invitation to represent his country on such battlefronts as were available where he was nicely trained for the job.

One of his big moments occurred on Iwo Jima when he ran across a captured Jap who had been a next door neighbor to Tokyo Rose, who was even then broadcasting daily to the G. I.'s. Howard prepared a special broadcast on Tokyo Rose, replete with dramatic effects, for relay to the mainland as well as for consumption of the fighting forces. Just as they were about to go on the air a detachment of marines arrived looking for his star actor—the captured Jap.

"But you can't take him now," protested Howard. "We're about to broadcast!"

"He's leaving right now," said the marine officer.

"How can you say that?" pleaded Howard. "Haven't you ever heard that the show must go on?"

"Sure," came the answer. "But there's only one show going on around here that counts. The war."

Well, when that show was over—and Howard was in it for almost five long years—he hustled right back to Hollywood and *The Phantom Pilot* again. That's when Bill Spier, who produces *Sam Spade*, got the idea that Howard was his man.

He is content and happy now; only one thing really bothers him—a fear of high places. He is looking for a hilltop house and is going to spend so much on it that he'll just have to get over his phobia in order to make his investment worthwhile.

to live alone? . . .

That brings up another matter. Is he going to live up there all alone, a single man? He's a little cagey about that question. Once there was a flash that he was engaged to Yvonne de Carlo, but by the time people got around to investigating it, the engagement was off.

More recently, he has been seen escorting other young ladies. There was one star whom he wanted very much to meet in Hollywood, but before it could be arranged, he had to leave for New York where *The Naked City* was to be shot.

A couple of weeks later, in New York, he was seated in a restaurant when he heard his name called. Turning around he saw a friend coming up with a girl. You guessed it—she was the girl Howard had missed meeting in Hollywood.

Who was she? Howard won't say. But one night, after he got back to Hollywood and was rehearsing another *Sam Spade* show, he was asked to think up a name for a new character. And people who tuned in the show that night heard the new character introduced as Dr. Gardner—Dr. A. V. A. Gardner, to be exact!

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Mary Goodfellow studied music and fine arts in Paris ... stayed to learn the "hat business." Some years ... and much experience later ... we find her here at the left in her Manhattan salon, creating bonnets for American Beauties. "My cigarette?" queries Miss Goodfellow. "A choice of experience too ... Camel! I tried many different brands ... and I learned from experience that Camels suit me best!"

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